ACTS of VENGEANCE!

SPIDER-MAN & X-MEN

MCFARLANE

MARVEL

ACTS of VENGEANCE!

SPIDER-MAN & X-MEN

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SPIDER-MAN & X-MEN

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THE NON-MUTANT™ SUPER HERO!®

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

ACTS of VENGEANCE!™

GRAVITY STORM!

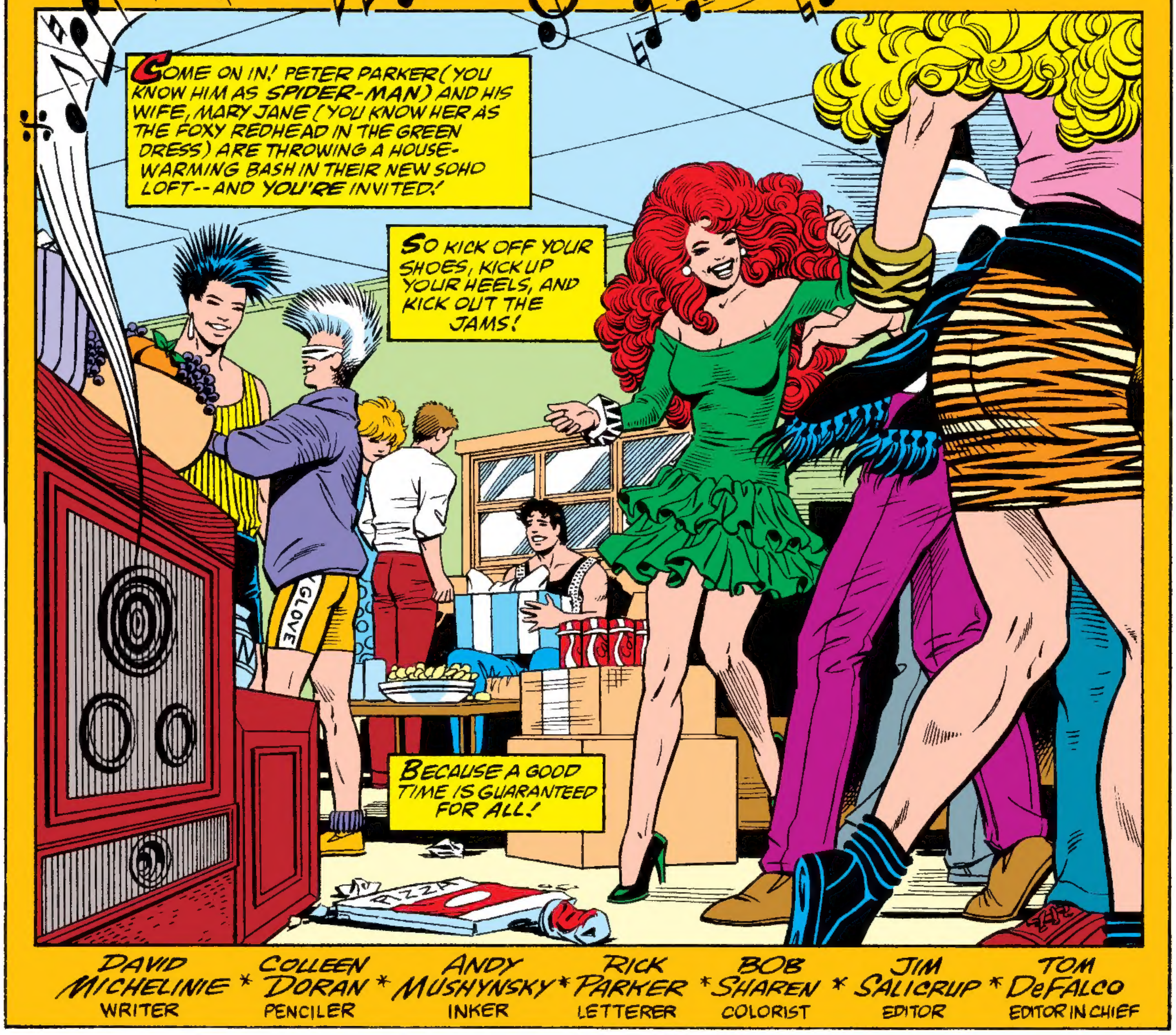
DORAN '89 AND AL.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

GRAVITY STORM

BEGINNING

ACTS of VENGEANCE!



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YOU'RE *SURE* YOU LIKE IT, PETER?

HEY, ARE YOU KIDDING, STEVE?

EVERY NEW HOUSE NEEDS A *BLENDER!*

OR TWO.

OR THREE...

MEGA BLENDER

NEW MEGA Blender

THAT'S RIGHT, DANNY. ME AND *SAMBOUKA* HERE MET AT A RALLY TO SAVE THE ECUADORIAN MEALY-BUG! PRETTY RAD, HUH?

MUNCHIES, ANYONE?

I'M FASTING TO PROTEST THE SLAVE-LIKE OPPRESSION OF MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN THE REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA. FLASH?

UHHH... PASS.

YOU KNOW, PHIL, I THINK THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER BOOGIED WITH A *FULL PROFESSOR!*

DON'T WORRY, MARY JANE, YOU ONLY HAVE TO CALL ME *DR. CHANG* ON ALTERNATE THURSDAYS!

DREAM ON, SLUGGER!

MY FAVORITE PASTIME!

OH, HARRY! LIZ! LITTLE NORMIE IS SO *CUTE!* CAN I TAKE HIM HOME?

ASK US AGAIN AT *CHANGING TIME*, GLORY! EVEN THEN--

--YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGHT CANDI, RANDI, AND BAMBI! THEY'VE ALREADY GOT FIRST DIBS!

=GGGLLGGH=

HI! MARY JANE WATSON?

WATSON-*PARKER*, PAL.

HEY, EMJAY! DELIVERY!

PETER! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE!

I *DIDN'T!* ON OUR BUDGET, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO FLOAT A LOAN JUST TO *TIP* THESE GUYS!

THEN MAYBE IT'S FROM THE *AGENCY* I USED TO WORK FOR, SURE! I'LL BET THEY MISS THEIR *TOP MODEL* AND WANT ME BACK FOR--

OH.

OH!

MARY JANE! WHAT--?

ER, E-EXCUSE US, FOLKS!

MJ? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

PETER, IT'S... CAESAR.

JONATHAN CAESAR?!

THE FLOWERS... THE ICE SCULPTURE... *HE* SENT THEM.

HE WANTED TO OWN ME. AND WHEN I REJECTED HIM, HE USED HIS INFLUENCE TO DESTROY MY *MODELING* CAREER.

HE'S PROBABLY THE REASON I HAVEN'T GOTTEN A CALL-BACK FROM THAT *SOAP OPERA* I AUDITIONED FOR. HE STILL WANTS TO CONTROL ME, EVEN FROM *PRISON*.

THOSE "HOUSEWARMING PRESENTS" WERE JUST HIS WAY OF LETTING ME KNOW HE'S STILL AROUND-- AND KEEPING AN *EYE* ON ME.

I WISH YOU'D LET ME *DO* SOMETHING ABOUT THAT JERK!

NO, PETER. I CAN HANDLE IT. JUST GIVE ME A MINUTE TO FIX MY FACE, OKAY? THEN I'LL GO BACK TO BEING A WORLD CLASS HOSTESS.

EVERYTHING'S FINE, FOLKS. MARY JANE WAS JUST, UH, *MOVED* BY THE UNEXPECTED GIFTS! SHE'LL BE OUT IN--

--HEY! WHO'S THE WISE GUY WHO PUT ON THE *BARRY MANILOW* RECORD!

LATER, AS THE SUN SLIDES SLOWLY TOWARD THE WESTERN HORIZON...

GREAT PARTY, GUYS!

WISH I COULD STAY AND HELP WITH THE CLEANUP BUT PAPA'S GOT TO PUT *SLEEPING CUTIE* TO BED!

NO PROBLEM, HARRY. WE'RE USED TO MENFOLK FLEEING IN TERROR AT THE MERE MENTION OF THE WORD "BROOM"!

PIZZA

COME ON, HON, YOU *KNOW* I HAVE TO RUN SOME ERRANDS BEFORE THINGS CLOSE UP! IT'S SATURDAY!

JUST *KIDDING*, MR. SENSITIVE! KNOW WHEN YOU'LL BE BACK?

UH-UH. GOTTA CHECK AT THE *DAILY BUGLE* FOR PHOTO ASSIGNMENTS, THEN LOOK IN ON *AUNT MAY*, THEN TALK TO *DR. SWANN* ABOUT MY RESEARCH ASSISTANT DUTIES ON MONDAY.

PIZZA MAN

HEADIN' UPTOWN, PETE? HOW'S ABOUT SAM AND I KEEP YOU COMPANY?

GREAT!

WELL, *HALF* GREAT...!

I SURE HOPE YOU AND MARY JANE CAN COME TO MY *MATCH* TOMORROW NIGHT.

I'M STILL ADJUSTING TO YOUR WANTING TO BECOME A PROFESSIONAL *FIGHTER*, FLASH.

JOY DIVISION TEAR US PART

BOXING IS BARBARIC.

I MEAN, WHY ON *EARTH*--?

WHY?! BECAUSE I'M TIRED OF BEING A *LOSER*, THAT'S WHY! MY GREATEST STRENGTH HAS ALWAYS BEEN *ATHLETICS*, EVER SINCE HIGH SCHOOL!

SO I'VE DECIDED TO *USE* THAT STRENGTH--

--TO PUSH MY WAY INTO THE *WINNER'S CIRCLE* FOR A CHANGE!

WOW. DIDN'T REALIZE FLASH HAD SUCH A COMPLEX ABOUT *LOSING*!

I GUESS WITH ALL HE'S BEEN THROUGH LATELY-- BAD RELATIONSHIPS WITH *SHA-SHAN* AND *BETTY LEEDS*, BEING ON THE RUN WHEN THE POLICE THOUGHT HE WAS THE *HOBGOBLIN*--

--HIS SELF-IMAGE MUST REALLY BE SHAKY! I JUST WISH I COULD HELP HIM.

BUGL

DON'T FORGET: TOMORROW, EIGHT O'CLOCK!

WE'LL BE THERE, BUDDY!

AH! KATE CUSHING! JUST THE PERSON I WANTED TO--

NOT NOW!

NO TIME!

SEE ME LATER!

WHOA! WHEN DID SHE SLIP INTO FAST FORWARD?

IT'S THE TRANSITION, PETER.

THINGS HAVE BEEN CRAZY SINCE THOMAS FIREHEART BOUGHT THE DAILY BUGLE AND REPLACED J. JONAH JAMESON! *

*IN SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #57.--J.S.

GUESS I SHOULD'VE FIGURED, JOY. BUT I'M STILL NOT USED TO THE FACT THAT JONAH ISN'T AROUND ANY MORE.

I KNOW. I LIKE THE RAISE I GOT--

--BUT I'M NOT SURE I LIKE THE JOB AS MUCH.

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT THIS CHANGEOVER IS REALLY BECAUSE OF ME!

AS PUMA, FIREHEART OWED SPIDER-MAN A DEBT OF HONOR.

HE TRIED TO PAY THAT DEBT BY REMOVING A THORN FROM SPIDEY'S SIDE--NAMELY, JONAH!

OH, WELL, BETTER GET TO AUNT MAY'S PLACE IN QUEENS. AND THE FASTEST WAY TO DO THAT IS--

--HUH? SPIDER-SENSE TINGLING! USUALLY WARNS OF DANGER!

SECURITY CAMERA? ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF FIREHEART'S EFFICIENCY! PROBABLY EQUIPPED WITH A *SOUND SENSOR* AS WELL!

AND SINCE WHOEVER'S MONITORING THAT THING MIGHT BE WONDERING WHY PETER PARKER WAS UNBUTTONING HIS *SHIRT*...

=whew= SURE IS *HOT* IN HERE!

ER, MAYBE IT'S COOLER OUT ON THE, UM, *ROOF!*

IT IS. COOLER *AND* MORE PRIVATE!

AS QUICKLY, PETER RESUMES HIS INTERRUPTED CHANGE, TRUSTING HIS SPIDER-SENSE TO ALERT HIM TO *OTHER* PRYING EYES, ELECTRONIC OR ALIVE. AND IN MOMENTS--

DAIL

-- THE TRANSFORMATION...

...IS COMPLETE!

NEXT STOP: QUEENS!

LITHE AND FREE, SPIDER-MAN SOARS OVER SEETHING STREETS, UNENCUMBERED BY THE BUSTLE AND RUSH THAT CLOGS MANHATTAN.

AND UNAWARE THAT A REGAL AND EQUALLY UNFETTERED FIGURE DRIFTS SLOWLY, AS IF WEIGHTLESS, TOWARD THAT SELFSAME CITY...

OOOO

IT IS AS IT SHOULD BE.

THE GREATEST METROPOLIS ON EARTH, LYING AT THE FEET OF *GRAVITON!*

APROPOS SINCE, AS MASTER OF THE ELEMENTAL FORCE OF *GRAVITY*, I AM SOMETHING OF A *GOD!*

HOWEVER, MY TASK HERE IS A MINOR ONE: *DESTROY SPIDER-MAN!*

CHILD'S PLAY.

IN FACT, WHEN THE *KINGPIN* CONTACTED ME, OFFERING TO SEND OTHERS TO DEFEAT MY OLD ENEMIES, *THE AVENGERS*, IN EXCHANGE FOR MY SERVICES,* I NEARLY LAUGHED!

*SEE *AVENGERS* TITLES FOR DETAILS.--J.S.

BUT IF HE WANTS TO SEND A *TIGER* TO CRUSH A *KITTEN*, I SUPPOSE HE HAS HIS REA--

YOU THERE! HALT!!

AN INSECT? THREATENING *ME?*

POLICE

KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM! AND LOWER YOURSELF TO THE GROUND! SLOWLY!!

GO AWAY.

A CASUAL GESTURE.

POLIC

AND THE WEIGHT OF ALLOY ROTORS SUDDENLY MULTIPLIES BY A FACTOR OF THOUSANDS! BENDING THEM DOWN--

--TO SLICE THROUGH SHEET ALUMINUM LIKE A CHAIN SAW THROUGH CARDBOARD!

THE CHOPPER IS CHOPPED.

THE INSECT--

--MOST THOROUGHLY SWATTED!

SMASH

PLASH

NOW, TO THE PROBLEM AT HAND: HOW TO FIND SPIDER-MAN?

DAILY BUGLE

AH.

BUT THE OBJECT OF GRAVITON'S SINISTER INTEREST CURRENTLY HAS *OTHER* CONCERNS, AS HE AMBLES DOWN A FOREST HILLS SIDEWALK TO GREET--

MR. CHEKOV! TODAY'S THE DAY, HUH?

THAT'S RIGHT, PETER! THE *RESIDENT HOTEL* I'M MOVING INTO HAS MY ROOM READY.

IT'S NOT SO BAD. THE NEIGHBORHOOD IS QUIET, I'LL HAVE TIME TO READ.

THOUGH I WILL MISS YOUR *AUNT MAY* AND THE OTHER BOARDERS.

THEY'LL MISS YOU, TOO, SIR. GOOD LUCK.

PETER! BE CAREFUL, DEAR! THIS IS HOT!

SO WAS THE *PARTY*, AUNT MAY. YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE.

YOU WOULD HAVE WON THE *HIP-HOP* CONTEST HANDS DOWN!

YOU'RE SWEET, PETER. BUT YOU KNOW I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE *NATHAN* ALONE. NOT...

... NOT NOW.

I UNDERSTAND, AUNT MAY. BUT WON'T YOU BE LONELY ANYWAY?

ONCE YOU AND NATHAN ARE THE ONLY ONES HERE?

PERHAPS.

WHEN THE *PALERMOS* MOVE TO THEIR CONDO-MINIUM NEXT WEEK, I'LL *ALMOST* MISS THEIR CONSTANT BICKERING!

BUT YOU HEARD THE DOCTOR YOURSELF-- NATHAN'S *HEART CONDITION* IS *TERMINAL.*

AND I WANT HIS LAST MONTHS TO BE PEACEFUL. AND...

...PRIVATE.

AT LEAST COME VISIT US AT THE LOFT. AND BRING NATHAN ALONG!

MJ AND I *REALLY* WANT YOU TO.

WE WILL, PETER. I PROMISE. NATHAN AND I ARE GOING TO DO A *LOT* OF THINGS. WE'RE GOING TO *LIVE* A LITTLE!

OH! I-I MEAN...

POOR MAY. NATHAN'S A GROUCH, BUT SHE HONESTLY LOVES HIM. I'M GOING TO DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO MAKE THEIR TIME TOGETHER HAPPY. AND SO WILL--

"-- MARY JANE!"

WHEW! NEXT TIME I THROW A HOUSE-WARMING, LIZ, I'M GONNA THROW IT AT *YOUR* PLACE!

MY PAL...!

KNOCK, KNOCK!

YOU'VE GOT A CALL ON OUR PHONE, MJ. WOKE NORMIE UP.

BUT I'LL FORGIVE YOU IF YOU'LL BABY-SIT TUESDAY.

MY PLEASURE, HARRY.

AND SPEAKING OF PLEASURE, I'LL BET IT'S *PETER*, HUH?

WANTING TO TELL ME HOW MUCH HE MISSES HIS MRS...?

UH, NO, MARY JANE. IT'S SOME GUY I'VE NEVER *HEARD* BEFORE.

A GUY? BUT I WAS WAITING UNTIL OUR NEW PHONE WAS INSTALLED BEFORE GIVING OUT ANY NUMBERS.

WHO WOULD KNOW TO CALL *YOUR* LINE TO GET TO-- OH, LORD.

CAESAR?

BUT UPTOWN, A DESPOT OF A DIFFERENT SORT STRIDES THROUGH THE LOBBY OF THE DAILY BUGLE BUILDING, ACTING FOR ALL THE WORLD AS IF HE OWNED THE PLACE. AN ATTITUDE--

--TO WHICH A WELL-TRAINED SECURITY GUARD TAKES DECIDED EXCEPTION.!

ALL RIGHT, SLICK! FREEZE!

OH, DO DROP YOUR SILLY WEAPON.

HUH?! G-GUN SUDDENLY FELT LIKE IT WEIGHED A TON.!

KCHUNK

YOU APPEAR STRESSED, MY FRIEND. IF YOU'LL FORGIVE THE YOUTHFUL PARLANCE, WHY DON'T YOU--

--LIGHTEN UP?

I-I'M FLOATIN'! F-FLYIN' UP TO THE >OUCH< CEILING.!

BEIN' PRESSED >UNG< INTO THE TILES! C-CRUSHED! CAN'T... ...BREATHE....!

B... B-BLACKING... OUUUUU*

WELL. THAT WAS FUN.

BUT NOW TO WORK.

WAMP

KINGPIN NOTED THAT THE BUGLE PUBLISHES AN INORDINATE NUMBER OF SPIDER-MAN PHOTOS. COULD BE THE WEB-SLINGER HAS SOME SPECIAL *INTERESTS* HERE.

BUT HOW TO GET HIS ATTENTION? HMM, PERHAPS SOMETHING... *CREATIVE?*

AND WITH THAT, THE BUGLE BUILDING BEGINS TO SHAKE--

DAILY BUGLE

--RATTLE--

DAILY BUGLE

DAILY BUGLE

-- AND *RIP* FROM ITS FOUNDATIONS! LEAVING SPEWING WATER MAINS AND CRACKLING ELECTRICAL CABLES AS IT RISES, AN IMPOSSIBLE OBLONG BLIMP, INTO THE HAZY AIR ABOVE MANHATTAN!

WHILE NORTHWARD, AT EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY...

I'LL MAKE THIS FAST.

EMPIRE STATE

JUST A QUICK SWING BY DR. SWANN'S OFFICE TO SEE WHAT MY ASSIGNMENT IS FOR MONDAY, THEN IT'S BACK HOME TO--

SKZZZK

OH, MY GOSH! ARE YOU OKAY?

A SLIGHT MALFUNCTION IN THE POWER SETTING FOR MY INSTRUMENTS, YOUNG MAN. NOTHING FOR YOU TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT.

GOOD DAY.

SHEESH! YOU'RE WELCOME!

AH, PETER! I SEE YOU'VE MET DR. LUBISCH! MAX, THIS IS PETER PARKER, THE RESEARCH ASSISTANT I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT.

H'LO, DR. SWANN.

MAX MAY HAVE DISCOVERED A HERETOFORE UNKNOWN ENERGY SOURCE. HE'S CLOSE TO A BREAKTHROUGH.

SO I'M LOANING YOU TO HIM ON MONDAY.

GOLLY. THANKS.

ALWAYS NICE HAVING SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

I MAY NOT HAVE THE SMOOTHEST LIFE AROUND, BUT AT LEAST IT'S NOT--

--DULL?

UH, SORRY, FOLKS! GOTTA RUN!

SOME-THING JUST CAME UP!

SOON...

DAILY BUGLE

WELL.

THERE'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY!

I KNOW FIREHEART WANTS THE *BUGLE* TO RISE ABOVE ITS COMPETITION, BUT THIS IS A BIT *EXTREME!*

THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING *ELSE* AT WORK HERE!

AND I THINK MY *SPIDER-SENSE* JUST FOUND IT!

OR RATHER, *HIM!*

YOU MAY CONTINUE, MR. KATZENBERG, AFTER ALL, THE WORLD WILL WANT A RECORD OF--

KLIK KLIK

--THE TRIUMPH OF *GRAVITON!*

THE TRIUMPH OF "*GRAVY TRAIN*"? ISN'T THAT A LITTLE SILLY?

SPIDER-MAN! PRECISELY THE PERSON I WANTED TO--

--KILL!

SHVAK

THWIPP

I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS GUY! HE CONTROLS GRAVITY! JUST LIKE HE'S DOING--

--TO MAKE MY WEBBING FLOAT IN THE AIR LIKE COTTON CANDY!

3M

REDUCE ENLARGE

MAYBE SOMETHING HEAVIER WILL--

I SUPPOSE YOU MUST TRY, IF FOR NO OTHER REASON THAN PRIDE! BUT IT ALL SEEMS SO POINTLESS!

AS LONG AS I CONTROL THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF ANY OBJECT I CHOOSE, THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN EVEN TOUCH--

SMILE, GRAV! THIS ONE'S A KEEPER!

FASH

EH--?!

BROKE MY CONCENTRATION! HAVE TO REFOCUS BEFORE--

BWOK

HIS GUARD IS DOWN!

GOT TO PRESS THE ADVANTAGE! END THIS MESS--

--NOW!

NO!

IF GRAVITON IS UNCONSCIOUS, HIS *WILL* WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP THIS BUILDING IN THE AIR!

SHE'S RIGHT! HUNDREDS WOULD *DIE!*

HESITATION LET GRAVITON RECOVER! HE'S WILLING SECTIONS OF FLOOR TO WRAP AROUND ME! I'M *HELPLESS!*

JONAH'D PROBABLY LAUGH...!

MAYBE NOT...!

BLAST IT! I MAY NOT RUN THE *BUGLE* ANY MORE, BUT THOSE ARE STILL *MY PEOPLE!* WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE *DO* SOMETHING!

SOMEONE'S TRYING!

SHRENCH

VERY GOOD, SPIDER-MAN!

YOU BROKE MY TRAP! BUT PERHAPS NOW--

-- MY TRAP CAN BREAK *YOU!*

SHHHHHISH

FRAKOW

AND NOW, FOR YOUR PART IN THIS LITTLE EMBARRASSMENT--

M-M-ME?

--I THINK I'LL INCREASE YOUR GRAVITY TO A FEW TONS! IT MIGHT BE AMUSING TO SEE WHICH WILL BREAK FIRST: THE FLOOR--

--OR YOU!

NICK'S SLIME, BUT HE DOESN'T DESERVE THIS!

OKAY, MAYBE HE DOES--

--BUT NOT WHILE I'M AROUND!

WHILE AROUND NEW MEXICO, AT FIREHEART ENTERPRISES....

LOUISE? HAVE MY LEARJET FUELED, WOULD YOU?

JUST IN CASE...!

REALLY, NICK =UNG= YOU SHOULD CUT DOWN ON THOSE TWO-CHEESECAKE LUNCHES!

EVEN WITH MY SPIDER-STRENGTH =URNK= I CAN HARDLY--

--OH, NO! GRAVITON USING HIS POWERS TO SEND A BUNCH OF STEEL DESKS SLIDING!

RIGHT AT US!

SPIDER-SENSE SCREAMING! G-GOT TO IGNORE IT!

USE EVERYTHING I'VE GOT! T-TRY TO =YNG= PULL NICK OUT OF =UNF= D-DANGE--

--RRRRRRRRRRRRGGHH!

KARUNCH

TOUCHÉ, WEB-SLINGER! NOW HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING--

--TO BRING THE *HOUSE* DOWN!

BRUMBLE

MIGHT AS WELL ALLOW THE BUILDING TO LOWER NOW. NO SENSE TARNISHING MY VICTORY WITH *UNNECESSARY* DEATHS!

LAZILY, SATISFIED, GRAVITON FLOATS WESTWARD.

WHILE EMERGENCY CREWS GATHER QUICKLY AROUND THE RESETTLED BUGLE BUILDING.

POLICE

WATER AND ELECTRICITY HAVE BEEN SHUT OFF! SHOULD BE SAFE TO LOOK FOR--

OVER HERE! I THINK SOMETHING'S *MOVING!*

UHHHHHHHHH...

...HELP?

THIS IS *GREAT!* "HIS PLAN TO HELP GRAVITON FOILED, WILEY WEB-SPINNER IS STOMPED BY OWN PARTNER!"

KLIK KLIK KLIK

MEGA-CITY

ONE MORE CRACK LIKE THAT, KATZENBERG--

--AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE TAKING CLOSE-UPS OF YOUR OWN TONSILS!

GULP

MIDNIGHT.

SOHO.

COULDN'T FIND GRAVITON.

DIDN'T REALLY WANT TO.

BUT I NEEDED TIME TO *HEAL* A BIT, SO MARY JANE WOULDN'T WORRY SO MUCH.

NEEDED TIME TO THINK, TOO. TO COPE WITH *FAILURE.*

I *LOST* TONIGHT. I'M NOT USED TO THAT.

AND I DON'T *LIKE* IT.

BUT I CAN SURE SYMPATHIZE WITH FLASH'S *ZEAL* A LITTLE BETTER.

BEING A *LOSER* IS HARD TO TAKE!

GUESS MARY JANE'S ALREADY ASLEE— eh? FLICKERING LIGHT.

A *FIRE?*

MARY JANE!

HMMNM? OH. HI, HON. WANTED TO STAY AWAKE... CELEBRATE. BUT TOO TIRED :YAWN: AFTER PARTY.

FORGOT I GAVE OSBORNS' NUMBER... TO TV PEOPLE. GOT THE JOB, SWEETHEART.

GONNA BE AN *ACTRESS.*

THAT'S FABULOUS, MJ! I'M SO *PROUD* OF YOU!

WOULDN'T MEAN SQUAT... IF I DIDN'T HAVE *YOU* TO SHARE IT WITH.

LOVE YOU...

AND AS LONG AS YOU DO, MARY JANE, EVEN IF I LOSE...

...I'LL NEVER BE A *LOSER!*

NEXT ISSUE: THE BIG *CHANGE!* (AND WE DON'T MEAN TWO FIVES FOR A TEN!) *BE HERE!*

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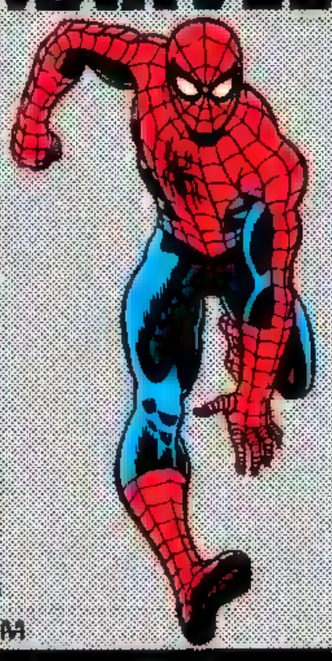

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"WITH GREATER POWER..."

Sal Buscema

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN!™

ONE MINUTE AGO, LIFE WAS GOOD.

THE SUN WAS SHINING OVER THE EAST SIDE OF MANHATTAN, AND SOMEWHERE IN QUEENS, A BIRD WAS CHIRPING WITH MERRY DELIGHT.

YES, ONE MINUTE AGO, HE WAS A FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN ON HIS WAY TO MEET HIS LOVELY BRIDE FOR AN EARLY DINNER IN THEIR FAVORITE SOUTH STREET SEAPORT RESTAURANT.

IT JUST GOES TO SHOW HOW QUICKLY THINGS CAN CHANGE IN LESS THAN SIXTY SECONDS.

EEEEE-YUCK!

WHAT THE HECK IS THIS?!

THE PASTE AND THE POWER

(OR A VERY STICKY SITUATION)

GERRY CONWAY WRITER / SAL BUSCEMA BREAKDOWNS / MIKE ESPOSITO FINISHER / BOB SHAREN COLORIST / RICK PARKER LETTERER / JIM SALICRUP EDITOR / TOM DeFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

IT LOOKS LIKE AN ESCAPEE FROM "GHOSTBUSTERS II"--

--SOME KIND OF SLIMESTREAM OR PASTE OR--

UH-OH!

SPIDER-SENSE BUZZING AGAIN-- WARNING ME--

--DON'T LAND ON THAT BUILDING!

AND NO WONDER!

THE WALL'S COVERED WITH GREASE! EVEN WITH MY SPIDER-ADHESION POWERS, I WOULD'VE SLIPPED RIGHT--

HUH?

NOW WHAT?

MORE PASTE?!

WHERE IS IT ALL COMING FROM?

WHO'S TRYING TO--

GOTCHA, SPIDER-MAN!

I TOLD THE WIZARD I'D BE THE PERFECT GUY TO SEND AFTER YOU-- AND I WAS RIGHT!

MY PASTE GUN IS AS DEADLY A WEAPON AS YOUR WEB-SHOOTERS--

"-- MAYBE MORE SO, SINCE I CAN SHOOT PASTE OR GREASE OR EVEN EXPLODING GUM BALLS--"

YUNNGH! THIS IS DISGUSTING!

"-- WHILE ALL YOU CAN DO IS FIRE A FEW WEBS!"

WAITAMINUTE!

PASTE! GREASE! GUM-BALLS!

I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE THE GUY THE HUMAN TORCH USED TO CALL PASTE-POT PETE!

THAT'S ANCIENT HISTORY, SPIDER-MAN!

FOR A LONG TIME NOW, I'VE BEEN THE TRAPSTER..

"-- AND I THINK YOU JUST FOUND OUT WHY!"

GREASE-- UNDER MY FEET!

CAN'T-- HANG--

--OONNNNNNZZ!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

I SET THE TRAP--GOT YOU ALL DISORIENTED-- AND YOU FELL RIGHT INTO IT!

SO TO SPEAK.

HAHAHAH

SKRASHHH

HERE'S YOUR COFFEE, MARY JANE.

DO YOU WANT TO ORDER AN APPETIZER OR WAIT TILL YOUR MAN PETER GETS HERE--

OHMIGOSH!

STEPHAN--

=HERRKK!=

--THAT'S SPIDER-MAN.!

UGH, GROSS.

WHAT'S THAT GUNK HE'S COVERED WITH--SEWER SLUDGE?

PETER, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?

PASTE HARDENING ALL OVER ME -- CAN'T BREATHE-- CAN HARDLY MOVE--!

THERE'S MARY JANE -- WITH HER OLD ACTOR-PAL-TURNED-WAITER, STEPHAN--

--LOOKING AT ME--SO FRIGHTENED--

=MURGA= =MURP= =HAMPH=

SPIDER-MAN--?

PETER! OH, MY LORD--HIS MOUTH'S COVERED--HE CAN'T SPEAK!

=UMMA MUFF=

OFF-BALANCE-- LEGS AND ARMS TURNING ROCK HARD--

--CAN'T STAND UP--

-- I'M LOSING IT--

--MJ--

HONEY, I--

KRAKK

SPOOSH!

I DID IT!

DR. OCTOPUS COULDN'T DO IT, THE VULTURE NEVER HAD A CHANCE--

--ELECTRO, MYSTERIO HOBGOBLIN AND PUMA--

--ALL OF THEM WIMPS!

ACME MOVING, INC.

WHEN PUSH CAME TO SHOVE, ONLY ONE GUY HAD WHAT IT TOOK TO WASTE THE WEBSLINGER!

ME! THE TRAPSTER!

MAYBE NOW PEOPLE WON'T BE SO QUICK TO CALL ME "PASTE-POT PETE!"

HA!

UH... MJ... HE'S BEEN DOWN THERE A PRETTY LONG TIME, HASN'T HE?

YOU THINK HE'S--?

NO!

HE'S ALIVE--ANY SECOND NOW, HE'LL JUMP TO THE SURFACE!

YOU'LL SEE...

YOU'LL SEE...

OH, PETER--! PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME A LIAR! I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU!

FORTY FEET DOWN AND STILL DESCENDING:

"THIS IS RIDICULOUS," HE THINKS.

"I CAN'T BREATHE...

"...I CAN'T MOVE...

"...I'VE GOT AN ITCH ON MY NOSE I CAN'T SCRATCH...

"...I CAN'T EVEN SEE.

"REMINDS ME OF THE TUXEDO I WORE THE DAY MJ AND I GOT MARRIED.

"MJ.

"SHE HAS TO BE WORRIED SICK.

"OKAY, WEB-SLINGER... DO SOMETHING.

"AND DO IT NOW--

"--OR SOMEDAY THEY'LL DREDGE YOU FROM THIS RIVER AS PART OF A FRESHWATER RECLAMATION PROJECT!

"DO IT, PETER!

"DO IT!"

FWOOM

GASP!

ALL RIGHT!

HE'S OKAY, MARY JANE!

WHAT A GUY! WHAT AN INSPIRATION!

I'M GOING TO CALL MY *AGENT!* IF SPIDER-MAN CAN BEAT THE ODDS LIKE THAT, WHEN IT'S *LIFE* AND *DEATH*--

BEAT THE ODDS ON YOUR *OWN* TIME, STEPH. RIGHT NOW, I WANT YOU TO BUS UP THIS MESS-- *PRONTO.*

--I CAN BEAT THE ODDS WITH MY *ACTING CAREER*--

OH... YESSIR, MR. BOSS, SIR.

WHEW! I NEVER THOUGHT NEW YORK SMOG COULD SMELL SO *GOOD!*

THERE'S MJ-- LOOKING AS *RELIEVED* AS I FEEL.

I'LL HEAD HOME...

"... AND JUDGING BY THE *LOOK* SHE'S GIVING ME, SHE'LL BE RIGHT ON MY HEELS."

FORGET LUNCH, STEPHAN.

BUT THANKS FOR THE GREAT SERVICE... SEE YOU ANOTHER TIME, WHEN PETER AND I CAN STAY FOR *LUNCH.*

HUH? OH, SURE, MJ.

AND BY THE WAY--YOU *CAN* BEAT THE ODDS.

A *FIVE DOLLAR TIP* ON A ONE DOLLAR CUP OF COFFEE?

SHEEEE...

...WITH FRIENDS LIKE MARY JANE WATSON-PARKER ON MY SIDE, MAYBE I *CAN* BEAT THE ODDS AFTER ALL!

EIGHT MINUTES AND ONE BREAKNECK TAXI RIDE LATER, IN SOHO...

A FIVE BUCK TIP ON A FOUR BUCK RIDE?

WHADDAYOU, LADY-- RICH?

NOT RICH--

--JUST GRATEFUL MY MAN IS ALIVE--

--EVEN IF HE DID LEAVE A PASTY MESS ACROSS OUR NEW LOFT'S FLOOR.

WE'VE BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT FINANCES LATELY--UNTIL I LANDED THAT JOB ACTING IN A TV SOAP OPERA--

--WE'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN WHAT REALLY MATTERS IN LIFE:

THE PEOPLE YOU LOVE...

PETER?

HI, HON.

SORRY ABOUT THE FLOOR...

OH, FORGET THE FLOOR.

HOW ARE YOU?

SOGGY... SORE... AND PRETTY EMBARRASSED.

HE BEAT ME, MJ.

ALL HE HAD WAS PASTE AND GREASE-- AND HE BEAT ME. I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS WORSE...

...THE ANXIETY OF ALMOST BEING KILLED...

...OR THE *HUMILIATION* OF LOSING TO SUCH A *LOSER*.

GIVE YOURSELF A BREAK. YOU'RE *ALIVE*.

TO ME, THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS.

BUT WHY DID THE TRAPSTER *ATTACK* ME IN THE FIRST PLACE? I HARDLY *KNOW* THE CREEP.

I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO HELP *PROFESSOR* LUBISCH WITH HIS EXPERIMENTS AT *EMPIRE UNIVERSITY* THIS AFTERNOON.

IT'S JUST A HUNCH, BUT I HAVE A FEELING SOMETHING PRETTY *STRANGE* IS GOING ON...

TO FIND OUT *HOW* STRANGE, LET'S LOOK *ELSEWHERE* IN MANHATTAN;

SPECIFICALLY, THE MIDTOWN OFFICE TOWER OWNED BY *WILSON FISK*...

...a.k.a. *THE KINGPIN OF CRIME.*

YOU *INSULT* ME, SIR.

YOU COME HERE WITHOUT INVITATION OR INTRODUCTION--

--AND TELL ME I'VE MISMANAGED MY CAMPAIGNS AGAINST *SPIDER-MAN* AND *DAREDEVIL*.

YOU THEN HAVE THE AUTHORITY TO OFFER YOUR SERVICES AS A "*POWER BROKER*" BETWEEN ME AND OTHERS "IN MY SITUATION."

I HAVE ONLY TWO QUESTIONS FOR YOU, SIR: WHAT PRECISELY IS A "POWER BROKER"--

-- AND WHY SHOULD I ALLOW YOU TO LEAVE MY OFFICE *ALIVE*?

RATHER THAN ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS WITH AN *EXPLANATION*--

-- I PREFER TO PROVIDE A *DEMONSTRATION* OF WHAT MY EMPLOYERS PROPOSE.

OBSERVE.

STEP THROUGH THAT DOOR, KINGPIN--

--AND JOIN THE OTHER CORE MEMBERS OF OUR ENTERPRISE.

WHAT IS THIS, A *TELEPORTATION DEVICE?*

OF A SORT.

EACH DOOR IN THIS CHAMBER OPENS TO THE *PRIVATE HEADQUARTERS* OF A DIFFERENT CORE LEADER.

YOU ARE THE *FOURTH* TO JOIN US...

I KNOW THESE MEN, THE WIZARD, DR. DOOM, MAGNETO...

AND WHO'S ON THAT *TELEVISION SCREEN?* PASTE POT PETE?

THE TRAPSTER, BLAST IT.

I WAS JUST REPORTING TO YOUR PALS, KING-PIN--

SPIDER-MAN IS *DEAD.* I KILLED HIM!

ASTOUNDING. IT WOULD APPEAR OUR THEORY IS *CORRECT:*

BY *TRADING ENEMIES,* WE HAVE FOUND A SURE PATH TO VENGEANCE AGAINST OUR LONG-TERM FOES.

IT MAKES SENSE, DOOM.

OVER THE YEARS, IN BATTLE AFTER BATTLE, OUR *PERSONAL* ENEMIES HAVE LEARNED OUR STRATEGIES AND TECHNIQUES.

THEY KNOW HOW TO *COUNTER* OUR ATTACKS ALMOST *INSTINCTIVELY.*

BUT BY *SWITCHING* FOES--WE REGAIN THE ADVANTAGE OF *SURPRISE.*

VENGEANCE IS OURS--BY *PROXY.*

YOU SAY THIS BUFFOON SUCCEEDED AT DESTROYING *SPIDER-MAN* WHERE I FAILED?

I *WON'T* BELIEVE IT UNTIL I'VE SEEN THE *BODY.*

YOU WANT *PROOF* I'LL GET *PROOF.*

THEN IT'S YOUR TURN TO WASTE *MY* ENEMIES, FAT MAN.

LET'S SEE HOW *YOU* DO AGAINST *THE HUMAN TORCH!*

AHEM. KNOWING YOU WERE COMING, KINGPIN, WE ARRANGED SPIDER-MAN'S DEATH AS A *PREMIUM.*

BUT THERE ARE CERTAIN *QUID PRO QUOS* INVOLVED IN THESE *ACTS OF VENGEANCE...*

QUITE SO.

A DEATH FOR A *DEATH.*

AN ENEMY FOR AN *ENEMY.*

INTERLUDE:

THE FEDERAL COURTHOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA--

--WHERE JOSEPH ROBERTSON, ONE-TIME EDITOR IN CHIEF OF THE DAILY BUGLE, IS ABOUT TO ATTEND AN APPEAL OF HIS SENTENCE FOR MISPRISION OF FELONY--

--AN APPEAL COMPLICATED BY HIS RECENT, UNWILLING, PARTICIPATION IN A PRISON BREAKOUT ORGANIZED BY HIS LIFE-LONG ENEMY, TOMBSTONE.

HE LOOKS SO STRONG, CYNTHIA.

AFTER ALL HE'S BEEN THROUGH-- HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?

SOME MEN GROW WITH ADVERSITY, MARTHA.

YOUR HUSBAND IS ONE SUCH MAN.

I WISH I HAD MORE CLIENTS LIKE HIM.

WHAT ARE THE ODDS FOR DAD'S APPEAL, MS. BERNHAMMER?

BEFORE THE PRISON BREAKOUT, I WOULD HAVE SAID THE ODDS WERE EXCELLENT, RANDY.

JOSEPH IS A VALUED MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY-- OBVIOUSLY HIS ORIGINAL SENTENCE WAS TOO HARSH--

--AND I HAD EVERY HOPE OF GAINING HIM A REDUCED SENTENCE, PERHAPS EVEN A COMMUTATION.

BUT NOW--

HOLD THAT POSE, BEAUTIFUL.

THIS'LL GO GREAT WITH A HEADLINE-- "LAWYER DECLARES CLIENT'S CASE HOPELESS!"

MR. KATZENBERG...

...TAKE THAT CAMERA OUT OF MY FACE BEFORE I SQUASH YOU LIKE A BUG, YOU ANNOYING LITTLE MAN.

WHOA, HEY, SORRY.

ROBBIE, WE'LL CONTINUE TO DO EVERYTHING WE *CAN*-- NO MATTER WHAT IT TAKES, OR HOW LONG--

YOU KNOW I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE DAILY BUGLE'S FINANCIAL SUPPORT, JONAH--

DAD, JONAH DOESN'T *OWN* THE BUGLE ANYMORE. SOME GUY NAMED *FIRE-HEART* BOUGHT IT IN A HOSTILE TAKEOVER.

JONAH IS FUNDING MS. BERNHAMMER *PERSONALLY*...

JONAH, WHAT CAN I SAY--

NOT A *THING*, ROBBIE.

THANKS TO THOMAS FIREHEART, I'M A *RICH* MAN. I CAN AFFORT CYNTHIA'S LEGAL FEE.

RIGHT NOW, WE COULD USE A *MIRACLE* MORE THAN MONEY, JONAH.

PERHAPS *I* CAN PROVIDE THAT MIRACLE.

EH? WHO--?

MY NAME IS *STUART McPHEE*, MR. ROBERTSON. YOU KNEW MY *BROTHER* IN LEWISBURG FEDERAL PENITENTIARY.

YOU *BEFRIENDED* HIM BEFORE HE WAS KILLED, AND I OWE YOU FOR THAT.

YOUR BROTHER...?

LEMUEL McPHEE. BUT BECAUSE OF HIS SIZE, EVERY-ONE CALLED HIM *BRUISER*.

MY GOD! BRUISER'S BROTHER-- HE SPOKE OF YOU--

HOW CAN YOU HELP MY HUSBAND, MR. McPHEE?

UNLIKE MY BROTHER, I WORK *INSIDE* THE SYSTEM, MRS. ROBERTSON, QUITE *SUCCESSFULLY*, IN FACT.

SIX MONTHS AGO, I WAS NAMED AN *ADVISER* TO THE WHITE HOUSE FOR DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

THERE'S A CHANCE, A SLIM CHANCE, I CAN GET YOUR HUSBAND A *PRESIDENTIAL PARDON*...

END OF INTERLUDE

MONDAY AFTERNOON.

EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY.

THE PHYSICS LAB OF PROFESSOR MAX LUBISCH.

OH, YES, OH YES, THIS WILL BE WONDER-FUL!

MAYBE SO...

...IF WE DON'T OVERLOAD THE UNIVERSITY *POWER LINES* AND BLOW THE WHOLE *CON-EDISON* POWER GRID FOR LOWER MANHATTAN.

PROFESSOR, EXCUSE ME FOR ASKING--DID YOU HAVE THE ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT CHECK THE *SPECIFICATIONS* FOR THIS MACHINE?

NO NEED, PETER.

I CHECKED THEM *MYSELF.*

UH-HUH. WHEN YOU ASKED PROFESSOR SWANN IF YOU COULD *BORROW* ME TO ASSIST YOU ON THIS EXPERIMENT--

--YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO TAP A PREVIOUSLY "UNKNOWN ENERGY SOURCE,".

WOULDN'T THE *ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT* BE--

NONSENSE. IN MY HOMELAND I BUILT *MANY* MACHINES.

ONLY A *FEW* EVER MALFUNCTIONED WHILE--*LOOK!*

IT'S WORKING!

WE'VE LOCKED INTO AN *EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL* ENERGY SOURCE--JUST AS I PREDICTED!

MAYBE SO--MAYBE NOT--BUT JUST AS *I* PREDICTED--

"--THIS MACHINE IS *OVER-LOADING* THE UNIVERSITY ELECTRICAL SYSTEM!

"IT ISN'T OUT OF CONTROL, NOT *YET*--BUT JUDGING BY THE WAY *STATIC ELECTRICITY* IS BUILDING UP AROUND THIS ROOM--!

--THIS SETUP COULD BLOW ANY MINUTE!

PROFESSOR, I REALLY THINK WE HAVE A PROBLEM HERE...

NO PROBLEMS! NO PROBLEMS!

WE'RE DRAWING POWER..

AMAZING LEVELS OF ENERGY!

THE "LUBISCH ENERGY FIELD" IS A REALITY! OH, YES! OH, YES!

OH, NO--

-- SPIDER-SENSE WARNING ME--

PROFESSOR LUBISCH'S WONDERFUL ENERGY FIELD IS ABOUT TO--

KA-ZOOM

FOR ONE SCALP-TINGLING INSTANT, AS HE FLINGS HIMSELF ACROSS THE ROOM TO PUSH THE OLDER MAN TO SAFETY--

-- ENERGIES UNKNOWN FLOW THROUGH PETER PARKER--

--FILLING HIS EARS WITH A SOUND LIKE DISTANT CHOIRS--

--AND HIS EYES WITH A BRILLIANCE WHITER THAN SUN-REFLECTED SNOW.

WHEW. AND WHEW. DOUBLE

WHATEVER HIT ME-- AND GRAZED THE PROFESSOR--PROBABLY WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM--

--OR ANYONE ELSE WITHOUT A SPIDER-ENHANCED METAB-OLISM LIKE MINE TO PROTECT HIM.

EVEN SO, I FEEL LIKE I JUST SWALLOWED A FRESH CAR BATTERY.

MY STOMACH TINGLES, AND MY MOUTH TASTES LIKE ACID AND METAL.

MAYBE I BETTER SIT DOWN A MOMENT UNTIL I--

OWWW.

SPIDER-SENSE-- CLANGING LIKE A THREE-ALARM FIRE! NEVER FELT IT SO INTENSELY BEFORE!

DANGER OUTSIDE-- THE POWER LINES-- SHORTING OUT-- THREATENING THOSE STUDENTS ON THE CAMPUS QUAD--!

PROFESSOR LUBISCH IS ALREADY COMING AROUND, SO I CAN LEAVE HIM...

... AND TAKE CARE OF THIS SIDE-EFFECT OF TODAY'S LITTLE "EXPERIMENT" AS SPIDER-MAN.

=GROAN=

PAINFUL... VERY PAINFUL, OH, YES... BUT WE WERE SUCCESSFUL, OH, YES...

... VERY SUCCESSFUL... AND ONE CANNOT DO SCIENCE WITHOUT A LITTLE PAIN, PETER... OH YES...

eh?

OH, MY...

WHY IS LIFE NEVER EASY?

BROKEN POWER LINES FLIPPING AROUND LIKE HUNGRY EELS!

GOTTA CATCH 'EM BEFORE THOSE KIDS ON THE QUAD GET--

OHMIGOD!

INCREDIBLE...

IMPOSSIBLE...

THAT LIVE WIRE--YOU SAW IT SPARKING!

IT COULD HAVE HIT US--WE COULD'VE BEEN KILLED--BUT HE--H-HE--

Y-YEAH...

H-HOW DID HE DO THAT?

I SHOULD BE DEAD.

I GRABBED THAT WIRE BY *REFLEX*-- I WAS GROUNDED BY MY WEBLINE -- TOOK ALL THAT *VOLTAGE* THROUGH MY HAND --

I SHOULD BE DEAD.

MAN, THAT WAS *GREAT*, WHAT YOU DID!

HOW'D YOU *DO* THAT?

I DON'T KNOW...

I...

I'VE GOT TO GET *OUT* OF HERE!

HEY!

DID YOU SEE WHAT HE *DID*?

HOW DID HE *DO* THAT?

HOW *DID* I DO THAT?

ALL THE ELECTRICITY -- WENT RIGHT *INSIDE* ME--AND I'M NOT EVEN *TINGLING*!

WHAT *HAPPENED* TO ME IN LUBISCH'S LAB?

HOW DID I-- *OWWW!*

SPIDER-SENSE SHRIEKING!

DANGER!

NO, NO DANGER-- JUST A *FLY*-- BUT IT'S BUZZING SO *LOUD*--!

EVERY-THING IS SO LOUD!

SPIDER CROSSING A WINDOWPANE *TWO BLOCKS* FROM HERE!

LEAVES *RUSTLING* IN A FLOWER-POT!

SOME GIRL *HUMMING* TO HER-SELF!

WATER *DRIPPING* IN A SINK IN THE CHEMISTRY LAB!

SO MUCH *NOISE*!

I CAN'T STAND IT!

I'VE GOT TO CONCENTRATE--

--TRY TO FILTER OUT THE NOISE--

--BEFORE IT OVERWHELMS ME!

"Eh?"

SPIDER-MAN

"SOMEONE SAID MY NAME..."

...FIND HIS BODY...

...SHOW... KINGPIN...

"WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT THE KINGPIN?

...DREDGE THE RIVER, SHOW HIM THE CORPSE...

"I KNOW THAT VOICE.

...PROVE I KILLED SPIDER-MAN...

"TRAPSTER."

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY MY SENSES ARE SUDDENLY SO SHARP, AND RIGHT NOW, I DON'T CARE.

TRAPSTER MADE ME LOOK LIKE AN IDIOT IN FRONT OF MY WOMAN.

I OWE THE MAN.

NOBODY ELSE COULD DO IT.

I DID IT, BUT DOES ANYONE CARE? DO THEY GIVE ME RESPECT? OH, NO.

"PASTE-POT PETE," THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL ME.

BLAST THEM.

ALL THESE YEARS I'VE BEEN THE TRAPSTER, THEY STILL THINK I'M SOME KIND OF JOKE.

BUT ONCE I BRING BACK THE WEB-SLINGER'S BODY-- --THEN LET 'EM LAUGH, IF THEY CAN.

HIYA, PETE.

WORD OF ADVICE.

A GUY WHO NEEDS AS MUCH DENTAL WORK AS YOU DO SHOULDN'T STAND AROUND WITH HIS MOUTH OPEN THAT WAY.

WOW!

RANT

LOOK, EVERYBODY-- SPIDER-MAN'S BACK! I THINK HE JUST CHALLENGED TRAPSTER TO A REMATCH!

I THOUGHT I KILLED YOU,

SO I WAS OFF BY A FEW HOURS.

BEEP

SUITS ME.

NOW I WON'T WASTE TIME FISHING FOR YOUR BODY.

"I'LL KNOW JUST WHERE TO FIND YOU..."

RTOOM

OH, GREAT.

VRROOM!!

HA!

MY TRAPPER-MISSILE IS LOCKED ONTO YOUR BODY TEMP SIGNATURE, WEB-SLINGER.

YOU CAN'T DODGE IT--

--AND YOU SURE AS HECK CAN'T CATCH IT!

FINALLY GOT YOU WHERE I WANT YOU, *TRAPPED* LIKE A--

-- LIKE A--

--A--

SKREE

HEY!

I DIDN'T KNOW SPIDER-MAN'S WEB COULD DO *THAT!*

IT CAN'T! I MEAN, IT *DIDN'T*--

-- I MEAN--

HOW DID HE *DO* THAT?

I-I DON'T GET IT! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO-- YOU CAN'T--YOU NEVER--

GOTTA BE A *TRICK!*

GOTTA BE A--

ZAP ZAP ZAP ZAP

BLHOOM BLHOOM BLHOOM

BLAO

NO, NO, NO!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

I BEAT YOU ONLY A COUPLE'A HOURS AGO! I BEAT YOU!

SPOOSH

ZAP

THAT YOU DID, PETE.

CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE, AND WHUPPED ME GOOD.

WE WERE THE PERFECT MATCH! MY PASTE-- YOUR WEBS!

BUT THIS IS DIFFERENT! THIS ISN'T FAIR!

WHO SAID LIFE WAS FAIR?

ZAP ZAP ZAP

YOU'VE GOT THE PASTE-POT, PETE, BUT I'VE GOT THE POWER.

DON'T CALL ME THAT!

MY NAME ISN'T PASTE-POT PE--

ZAP ZAP ZAP

ZAP

≥eeeep≤

ZAP ZAP ZAP

SPOOSH

ACTUALLY, PAL--YOUR NAME IS MUD.

MY PASTE-PELLETS...

...YOU BLEW ALL MY PASTE-PELLETS...

MESSY ISN'T IT?

BEFORE I HAUL YOU TO THE SHOWERS AT *POLICE PLAZA*, TELL ME WHO HIRED YOU UP TO ATTACK ME?

THE KINGPIN?

YOU'LL FIND OUT, ONE'A US WILL GET YOU.

I'M ONLY THE *SECOND.*

ONLY THE SECOND?

ONLY THE SECOND OF *WHAT?* OF *WHO?*

NOTHING. HE SAID ALL HE'S *GOING* TO SAY.

I'VE GOT A *REAL* BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS...

SPIDER-MAN, THAT WAS *OUTRAGEOUS!*

HOW'D YOU MAKE A FIST WITH YOUR *WEB?* AND THOSE *RAYS* OUTTA YOUR FINGERTIPS--

I NEVER KNEW YOU COULD DO STUFF LIKE THAT!

NEITHER DID I.

AND FRANKLY, FRIEND, IT SCARES ME *SPITLESS...*

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE PAGES OF WEB OF SPIDER-MAN No. 59!

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ACTS of VENGEANCE!™

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LOOK OUT! HERE COMES THE ALL-NEW COSMIC-POWERED SPIDER-MAN!

TITANIA™-- LEAVE PUMA™ ALONE!!

I'M THE ONE YOU WANT!!

HAVLIK

Stan Lee PRESENTS: WEB OF SPIDER-MAN™

A ROOFTOP IN LOWER MANHATTAN.

PETER?

YOU'VE BEEN *BROODING* UP HERE ALMOST AN HOUR.

DON'T YOU THINK THIS IS SOMETHING WE SHOULD *TALK* ABOUT?

WITH GREAT POWER

WHAT'S TO *DISCUSS*, MARY JANE?

I THINK I'M LOSING MY *MIND*...

GERRY CONWAY WRITER * ALEX SAVIUK PENCILER * KEITH WILLIAMS INKER * RICK PARKER LETTERER * BOB SHAREN COLORIST * JIM SALICRUP EDITOR * TOM DeFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

A FEW HOURS AGO, I WAS YOUR AVERAGE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY, FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR-HOOD *WEB-SPINNER*...

...A GUY WITH THE PROPOR-TIONATE STRENGTH OF A *SPIDER*, AND A FEW EXTRA ABILITIES LIKE MY EVER-POPULAR *SPIDER-SENSE*.

I HAD *POWER*, BUT I KNEW WHAT IT WAS, AND I KNEW HOW TO *DEAL* WITH IT.

THEN SUDDENLY, *ZAP*, EVERYTHING CHANGED-- I GOT HIT BY AN OVERLOADED *ENERGY FIELD* DURING AN EXPERIMENT AT *EMPIRE UNIVERSITY* *--

-- AND NOW I'VE GOT MORE *POTENTIAL* THAN I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH.

I'M OVER-WHELMED, MARY JANE.

*IN SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #158. -- JIM

I HAD TROUBLE ENOUGH BALANCING POWER AND RESPONSIBILITY WHEN I WAS JUST PLAIN OLD *SPIDER-MAN*...

...BUT *NOW*...

NOW, YOU'RE SOMETHING *MORE*.

BUT YOU'RE STILL THE SAME *WONDERFUL* MAN I LOVE.

NO MATTER *HOW* MUCH POWER YOU POSSESS, I KNOW YOU'LL DO YOUR BEST TO HANDLE IT *RESPONSIBLY*.

THANKS, *MJ*.

IF I NEED *ANY-THING* RIGHT NOW, IT'S YOUR VOTE OF CON-FIDENCE.

STILL, UNTIL I UNDERSTAND THIS POWER-- WHERE IT CAME FROM, AND WHAT IT'S FOR-- I DON'T DARE *USE* IT.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD COME DOWNSTAIRS TO THE *APARTMENT*-- WE CAN *TALK*--

I'D LIKE THAT.

BUT PETER PARKER HAS AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE *DAILY BUGLE'S* NEW *PUBLISHER* IN TEN MINUTES, UPTOWN--

-- AND *THOMAS FIREHEART* ISN'T A MAN WHO LIKES TO BE KEPT WAITING.

THANKS FOR THE SUPPORT, HON.

I'LL SEE YOU AT HOME, LATER.

BE KIND TO YOURSELF, PETER.

YOU ALWAYS WORRY ABOUT HOW YOUR ACTIONS AND DECISIONS CAN AFFECT *OTHERS*...

"...JUST ONCE, I WISH YOU'D THINK ABOUT HOW THEY AFFECT *YOU*."

ELSEWHERE:

*ON A DARKENED ROOM, A MAN IN AN IRON MASK LISTENS IMPASSIVELY TO THE NEAR-SILENT *GRUNTS* OF A WEIGHTLIFTER IN MID-ROUTINE.*

THE MAN'S NAME IS DR. DOOM.

HE IS PREPARING AN ACT OF VENGEANCE.

WELL, DOOM? WHAT DO YOU THINK?

AM I STILL AS STRONG AS *EVER?*

YES, TITANIA, YOU'RE AS STRONG AS EVER... AND IF ANYONE SHOULD BE A FAIR JUDGE OF YOUR STRENGTH, *DOOM* IS THE MAN.

AFTER ALL, I GAVE YOU YOUR *POWER*.

SO I OWE YOU ONE.

WHAT I WANNA KNOW IS, CAN I BE *PART* OF THIS OPERATION YOU AND *THE WIZARD* ARE PUTTING TOGETHER, OR NOT?

AND IF SO--

--WHEN CAN I GET A SHOT AT THAT BIG GREEN BIMBO, *SHE-HULK*?

YOU MISS THE POINT OF OUR ENTERPRISE, *TITANIA*.

IF WE MAKE YOU PART OF OUR VENGEANCE TEAM, *SHE-HULK* IS THE VERY *LAST* ENEMY WE'D SEND YOU AGAINST--

--PRECISELY BECAUSE SHE *DEFEATED* YOU SO BADLY BEFORE.*

WHAT?

*IN SOLO AVENGERS #14 -- EVAN SKOLNICK, GUEST FOOTNOTE EDITOR

KRASH

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO WORK WITH THE "BIG BOYS," 'CAUSE THAT GREEN-HAIRED WENCH TOOK ME DOWN WITH A LUCKY PUNCH?

NOT AT ALL.

EACH OF MY COLLEAGUES IN THIS INFORMAL ASSOCIATION HAS MET DEFEAT AT THE HANDS OF A SPECIFIC ENEMY, TITANIA.

EVEN I.

FOR DOOM, THE ENEMY I CANNOT SEEM TO BEST HAS ALWAYS BEEN REED RICHARDS OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR--

--A FOE YOU, TOO, FAILED TO OVERCOME, QUITE RECENTLY. *

YEAH?

SO WHAT?

*AS A MEMBER OF THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR, IN FANTASTIC FOUR 333.--JIM

SO I SUGGEST AN ALTERNATIVE APPROACH TO YOUR QUEST FOR VENGEANCE AGAINST JENNIFER WALTERS, THE SELF-STYLED SHE-HULK.

ALLOW SOMEONE ELSE TO DESTROY YOUR HATED ENEMY, SOMEONE WHOSE ATTACK WILL BE FRESH, UNSUSPECTED, AND IRRESISTIBLE...

...WHILE, IN RETURN, YOU ASSAULT A LESS-FAMILIAR OPPONENT--AGAINST WHOM YOU WILL BE EQUALLY FRESH, UNSUSPECTED, AND IRRESISTIBLE.

SP-SPIDER-MAN?

Y-YOU WANT ME TO FIGHT SPIDER-MAN?

NO... I... CAN'T...

YES, I'D HEARD THAT YOU HAVE AN IRRATIONAL FEAR OF THAT CURSED ARACHNID.

APPARENTLY, HE DEFEATED YOU QUITE *BADLY* SHORTLY AFTER I GAVE YOU YOUR POWERS, DURING OUR SOJOURN ON THE BEYONDER'S WORLD, SOME MONTHS AGO. *

OR *DID* HE?

D-DIDN'T HE?

*IN SECRET WARS #7. --J.S.

A PUNY COSTUMED *BUG* LIKE THAT?

HOW COULD HE HAVE BEAT YOU--YOU, WHO CAN LIFT *85* TONS TO HIS 10?

HOW, UNLESS--

UNLESS...?

HE *TRICKED* YOU, ISN'T IT *OBVIOUS*?

YOU WERE NEVER BEATEN -- IT WAS ALL A *TRICK*.

A TRICK!

THAT PUNY COSTUMED *BUG*!

I'LL *KILL* HIM! I'LL SQUEEZE HIM SO HARD, HIS HEAD'LL POP LIKE A *ZIT*!

BUT *HOW*? WHERE CAN I *FIND* HIM?

PROBABLY THROUGH HIS *NEW FRIENDS* AT THE *DAILY BUGLE*...

"UNSUNG HERO?"

THAT PUNY COSTUMED *BUG*?

DAILY BUGLE

SPIDER-MAN: NEW YORK'S GREATEST UNSUNG HERO

I'VE GOT YOUR UNSUNG HERO *RIGHT HERE*--!

AAARRRHH!!

PUNY COSTUMED BUG... PUNY COSTUMED BUG... TRICKED ME... POP HIM LIKE A ZIT...

WHY WAIT ANOTHER MOMENT?

DESTROY HIM...

...IF YOU CAN.

WHICH I SINCERELY DOUBT.

ACCORDING TO MY ALLY IN THESE ACTS OF VENGEANCE, THE WIZARD, TITANIA'S FORMER TEAM-LEADER IN THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR--

--TITANIA'S FEAR OF SPIDER-MAN SHOULD HAVE MADE HER AN UNSUITABLE WEAPON AGAINST THE WEB-SLINGER.

BUT DOOM IS A MASTER OF ELECTRONICS--

-- AND THE DEVICE I PLANTED ON HER SHOULDER WHEN I TOUCHED HER MOMENTS AGO CONVERTED HER FEAR INTO MINDLESS RAGE.

STILL, TITANIA'S CHANCES AGAINST SPIDER-MAN ARE PROBLEMATIC AT BEST.

FOR HE IS NO LONGER A MERE SPINNER OF WEBS, AS THE TRAPSTER DISCOVERED TO HIS MORTIFICATION.*

SOMEHOW, SPIDER-MAN HAS CHANGED... GROWN MORE POWERFUL.

MORE EVEN THAN HIS DESTRUCTION, I DESIRE TO UNDERSTAND THE NATURE OF HIS NEW POWERS...

*IN SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #158. --YOU KNOW WHO

"...FOR BY UNDERSTANDING THESE POWERS, PERHAPS I CAN TURN THEM TO MY *ADVANTAGE.*"

DAILY BUGLE

"AFTER ALL, GREATER POWER IS THE ULTIMATE DESTINY OF *DOOM.*"

JONAH JAMESON DOESN'T OWN THE *DAILY BUGLE* ANYMORE...

...I DO...

... AND FROM NOW ON, I WANT OUR PAPER TO REFLECT A DIFFERENT APPROACH TO *REPORTAGE*--

-- PARTICULARLY WHEN IT COMES TO OUR COVERAGE OF *SPIDER-MAN.*

YOU ALL SAW THIS MORNING'S HEADLINE, WHICH I PERSONALLY SUGGESTED TO OUR CITY EDITOR, *KATE CUSHING.*

THE OLD NEGATIVE, MEAN-SPIRITED SPIDER-MAN BASHING PROMOTED BY YOUR FORMER PUBLISHER IS *OUT.*

A MORE BALANCED, EVEN-HANDED, POSITIVE FORM OF ADVOCACY JOURNALISM IS *IN.*

DAILY BUGLE

HERO OR MENACE?

DAILY BUGLE

OUR WEBBED HERO

BLAH-BLAH-BLAH. THESE HOTSHOT HONCHOS MAKE ME SICK.

WHOA, MAMA-- NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A BABE...

HEY, WATCHIT! THAT'S MY *FOOT*-- HUH?

PARKER! SHOULD'A FIGURED IT'D BE YOU.

SORRY, NICK.

YES, RIGHT. EVERY TIME I TURN AROUND, YOU'RE IN MY FACE.

AND WHAT A LOVELY FACE IT IS.

MR. FIREHEART, THIS IS *OUT-RAGEOUS.* YOU SAY YOU WANT BALANCED JOURNALISM--

--BUT YOUR "POSITIVE ADVOCACY" IS JUST AS *BIASED* AS MR. JAMESON'S ANTI-SPIDER-MAN CAMPAIGN.

REALLY, MS. CUSHING?

PERHAPS YOU HAVE A POINT. LET'S DISCUSS IT IN MY OFFICE.

WE'LL LEAVE THE REST OF YOU TO YOUR *WORK.*

WHAT A SWITCH-- HUH, PETER?

I THINK KATE WILL HAVE ANY MORE LUCK SHIFTING FIREHEART'S BIASES THAN SHE HAD SHIFTING JONAH'S?

SOMEHOW, I DOUBT IT, JOY.

ASK ME, IT'S A *SELLOUT.*

FIREHEART'S GOT NO MORE JOURNALISTIC INTEGRITY THAN A-- THAN A--

THAN A *NICK KATZENBERG.*

OHO, DON'T BE SO QUICK TO *JUDGE* OUR FAVORITE FORMER SUPERMARKET TABLOID SHUTTERBUG, PETE.

WHY ALL THE PHOTOS OF *CYNTHIA BERNHAMMER,* NICK?

UH-- AH-- SHE'S THE BUGLE'S *LEGAL COUNSEL...*

...AND WHAT WITH THE *ROBBIE ROBERTSON* APPEAL GETTING SO MUCH PLAY... I FIGURE WE NEED MORE *PICS* OF THE LADY, THAT'S ALL!

TOUCHY, TOUCHY!

GIMME THAT.

TELL US, NICK-- DOES CYNTHIA -- KNOW SHE HAS A *DON JUAN* IN HER FUTURE?

CUT IT OUT, YOU GUYS. I'M *WARNING* YOU--

SOMEBODY BETTER WARN *CYNTHIA.*

THE SHOCK OF SEEING YOU WITH ROSES AT HER DOOR MIGHT JUST--

HUH? TALK ABOUT *WARNINGS--!*

MY SPIDER-SENSE IS *BUZZING* SO HARD I CAN'T--

SKTOOM

OMIGOSH, THAT'S *TITANIA!* SHE USED TO HANG AROUND WITH *THE ABSORBING MAN!*

IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I LAST SAW HER, BUT SIX-FOOT-SIX FEMALES ARE KIND OF HARD TO *FORGET*...

WHERE IS HE?

WHERE IS THAT PUNY COSTUMED *BUG*?

TELL ME WHERE TO *FIND* HIM--

Y-- OR I'LL TAKE THIS PLACE APART SO *QUICK*, YOU'LL FIND YOURSELVES STANDING ON *AIR!*

SHEESH, LADY! FIND *WHO?*

SPIDER-MAN-- WHO DO YOU *THINK?*

WHAT ARE YOU ALL-- *STUPID?*

LISTEN WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU!

DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! WHAT'S TITANIA *DOING* HERE--

--AND WHY DOES SHE WANT *ME?*

PHOT

SURE, WE'VE *FOUGHT* IN THE PAST--

--BUT SHE'S NEVER BEEN ONE OF MY REAL *ENEMIES*--!

HEY, YOU-- WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

NOBODY GETS OUT OF MY SIGHT UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON THE WEBSLINGER, UNDERSTAND?

KRASH

PHOTO LAB

HE TRICKED ME-- HUMILIATED ME--THAT PUNY COSTUMED BUG--

--BUT IF I CAN'T GET EVEN WITH HIM, I'LL SETTLE FOR TRASHING HIS FRIENDS!

SO WHADDAYA SAY, WHISKERS?

GONNA TELL ME WHERE TO FIND THAT WALL-CRAWLING LOWLIFE?

=aaak=

OR DO YOU WANT ME TO MAKE YOU A NEW HAT OUTTA THIS DESK?

I-DON'T-KNOW-I-DON'T-KNOW I-SWEAR-I-DON'T-KNOW!

=BEEEEP!= WRONG ANSWER!

THIRTY SECONDS EARLIER, INSIDE THOMAS FIREHEART'S PRIVATE OFFICE--

MR. FIREHEART--IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S TEARING THE CITY ROOM APART OUT THERE--!

WE HAVE TO--

MS. CUSHING, LOOK OUT!-

WHAT? WHERE?

UHHHH!

THUNK

GOOD.

SHE'LL BE STUNNED-- UNCERTAIN WHAT HIT HER--

-- WITH NO SUSPICION HER NEW *EMPLOYER* MIGHT HAVE REASON TO KNOCK HER UNCONSCIOUS.

BUT THEN, SHE HAS NO SUSPICION THAT THOMAS FIREHEART IS MORE THAN A *FINANCIER.*

SHE DOESN'T KNOW THAT I AM THE PRODUCT OF A CENTURIES- LONG *BREEDING PROGRAM* PLANNED BY THE ELDERS OF MY NATIVE AMERICAN TRIBE.

SHE DOES NOT KNOW THAT I AM MORE THAN A MAN...

... I AM *PUMA!*

--AND I WILL *PROTECT* THAT WHICH IS *MINE!*

MOMENTS LATER, IN THE DAILY BUGLE CITY ROOM...

ONE MORE TRY, CHUBS:

WHERE DO I FIND THE WEB-SPINNER?

SPIDER-MAN IS UNDER *MY* PRO-TECTION, WOMAN!

IF YOU WANT HIM, FIRST YOU DEAL WITH *ME.*

HUH? WHO *SAID* THAT?

I DID.

FOR REASONS OF MY OWN, I OWE SPIDER-MAN A DEBT OF *HONOR.*

UNTIL THAT DEBT IS PAID, I CANNOT ALLOW HIM TO COME TO *HARM.*

OH, YEAH? WHERE'D *YOU* COME FROM?

NEVERMIND.

YOU'RE NOT STICKIN' AROUND LONG ENOUGH FOR IT TO *MATTER.*

BWHAM-KRASH

UNNGHH!

HEY, *PUMA*, DIDN'T YOUR MOTHER EVER TELL YOU--

--IT ISN'T SMART TO GO FLYING WITHOUT YOUR *WINGS* ON?

THWIPP

WELL, THAT'S *ONE* WASTED WISECRACK.

I'LL BET THE ONLY THING PUMA CAN HEAR RIGHT NOW IS THE SOUND OF LITTLE *BIRDIES* FLUTTERING AROUND HIS HEAD.

LUCKY FOR HIM I MANAGED TO SLIP OUT A WINDOW IN THE *PHOTO LAB* IN TIME TO PLAY "CATCH THE FALLING CAT-MAN."

LUCKY FOR HIM, UNLUCKY FOR ME.

FIREHEART ALREADY THINKS HE OWES ME A "*DEBT OF HONOR*"--THAT'S WHY HE BOUGHT THE *DAILY BUGLE*.

NOW THAT I'VE SAVED HIS HIDE, I MAY *NEVER* BE DONE WITH THE GUY.

GREAT. *ANOTHER* PROBLEM:

THOSE "POWERS" I PICKED UP HAVE ENHANCED MY *SPIDER-SENSE* SO MUCH IT'S ON PERMANENT *OVERLOAD*.

BUZZING SO LOUD I CAN'T *THINK*!

GOTTA CLAMP DOWN-- *FORCE* MYSELF TO--

OWWW!

HELLO, YOU PUNY COSTUMED BUG.!

HOW DID I KNOW YOU'D SHOW UP EVENTUALLY--

--IF I JUST KEPT STOMPING YOUR FRIENDS?

urk!

LADY, LET ME BE THE FIRST TO TELL YOU:

YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A REAL ATTITUDE.

AKK!

BUG.! YOU THINK ONE LOUSY KICK IS GONNA GET RID OF ME?

HEY...

...WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES.

NICK! IT'S HORRIBLE-- SPIDER-MAN AND THAT WOMAN--

THEY'RE PLUNGING STRAIGHT FOR THE SIDE-WALK--

UH-HUH.

AND YOU JUST MADE YOUR LAST.!

DAILY BUGLE

QUICK, SOMEBODY--

--GET ME A NIKON.!

ANY WORDS FOR YOUR TOMBSTONE, BUG?

=gaaak=

SHORT AND SWEET.

I LIKE IT.

WHOOM

DID YOU SEE THAT? WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT HIT THE GROUND?

NOT SURE--LOOKED LIKE A COUPLE OF PEOPLE--

PEOPLE?

YOU KIDDING? SCAN THAT CRATER--!

WHAT KIND'A PEOPLE CAN SMASH THROUGH THREE FEET OF ASPHALT ROADWAY--?

BLAMMO

THWANG

I SHOULD BE DEAD!

BY ALL RIGHTS, EVEN WITH MY SPIDER-STRENGTH--

--THE IMPACT FROM THAT FALL SHOULD HAVE SHATTERED MY SPINE--

--BUT ALL I FEEL IS THAT BLASTED BUZZING IN MY HEAD--

KA-WUMP

--NOT TO MENTION A TOOTHACHE THAT JUST WON'T--

OOOF!

BASH

OUCH!

OUCH?

I FALL OFF A THIRTY-STORY BUILDING--

--I BREAK PAVEMENT--

--I GET PUNCHED INTO A FLAGPOLE AND SWATTED WITH SIDEWALK--

--I FLATTEN THE HOOD OF A CAR--

--AND ALL I SAY IS "OUCH?"

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME?

BLAST YOU, BUG! HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO SMASH YOU?

WHY WON'T YOU DIE?

LADY, BELIEVE IT, OR NOT--

FURNITURE Co.

--I'M ASKING MYSELF THAT SAME QUESTION.

BY THE WAY, WATCH OUT BEHIND YOU.

DON'T TRY TO TRICK ME AGAIN, YOU PUNY COSTUMED BU--

--UH?

I TOLD YOU, WOMAN--

THE WEB-SPINNER IS UNDER MY PROTECTION!

EEK! I'M SO SCARED! TELL ME, FRISKY-FUR...

WHO PROTECTS YOU?!

SWAK

RRIP

" PUMA'S CLAWS RIPPED MY MICRO-SENSOR/CONTROLLER FROM TITANIA'S SHOULDER..."

" HOW UNFORTUNATE.

...AND WITHOUT THAT SENSOR, I HAVE NO DIRECT MEANS TO *CONTROL* TITANIA'S STRUGGLE WITH *SPIDER-MAN!*

WITH THE SENSOR CONTROLLER REMOVED...

...HER EMOTIONS WILL REVERT TO THEIR *NATURAL STATE...*

"...RAGE WILL *DISSIPATE* LIKE A SUMMER SQUALL...

"...AND THE IRRATIONAL *TERROR* BENEATH THE FURY WILL SURGE TO THE SURFACE UNCONTROLLED."

SPIDER-MAN? OH NO, OH NO, OH NO...

I- I MUST BE *CRAZY*-- I CAN'T FIGHT YOU--

RUN THAT BY AGAIN.

IF YOU CAN'T FIGHT ME, WHAT'VE WE BEEN DOING THE LAST TWENTY MINUTES?

...

YOU KNOW, YOU'RE RIGHT.

I MUST'VE BEEN AN *IDIOT* TO BE SCARED OF YOU.

WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING TWENTY MINUTES, AND YOU HAVEN'T BEATEN ME YET.

YOU *CAN'T* BEAT ME!

YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A *BUG*--

ME AN' MY BIG MOUTH.

-- A PUNY COSTUMED BUG!

" HMMM.

" WHAT AN *INTRIGUING* DEVELOPMENT.

" AS I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN, FEAR AND RAGE ARE BUT TWO SIDES OF A PSYCHIC COIN.

WHAM

" WHEN HER RAGE WAS *LIB-ERATED* BY MY SENSOR/ CONTROLLER, TITANIA CONQUERED HER FEAR...

"... AND THOUGH THE FEAR *RETURNED* TO HER, BRIEFLY AFTER THE SENSOR'S LOSS...

"...ULTIMATELY HER ANGER PROVED MORE *POWERFUL* THAN THE FEAR THAT REPLACED IT.

" WHICH RAISES THE *QUESTION* OF COURSE:

" WHEN WILL SPIDER-MAN'S ANGER OVERCOME *HIS* FEAR?

" JUDGING BY HIS RELUCTANCE TO USE THE *POWER* I'M CERTAIN HE NOW COMMANDS--

" -- I CAN ONLY ASSUME HE FEARS THE *CONSEQUENCES* OF WIELDING THAT POWER.

"BUT EVEN A MAN WITH AN OVER-DEVELOPED SENSE OF *RESPONSIBILITY* MUST LOSE HIS TEMPER *SOMETIME*, AND I WONDER WHEN--

LADY--

--GET OFF MY BACK!

BAM

BOOM

"AH.

"AT LAST.

"HOW VERY *GRATIFYING.*"

I DON'T BELIEVE I *DID* THAT!

AFTER ALL THE EFFORT I MADE TO KEEP MY NEW POWERS IN CHECK--TO *ROLL* WITH THE PUNCHES, AND JUST WEAR HER DOWN--

--I *LOSE* IT LIKE A KID IN A SCHOOLYARD!

HUH?

SPIDER-SENSE BUZZING AGAIN--BUT THIS TIME IT'S NOT JUST GENERAL *ANXIETY*--

--IT'S TELLING ME THERE'S *DANGER* NEARBY:

I FEEL LIKE I'M BEING *WATCHED!*

HUH? *NOW* WHAT...?

SOME KIND OF *SUPER-VISION*--

--SHOWING ME *NICK KATZENBERG* TAKING PHOTOS FROM THE *BUGLE'S* OFFICE THIRTY STORIES UP!

IS NICK THE DANGER MY ENHANCED *SPIDER-SENSE* IS WARNING ME ABOUT?

LET'S GET *SERIOUS*...

IN A DARKENED ROOM, A MAN IN AN IRON MASK NODS THOUGHTFULLY, CONSIDERING WHAT HE HAS SEEN.

THE MAN'S NAME IS *DR. DOOM.*

HE IS PREPARING AN *ACT OF VENGEANCE.*

TO BE CONTINUED--- IN *AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #327!*

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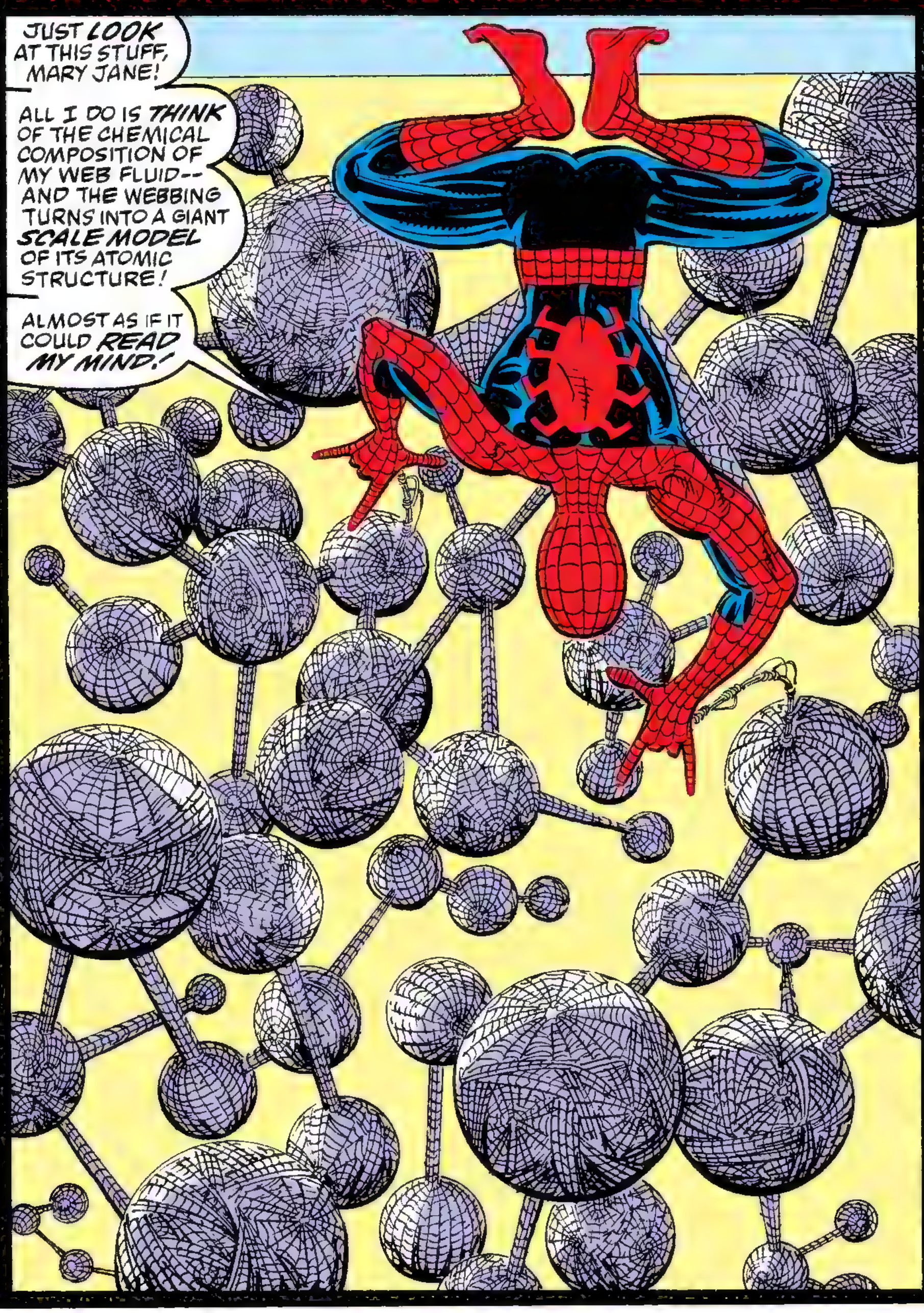

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I KNOW, PETER! THIS IS *CRAZY!* YOUR POWERS HAVE BEEN ALTERED! AUGMENTED!

IT'S LIKE I CAN CHANGE THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF ANYTHING I TOUCH! LOOK:

AS SOON AS I CLIP THE WEBLINES -- *LET GO* OF THEM -- THE WEBBING RETURNS TO *NORMAL!*

AND THAT'S NOT THE *HALF* OF IT!

IN THE PAST FEW DAYS, I'VE BEEN ATTACKED BY LOONIES I'VE EITHER NEVER MET, OR HAVEN'T SEEN IN YEARS! AND FOR NO APPARENT *REASON!*

GRAVITON, TRAPSTER, TITANIA... AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF THE ATTACKS AND MY NEW ABILITIES ARE *RELATED!*

I DO KNOW THAT WITH GREAT POWER COMES GREAT *RESPONSIBILITY.* BUT WHAT DOES ALMOST *GOD-LIKE* POWER BRING? I MEAN...

... WHAT IF I ACCIDENTLY *KILLED* SOMEONE?

THAT KIND OF TALK IS GOING TO *STOP*, MISTER!

RIGHT NOW!

AND WE HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA *HOW!* *

* BUT *YOU* DO -- IF YOU READ *SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #158!* -- J.S.

EVERYTHING *DOES* HAPPEN FOR A REASON! FIGURE OUT WHAT THAT REASON IS, AND YOU'LL HAVE YOUR *ANSWERS!*

WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT...

OF COURSE I AM! NOW GIVE ME A HUG AND GO CHANGE -- WE PROMISED *FLASH THOMPSON* WE'D WATCH HIM TRAIN AT THE GYM. MEAN-WHILE --

--I'D BETTER GET THE *BROOM* READY. IF YOUR WEBBING IS STILL NORMAL, IT'LL BE *GOO* IN AN HOUR!

SOMETIMES YOU SUPER-GUYS LEAVE SUCH A *MESS...!*

HARD TO BELIEVE THERE WAS A TIME I *WASN'T* MARRIED TO MARY JANE. HOW DID I GET BY WITHOUT HER STRENGTH?

STILL, I SURE WISH I KNEW WHAT--

--THE DEVIL IS GOING ON?!

BUGLE

Wednesday, October 4, 1989

SPIDER-MAN GETS DEADLY POWERS

WEB-HEAD WASTES WILD WOMAN

PHOTO: NICK KATZENBUR

ELSEWHERE IN MANHATTAN; WHERE THREE OF THE MOST POWERFUL MEN ON THIS PLANET--

--LISTEN TO A FOURTH: THE WIZARD!

GRAVITON BESTED SPIDER-MAN HANDILY! BUT WHEN WE SENT TITANIA AND TRAPSTER TO FINISH THE JOB, THEY WERE *ROUTED!*

AS NEW YORK'S *KING-PIN*, I KNOW THE WEB-SLINGER BETTER THAN ANY OF US! HE'S *NEVER* BEEN THIS FORMIDABLE!

IF OUR *ACTS OF VENGEANCE* ARE TO BE SUCCESSFUL, OUR TARGETS MUST BE DESTROYED UTTERLY! BUT WHO CAN WE SEND THAT WOULD BE *POWERFUL* ENOUGH TO--

I'LL GO.

YOU, *MAGNETO*? BUT ISN'T YOUR BECOMING *DIRECTLY* INVOLVED RATHER...

...*UNUSUAL*?

THESE ARE UNUSUAL CIRCUM-STANCES, *DR. DOOM.*

AND I HAVE... *PERSONAL* INTERESTS.

AS DO *I*, MUTANT! AND IF *YOURS* CONFLICT WITH MY OWN--

--PERHAPS THEY MAY NECESSITATE *MY* DIRECT INVOLVEMENT!

AND, SPEAKING OF DIRECT...!

CHUNT

TUF WEAR

OOOO! THAT WAS *SUPER*, FLASH!

YOU OKAY, BUDDY?

YEAH. BUT NEXT TIME, SPAR WITH *TYSON*, WILL YA?

"CHANCE?"

WITH MY KILLER RIGHT CROSS AND A GAL LIKE *BLAZE* AT MY SIDE, I'M *SET*!

WUMP

GREAT JOB, FLASH! YOU JUST MIGHT HAVE A *CHANCE* IN THIS BOXING GAME!

BUT DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT GETTING HURT? OR...

...HURTING SOMEONE *ELSE*?

OH, PETER...!

WE ALL KNOW THE RISKS WHEN WE STEP INTO THE RING, PETE.

WORRYIN' ABOUT THE *OTHER* GUY'S JUST GOING TO GET YOUR *OWN* BELL RUNG!

HOW 'BOUT WE RING A FEW BELLS *OURSELVES*, BIG GUY?

LATER, BLAZE, GOTTA SHOWER FIRST.

THANKS FOR COMIN' DOWN, GUYS! I'LL CALL YA TOMORROW!

ME AN' BLAZE GOT A *MATINEE* TO CATCH!

SO, CUTIE, WHAT'S *YOUR* NAME?

AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING *AFTER* THE MATINEE?

BOXING

COMING HOME WITH *ME*, CUPCAKE! ANY OBJECTIONS?

YEEESH! CHILL *OUT*, LADY!

DON'T WORRY, I'M SAFE.

SHE'S ALREADY COMING ON TO FLASH'S *SPARRING PARTNER!*

POOR FLASH. LOOKS LIKE HE HASN'T FOUND "MS. RIGHT" *YET.*

BOXING

READY LEGION

SEE YOU AFTER CLASS, HON!

SURE HOPE PETER CAN LOSE HIS TROUBLES IN HIS LAB WORK. HE'S GOT SO *MUCH* TO WORRY ABOUT!

AND HE'S GOING TO HAVE *MORE!*

MY ALLIANCE WITH THE OTHERS IS A MATTER OF CONVENIENCE, A SUBTLE PREPARATION--

--FOR THE INEVITABLE *WAR* THAT DRAWS CLOSER EVERY DAY!

THE FINAL BATTLE BETWEEN HUMAN-KIND AND *MUTANT-KIND*, FROM WHICH ONLY *ONE* SHALL EMERGE VICTORIOUS!

AND SPIDER-MAN MAY BE AN UNWITTING *KEY* TO THAT OUTCOME--

--IF, AS I SUSPECT, HIS NEW POWERS ARE THE RESULT OF *MUTANT* TRAITS MANI-FESTING THEM-SELVES LATE IN LIFE!

EVEN AS DID MY *OWN!*-

IF SPIDER-MAN WERE TO JOIN OUR CAUSE, HIS POWER COULD TIP THE BALANCE, AND ASSURE TRIUMPH FOR--

HEY, MAN, HALLOWEEN AIN'T FOR *TWO WEEKS* YET!

HA-HA-HA!

AAGGHHH!

A TYPICAL URBAN BORE.

ONE EASILY DISPOSED OF--

--BY THE MASTER OF *MAGNETIC FORCE!*-

H-HEAD-PHONES SQUEEZED TOGETHER! L-LIKE A *VISE!*

LOUSY MAIL-ORDER PIECE OF JUNK! I'M GONNA *SUE!*

BUT HOW TO CONFRONT SPIDER-MAN?

IF I CREATE A DISTURBANCE, MEDDLERS LIKE THE *AVENGERS* AND *FANTASTIC FOUR* MIGHT INTERFERE.

}--IMPORTANT MESSAGES.{

THIS *HOUSEWIFE* GIG'S FOR TH' BIRDS! }YAWN{ I NEVER SHOULD'VE LEFT THE-

--BAND?

ER, M-MAYBE BEIN' A HOMEBODY AIN'T SO BAD! TH-THINK I'LL GO HOME *RIGHT NOW!*

PATIENCE SEEMS THE PRUDENT COURSE.

IF I SIT, AND WAIT, AND THINK, PERHAPS THE SOLUTION WILL COME TO *ME.*

}-- BACK TO "SECRET HOSPITAL!"{

EMPIRE STATE UNI-VERSITY.

A PRIVATE PHYSICS LAB.

MY NEW POWERS FIRST MANIFESTED THEMSELVES AFTER I ASSISTED *DR. LUBISCH* IN SOME RADICAL ENERGY EXPER-IMENTS! *

I THOUGHT MAYBE HIS MALFUNCTIONING MACHINES MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE CAUSE OF MY ALTERED ABILITIES!

* IN *SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN* #158.-- J.S.

BUT I'VE CHECKED THE EQUIPMENT OUT, AND WHILE IT'S CAPABLE OF *MANIPULATING* ENERGY FIELDS, I CAN'T SEE HOW IT COULD PROJECT OR INSTILL THAT ENERGY INTO A *HUMAN BEING!*

WHICH LEAVES ME NO BETTER OFF THAN-- SOMEONE COMING!

SNOOPING, MR. PARKER?

DR. LUBISCH! UH, NO, SIR! I-I JUST WONDERED IF YOU NEEDED ANY *HELP!*

MATA HARI USED THE SAME LINE! YOUR ASSISTANCE IS NO LONGER REQUIRED, MR. PARKER.

GOOD DAY!

WELP, NOTHING THERE, BUT MAYBE I CAN LEARN SOMETHING BY *TESTING* MY NEW POWERS!

AND, TO THAT END--

--AT AN AUTOMOBILE WRECKING YARD ON THE BROOKLYN WATERFRONT...

MAN, THINGS ARE GETTIN' TIGHT! GOTTA ASK THE BOSS FOR A *RAISE* BEFORE--

--HUH?!

HI!

MIND IF I HELP YOU SMASH SOME TRASH?

=GULP= N-N-NOT AT ALL!

THANKS!

ONE OF MY NEW "TALENTS" IS SHOOTING *ENERGY BOLTS!*

BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO UNLEASH THEM ON ANYTHING *WORTHWHILE!*

SO, SINCE *JONATHON CAESAR* ISN'T AROUND--

-- I FIGURE THESE *CAR CORPSES* MIGHT SUFFICE!

NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT I CAN *REALLY* DO...!

SHOT!

WOW.

I'M *IMPRESSED.*

AND YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE!

HELLO? CHANNEL FIVE? DO YOU STILL PAY CASH--

-- FOR *HOT NEWS TIPS?*

WHILE ON THE SUBJECT OF "HOT"...

IT DOESN'T MATTER THAT I'M MARRIED. I *WANT* YOU, DOCTOR.

I WANT YOU *NOW.*

REALLY, MS. SHANE--!

PLEASE...

...CALL ME *SYBIL.*

THAT IS, THE NEXT TIME YOU CAN CATCH YOUR *BREATH!*

AAAAAND *CUT!*

GREAT RUN-THROUGH, PEOPLE! NEXT ONE'S A TAKE!

MAKE-UP!

THIS IS SURE DIFFERENT FROM POSING AS A *MODEL!*

I HAVEN'T KISSED ANOTHER MAN SINCE I MARRIED PETER!

NOT THAT IT'S AN *UNPLEASANT* WAY TO MAKE A LIVING, BUT--

--WELL, I DON'T THINK PETER WILL FEEL THREATENED. HE'S STRONG.

I WONDER JUST HOW STRONG I AM!

WHOA!

THIS BARGE IS FULLY LOADED! WEIGHS A ZILLION TONS! AND I'M LIFTING IT LIKE IT WAS A PLASTIC *TUB TOY!* I--

--HUH? BEING PULLED OUT OF MY HANDS?! WHAT--

MAGNETO!

IT DIDN'T TAKE ME AS LONG TO FIND YOU AS I THOUGHT IT MIGHT, WEB-SLINGER! THERE ARE ADVANTAGES TO YOUR BEING SUCH A *PUBLIC* FIGURE!

WHAT DOES HE -- OH. NEWS HOUNDS!

MY "PRIVATE" TESTS ARE BEING BROADCAST FROM HERE TO HOBOKEN!

YIGE!

RUMOR'S RIGHT!

DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT MAGNETO--

HE'S CAUSING METAL DEBRIS TO FLY AT ME, LIKE AIRBORNE *RAZORS!*

BUT WHAT HAVE I EVER DONE TO *HIM?!*

--BUT RUMOR HAS IT THAT HE'S REVERTED TO HIS *BAD-GUY* MODE!

CHAK CHAK CHAK CHAK CHAK

MAYBE I SHOULD WORRY ABOUT THAT *AFTER* I'VE TAKEN CARE OF THIS METAL HAILSTORM!

THOSE ZAP POWERS DO COME IN HANDY. NOW AND THE-- =OOMF!=

MAGNETIC FORCE-FIELD PROTECTED ME. EVEN SO--

-- I ACTUALLY *FELT* SPIDER-MAN'S IMPACT! HIS STRENGTH IS ASTOUNDING!

AND MY *HOPES* ARE DIMMING!

PERHAPS *THIS*....!

SPIDER-SENSE! R-R-RINGING MY BRAIN BLOODY!

WHAT THE--

=whew!= MAGNETIC LOADING CRANE!

MISSED ME BY A HAI--

--RRRRRNK! MAGNETO USING HIS OWN POWER... TO BOOST THE MAGNETIC ATTRACTION!

M-MUST BE PULLING AT THE METALLIC SALTS IN MY BODY!

I-IF I CAN'T PUSH AWAY SOON... uhg... I'M GONNA SHATTER LIKE--

--GLASS!

CHEEESS

THE MAGNET... TH-THE WHOLE CRANE... TURNED TO GLASS! I MUST HAVE UNCONSCIOUSLY WILLED THE MOLECULAR CHANGE!

DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO BE RELIEVED... OR SCARED SPITLESS!

ARRRRGH!

J-JUDGING FROM THE WAY MY SPIDER-SENSE IS SCREAMING, M-MY BET'S ON *SCARED*!

YEP!

FA-RANK!

:Shoosh!: I KNOW *MAGNETO'S* CONTROLLING THOSE THINGS--

-- BUT I STILL CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING I'VE STEPPED ONTO THE SET OF "*CHRISTINE II*"!

THWIP

SPAK

AT LEAST THAT "SPOOK" WON'T HURT ANYONE--

--OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BAY!

NOW.

YOU!

I'M SICK OF BEING ATTACKED FOR NO REASON AT ALL!

I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT THE BLAZES IS GOING ON!

AND YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME!

AJAX MOVING CO.

SHA-

IZING

WAIT A MINUTE!

MY ENHANCED HEARING! PICKING UP--

--SCREAMS FOR HELP!

"IF I CAN STAY AWAY FROM MAGNETO LONG ENOUGH, MY SPIFFY NEW *TELESCOPIC VISION* SHOULD BE ABLE TO CHECK OUT--

"--OH, LORD! I WAS WRONG! THAT CAR *DID* HURT SOMEONE OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BAY!

"IT HIT A *CRUISE SHIP!*"

BOAT'S SINKING! PEOPLE WILL *DIE!*

AND THERE'S NOT A BLASTED THING I CAN DO! WEB-LINES WON'T *REACH* THAT FAR! IF ONLY I COULD--

--FLY?!

AW, GEEZ.!

WON'T THIS *EVER* END?

IT IS TIME FOR THIS TO END.

BECAUSE OF THE WAY I USED MY *POWERS!*

MUTATION ALMOST ALWAYS TAKES THE FORM OF A *SINGLE* CHANGE. EVEN MY OWN MYRIAD ABILITIES SPRING FROM A SOLITARY SOURCE-- THE CONTROL OF *MAGNETISM!*

BUT SPIDER-MAN'S STRENGTH, ENERGY BURSTS, MOLECULAR ALTERATION--!

AND NOW *FLIGHT?* NO, HIS POWERS ARE TOO DIVERSE.

HE IS NOT THE *MUTANT* I'D HOPED TO FIND.

BUT THERE MAY BE A WAY TO UTILIZE SPIDER-MAN'S NEW CAPABILITIES TO MORE *POSITIVE* ENDS!*

* AS WE'LL SEE NEXT ISSUE! -- J.S.

DON'T KNOW HOW PEOPLE LIKE *IRON MAN* AND THE *HUMAN TORCH* DO THIS ALL THE TIME! I MEAN, FLYING WITHOUT *WEB-LINES?!*

I-I THINK I'M =gulp= GETTING AIRSICK!

G-GOTTA KEEP IT TOGETHER, THOUGH!

HE DID IT!

SPIDER-MAN SAVED US!

YET, BUT YOU'RE FORGETTIN' HE'S THE ONE ALMOST GOT US KILLED!

SOME LOVE ME.

SOME HATE ME.

I DON'T CARE.

DON'T EVEN CARE WHY MAGNETO TOOK A HIKE!

A-AT LEAST UNTIL I CAN GET THESE PEOPLE TO SAFETY!

GOT TO GET HOME--

--THE NORMAL WAY--

--AND TRY TO MAKE SOME SENSE OF ALL THIS!

THWIPP

LATER THAT AFTER-NOON.

THE PARKERS' SOHO LOFT...

COME ON, HON, BUCK UP. FROM WHAT YOU TOLD ME, YOU ULTIMATE-LY USED YOUR NEW POWERS TO *SAVE LIVES.*

IT'S HOW IT'S *USED*--AND *WHO* USES IT.

I KNOW, I GUESS. BUT I'M HUMAN, MJ. I MAKE MISTAKES.

SURE, I SAVED LIVES *THIS* TIME. BUT WHAT ABOUT...

SPARE COSTUME.

DON'T EVEN FEEL LIKE PUTTING IT ON.

AND IT'S NOT THE POWER ITSELF THAT'S IMPORTANT, ANYWAY.

...*NEXT* TIME?

NEXT TIME: A Visitor from VEGAS

AN' IT AIN'T *AVON* CALLIN'!

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MORE DANGEROUS!
MORE UNCONTROLLABLE
THAN EVER BEFORE!
HERE COMES THE
COSMIC SPIDEY!

Art Buscema

But will all that power make a difference against the magical might of the BROTHERS GRIMM™?!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN!™

THIS IS THE CITY, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

THIS IS THE JAIL, LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL.

LOS ANG COUNTY JAI

THESE ARE THE MEN, REAL ESTATE AGENTS PERCY AND BARTON GRIMES.

THOUGH THERE ARE SOME WHO SAY REAL ESTATE PRICES IN LOS ANGELES ARE A CRIME --

-- PERCY AND BARTON GRIMES ARE NOT IN PRISON FOR OVER-PRICING HOUSES IN A SELLER'S MARKET.

NOT QUITE.

RRUMBLE

AW, NO-- NOT ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE.

I JUST FINISHED RE-SURFACING MY PATIO AFTER THE LAST ONE--!

UH, BERNIE-- I COULD BE WRONG--

"--BUT I DON'T THINK THIS IS A QUAKE.

RRRUMBLE

"ACTUALLY, BERN, IT FEELS LIKE SOMETHING'S RIPPING THE ROOF OFF--"

SHEESH! I DIDN'T MEAN LITERALLY!

KROOM!

NO, PERCY AND BARTON GRIMES ARE NOT IN LOCK-UP FOR THEIR DEEDS IN THE DEED BUSINESS.

VILE THOUGH THEIR ECONOMIC CRIMES MAY BE, PERCY AND BARTON GRIMES ARE FELONS FOR QUITE ANOTHER REASON...

...AND IT IS THIS REASON WHICH HAS BROUGHT THIS MAN TO L.A.

GREETINGS!

WHAT'S GOING ON? HOW'D WE GET UP HERE?

YEAH! AND WHO THE HECK ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

SO MANY QUESTIONS, SO LITTLE TIME.

TO ANSWER IN ORDER:

THIS IS A JAILBREAK--

--I RAISED YOUR CELL USING A SET OF ANTI-GRAVITY DISKS.!

--YOU MAY CALL ME THE WIZARD--

-- AND I WISH TO OFFER AN EXCHANGE.

OUR COSTUMES! WHERE'D YOU GET 'EM?

FROM THE PROPERTY WARE-HOUSE.!

NOW, LISTEN. A GROUP OF LIKE-MINDED MEN HAVE JOINED TO COMMIT ACTS OF VENGEANCE AGAINST EACH OTHER'S ENEMIES.

WE DESTROY YOUR ENEMY, IRON MAN--

AND IN RETURN, THE BROTHERS GRIMM DESTROY ONE OF YOURS, EH?

FAIR DEAL. WHO DO WE KILL?

WE WERE THINKING... SPIDER-MAN.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER, 3,000 MILES AWAY...

WELL, ONE GOOD POINT ABOUT THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS, SINCE THAT ACCIDENT IN THE EMPIRE UNIVERSITY PHYSICS LAB ZAPPED ME WITH A LOAD OF NEW POWER...

MY LIFE CERTAINLY HAS GOTTEN INTERESTING.

"THESE SHATTERED SENSES"

OR "A TALE OF THE Brothers Grimm"

GERRY CONWAY ★ SCRIPT
SAL BUSCEMA ★ BREAKDOWNS
MIKE ESPOSITO ★ FINISHES
RICK PARKER ★ LETTERING
BOB SHAREN ★ COLORS
JIM SALICRUP ★ EDITOR
TOM DeFALCO ★ EDITOR IN CHIEF

I BEAT THE TRAPSTER, TITANIA AND MAGNETO, USING AN INNER ENERGY I DON'T UNDERSTAND-- --MY SPIDER-SENSES HAVE INCREASED ALMOST TO THE PAIN THRESHHOLD--

--AND, AS USUAL, I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT DOING WHAT'S RIGHT, I CAN'T--

SKQUAWK

HI, BIRD.

BIRD?

WHERE AM I?

OHMIGOSH...

HOW DID I GET UP HEEEEEEEEERREE

THWIPP

FFTTT

SWOOSH

PTHUNK

OWW!

THIS IS *REALLY* GETTING OUT OF HAND.

EVERY TIME I BLINK, I'M USING SOME *EXTRA POWER* I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD.

NOW IT'S *FLYING*-- BUT WHAT'S NEXT?

HOW POWERFUL *AM* I, AND WHEN WILL I--

=YAAAH!=

SPIDER-SENSE *ROARING*-- SO *PAINFUL*--

--WARNING ME--

A SPY CAMERA?

HMM.

THIS IS THE *SECOND* TIME I FELT MYSELF BEING WATCHED IN THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS. *

SOMEBODY ELSE MUST BE AS *CURIOUS* ABOUT THE NEW MODEL WEB-SLINGER AS I AM.

WHO--?

*FIRST WAS IN WEB OF SPIDER-MAN #59. --JIM

TERRIFIC.

MY WEBLINE BARELY *GRAZED* IT--

--AND THE GADGET *BLEW UP!*

WHOEVER MADE THAT DEVICE DIDN'T WANT IT *EXAMINED.*

"SO I GUESS, FOR NOW, MY WATCHER'S *IDENTITY* WILL JUST HAVE TO REMAIN ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE *MYSTERIES*..."

UNFORTUNATE.

KLIK

I HOPED TO PROBE SPIDER-MAN'S UNUSUAL NEW ABILITIES FROM AFAR--

--TO LEARN THEIR EXTENT AND THEIR GENESIS.

MY ALLIES IN THESE ACTS OF VENGEANCE SEE THE WEB-SPINNER ONLY AS AN ENEMY TO BE ANNIHILATED.

WHAT I SEE IS A RESOURCE OF UNKNOWN AND INEXPLICABLE POTENTIAL.

SOMEHOW, I MUST SUBVERT THAT RESOURCE TO THE SERVICE OF DR. DOOM.

≥BEEP≤ THE WIZARD REPORTING ON CHANNEL 3.

SPEAK.

GREETINGS, DOCTOR.

AS ARRANGED, I MADE CONTACT WITH THE BROTHERS GRIMM IN LOS ANGELES.

THEY'VE AGREED TO JOIN OUR ALLIANCE.

THE WEB-SLINGER WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM.

WITH OUR MAGIC-BASED TALENTS, WE'LL TAKE HIM COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE.

OF COURSE YOU WILL.

MAY I SUGGEST A STRATEGY?

"COMPUTER ANALYSIS OF SPIDER-MAN'S EXPLOITS IN MANHATTAN INDICATE A CONCENTRATION OF ACTIVITY IN THE LOWER MIDTOWN AREA.

"TAKE ACTION THERE, AND IF YOU DON'T FIND HIM..."

...THE ODDS ARE EXCELLENT HE'LL FIND YOU.

AND WHEN HE DOES...

...DOOM WILL BE WATCHING.

INTERLUDE:

WASHINGTON, D.C.

WHAT ARE THE CHANCES YOU CAN PERSUADE THE PRESIDENT TO *PARDON* JOE ROBERTSON, MR. McPHEE?

I'M A WHITE-HOUSE ADVISOR, MS. BERNHAMMER--

--NOT AN ORACLE.

BEFORE HIS ESCAPE FROM LEWISBURG PENITENTIARY, I WOULD HAVE SAID THE ODDS WERE *EXCELLENT.*

BUT ROBBIE WAS *FORCED* TO ESCAPE BY THAT MADMAN, *TOMBSTONE.*

TOMBSTONE. YES.

THE KILLER WHO BEAT MY *BROTHER* TO DEATH AT LEWISBURG.

AS YOU SAY, THERE ARE *EXTENUATING* CIRCUMSTANCES.

ROBERTSON'S HISTORY AS A MODEL CITIZEN, HIS CAREER AS A JOURNALIST FOR *THE DAILY BUGLE*...

MY CLIENT IS A GOOD MAN WHO MADE ONE *TERRIBLE* MISTAKE.

WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES.

I MADE A MISTAKE YEARS AGO WITH MY *BROTHER.*

BRUISER'S MONEY PAID FOR MY *EDUCATION.* HE LOVED ME...

...BUT WHEN I DISCOVERED HIS MONEY CAME FROM CRIME--

--I *ABANDONED* HIM.

AT LEWISBURG, YOUR CLIENT *BEFRIENDED* MY BROTHER-- AND WAS WITH HIM WHEN HE DIED.

I OWE MY BROTHER A DEBT I CAN NEVER DIS-CHARGE.

PERHAPS, BY HELPING JOE ROBERTSON...

...I CAN MAKE PARTIAL *RE-PAYMENT*--

--FOR THE BROTHER'S LOVE I RENOUNCED.

STUART McPHEE IS AN *ADMIRABLE* MAN:

HONEST, SELF-AWARE, CONSIDERATE, AND RESPECTABLE.

ALL QUALITIES I ALWAYS BELIEVED WERE MY *ROMANTIC IDEAL.*

SO WHY IS IT, CYNTHIA, THAT MEN LIKE STUART McPHEE LEAVE YOU *COLD*..

--AND LOWLIFE WORMS SUCH AS NICK KATZENBERG SET YOUR HEART *TWITTERING* LIKE A SCHOOLGIRL'S?

≡SIGH!≡ MAYBE IT'S THE *DIMPLE*...

V-N-ME BABE --NICKIE

END OF INTER-LUDE.

EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY. NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

LOOKS LIKE THE *CAMPUS* IS GETTING BACK TO NORMAL.

CON EDISON CREWS HAVE MOSTLY CLEARED THE *POWERLINES* SHATTERED BY PROFESSOR LUBISCH'S EXPERIMENT.

I WISH MY OWN LIFE WERE AS EASY TO FIX--

≡OWWW!≡ THERE GOES MY *SPIDER-SENSE* AGAIN!

ALONG WITH EVERYTHING ELSE, MY SPIDER-SENSE HAS BECOME *SO RESPONSIVE* IT REACTS TO ALMOST *ANYTHING.*

WHAT SET IT OFF *THIS* TIME--?

HIM?

"JONAH JAMESON?

"WHAT BRINGS THE DAILY BUGLE'S EX-PUBLISHER AND LONG-TIME SPIDEY-BASHER TO THE E.S.U. CAMPUS?"

ONE LIKELY EXPLANATION-- HE'S HERE TO SEE PETER PARKER.

THE QUESTION IS... WHY?

MOMENTS LATER, AFTER SWITCHING TO CIVILIAN CLOTHES STASHED ON THE PHYSICS LAB ROOF FOR JUST SUCH A SITUATION...

SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M GOING TO HATE MYSELF FOR THIS.

HELLO, JONAH-- LOOKING FOR ME?

WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY FAVORITE FREE-LANCE NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER.

IMAGINE MEETING YOU HERE, MY BOY. WHAT A SURPRISE.

THIS IS MY SCHOOL, JONAH.

I'M TAKING CLASSES FOR MY GRADUATE SCIENCE DEGREE-- REMEMBER?

OF COURSE YOU ARE.

AND I'M PROUD OF YOU, PETER.

WE'RE ALL PROUD OF YOU AT THE PAPER-- :Ahem:-- I MEAN, WE WERE--

-- AND THEY STILL ARE-- AT THE BUGLE, OF COURSE.

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE IT:

JONAH JAMESON, THE HARDEST BOSS IN THE NEWS-PAPER BUSINESS... FLUSTERED AND EMBARRASSED.

LOSING THE BUGLE TO THOMAS FIREHEART MUST'VE HURT HIM MORE THAN I THOUGHT.

GOOD TO SEE YOU, MY BOY.

CIGAR?

NO THANKS, JONAH. I DON'T SMOKE.

FILTHY HABIT. NEVER SHOULD HAVE *STARTED*, MYSELF.

HARD TO *CHANGE HABITS* WHEN YOU'RE MY AGE, PARKER.

YES, HARD TO CHANGE...

JONAH... WHY ARE YOU HERE?

PETER, AFTER MY FAMILY, THE *DAILY BUGLE* WAS THE *CORE* OF MY LIFE.

WHEN THOMAS FIREHEART *STOLE* THE BUGLE FROM ME IN A STOCK MANIPULATION--

-- HE STOLE MY LIFE.

I WANT IT BACK.

AND, BY GOD, I'M GOING TO *GET* IT BACK!

I'M GOING TO PRODUCE A *NEW* PHOTO JOURNALISM MAGAZINE-- AND SPIT IT BACK IN FIREHEART'S FACE! IT'LL BE *WAR!*

JOIN UP, PARKER, AND YOU CAN WRITE YOUR OWN *TICKET*--

-- AT A *REDUCED* SALARY THE FIRST YEAR, OF COURSE.

WARS COST MONEY, MY BOY.

ECONOMY IN THE TRENCHES!

WELL?

WITH ME? CHOOSE YOUR SIDE!

LOYALIST OR TRAITOR!

JONAH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO--

≥ *OWWW!* ≤

PARKER? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

C-CAN'T TALK JUST NOW, JONAH. MY HEAD'S *SPLITTING*.

I'LL CALL YOU... I PROMISE...

... REAL SOON...

ANOTHER FAST CHANGE, AND MORE MOMENTS LATER...

I WASN'T EXAGGERATING WHEN I TOLD JONAH MY HEAD WAS SPLITTING.

MY SPIDER-SENSE IS SHRIEKING SO LOUD--

-- I FEEL AS IF IT'S PIERCING MY SKULL WITH A LASER!

BEFORE PROFESSOR LUBISCH'S HAYWIRE EXPERIMENT, MY SPIDER-SENSE ONLY WARNED ME OF PERSONAL DANGER.

NOW, IT SETS OFF ALARMS AT THE SLIGHTEST PROVOCATION, AND I CAN'T KEEP FROM RESPONDING:

MICE CRAWLING IN MY BEDROOM WALL--PIGEONS FLUTTERING PAST A BATHROOM WINDOW.

LAST NIGHT I SCARED MARY JANE HALF TO DEATH WHEN I WENT CRASHING OUT OF BED TO AVOID A MOTH.

I'VE GOT TO GET CONTROL OF MYSELF.

WHEN THESE SHATTERED SENSES START AFFECTING MY MARRIAGE, THAT'S WHERE I--

HUH? IS THAT WHAT TINGLED MY SPIDER-SENSE?

SOMETHING HAPPENING TO MADISON SQUARE GARDEN--?

RRRUMBLE

RRRIPP

YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING!

DON'T TELL ME GRAVITON IS BACK!

I HAD ENOUGH TROUBLE WITH THAT GUY WHEN HE RAISED THE DAILY BUGLE BUILDING!*

WAITA SECOND--!

*IN AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #326. -- JIM

"ANTI-GRAVITY PODS ATTACHED TO ARENA'S OUTER WALLS--!

" I'VE SEEN PODS LIKE THAT BEFORE! THEY BELONG TO THE WIZARD, TRAPSTER'S OLD BOSS!*"

*SPIDEY BATTLED THE WIZARD IN AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #213. --JIM

SO THIS ISN'T GRAVITON WORK, AFTER ALL.

BIG DIFFERENCE THAT MAKES TO THOSE PEOPLE.

TIME ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT THE WIZARD'S REASON FOR RAISING MADISON SQUARE GARDEN AFTER I SAVE SOME LIVES.

HERE'S WHERE MY NEW POWERS REALLY COME IN HANDY...

=YAAAA=

PTOOF

=UMMPHH!=

BY JUST *WILLING* IT, I CAN TURN MY WEBLINE INTO ANY-THING I WANT--

-- FROM A FIST TO A *CATCHER'S MITT.*

IF ONLY MY NEW *SPIDER-SENSES* WERE AS EASY TO HANDLE, I'D--

OWWWW!

DANGER COMING UP FAST BEHIND ME!

WIZARD MAKING HIS MOVE--?

Eh?

WHO THE HECK ARE *YOU?*

BACK HOME ON THE WEST COAST, WE'RE KNOWN AS *THE BROTHERS GRIMM.*

WHEN WE'RE NOT MAKING *MAGIC--*

-- WE TELL *FAIRY TALES.*

HERE'S ONE OF OUR *FAVORITES.*

" FOUR AND TWENTY BLACKBIRDS, BAKED IN A PIE-- "

"-- SWITCH THE BIRDS WITH DYNAMITE--

"--AND WATCH THE PEOPLE DIE!'"

DYNAMITE?

BTOOM

GREAT.

THE WIZARD WOULD HAVE BEEN TROUBLE ENOUGH.

NOW I'VE GOT A PAIR OF LUNATICS TO DEAL WITH!

I'M TALKING SERIOUSLY-DEMENTED SOCIOPATHS.

TOSSING PIES WITH DYNAMITE FILLING--

--AND CANDY-COLORED EASTER EGGS--?

SPTOOSH

YUGH

SPYDER-MAN! OMIGOSH, WHAT'S THAT STUFF AROUND YOUR HEAD?

FEELS LIKE COTTON CANDY--

COUGH CHOKE

--WORKS LIKE TEAR GAS!

COUGH

YOU FOLKS BETTER FIND SOME SHELTER--

CHOKE

CALL IT A HUNCH-- GASP

"--BUT I BET THINGS ARE GOING TO GET PRETTY NASTY AROUND HERE IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES..."

I SAY IT'LL FLOAT.

AND I SAY IT WON'T.

BROTHER, YOU'RE SUCH A PESSIMIST.

HOW MAY WE ADJUDICATE THIS DIFFERENCE OF OPINION?

THE WIZARD SAID, IF WE WANTED TO ERADICATE HIS ANTI-GRAV PODS.

--WE ONLY HAD TO PRESS THIS LITTLE BUTTON.

ALLOW ME.

BY ALL MEANS.

KLK

POOM POOM POOM POOM POOM POOM POOM

UGH. ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE, THIS *GUNK* ON MY MASK STINKS LIKE A SEWER FULL OF--

HHH

OKAY.

THIS IS GETTING RIDICULOUS.

THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS, I'VE BEEN A *PUNCHING BAG* FOR EVERY COSTUMED FELON IN THE TRI-STATE AREA WITH TIME ON HIS HANDS AND A BUG UP HIS NOSE,

GRAVITON, TRAPSTER, TITANIA, MAGNETO-- THESE TWO GOONS CALLED *GRIMM*--

THEY ALL WANTED A *PIECE* OF ME, AND I DON'T KNOW *WHY*.

IF I WEREN'T *SO* BUSY TRYING TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THESE NEW *POWERS* AND *SENSES* OF MINE--

-- I'D PROBABLY FEEL A LITTLE *PARANOID*.

INSTEAD, WHAT I FEEL IS--

--TICKED OFF!

VARIOUS.

WARRINERS

I TOLD YOU THE ARENA WOULDN'T FLOAT.

BUT YOU DIDN'T TELL ME THE WEB-SLINGER WOULD CATCH IT!

NEITHER DID THE WIZARD!

SPIDER-MAN IS MUCH STRONGER THAN WE WERE LED TO BELIEVE.

NOTICED THAT, DID YOU?

SUDDENLY, BROTHER--

"--OUR LITTLE TRADE-OFF DOESN'T SEEM LIKE SUCH A BARGAIN AFTER ALL."

OWW!

OWW!

OWW!

OWW!

EVERY MOVE I MAKE, EVERY BREATH I TAKE, MY SPIDER-SENSE STINGS ME WITH A WARNING:

TOO MANY WARNINGS, MASKING REAL DANGER LIKE STATIC ON A PHONE LINE!

WELL? HE'S GAINING ON US. THINK OF SOMETHING!

YOU THINK OF SOMETHING-- MOTHER ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE THE SMART ONE.

HEAD HURTS SO BAD-- BUT I'VE GOT TO CONCENTRATE, GOT TO IGNORE THE FALSE FEELINGS!

NEVER THOUGHT HAVING TOO MUCH POWER COULD BE SUCH A PAIN...

MAGIC!
A LITTLE SLEIGHT OF HAND, THAT'LL DO THE TRICK!
EXPLODING SILK SCARVES, EH?
YOU ALWAYS WERE A *TRADITIONALIST.*
SO MANY CONFLICTING REFLEXES--
DODGE THIS WAY, DODGE THAT!
HAVE TO *OVERRIDE* MY INSTINCTS--
-- STOP BEING A *PUPPET* TO MY *POWER!*
BOOOM
DID IT!
BELIEVE IT, OR NOT, YOU CLOWNS DID ME A *FAVOR.*
LAST FEW DAYS, I'VE ALLOWED MY POWERS TO USE ME, INSTEAD OF ME USING MY POWERS.
THANKS TO YOU, I'M FINALLY TAKING CHARGE OF MY LIFE--
AAAKE

BWAAM!

-- AND MAN DOES IT FEEL GOOD!

CRASH

"FROM NOW ON, NO MATTER *WHAT* MY SPIDER-SENSE TELLS ME, I'M GOING TO *CHOOSE* MY OWN REACTIONS."

NO MORE REACTING BY INSTINCT, NO MORE SUBCONSCIOUS SURPRISE FLIGHTS, NO MORE--

FFFWIPP

PTOOM

I-I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO THAT. I WANTED THAT SPY CAMERA IN ONE PIECE.

BUT MY BODY JUST-- *REACTED.*

WHAT'S *HAPPENED* TO ME?

HMMM.

IF THE TELEMETRY READINGS TRANSMITTED BY MY MONITOR BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION ARE *CORRECT--*

-- SPIDER-MAN IS IMBUED WITH AN ENERGY FIELD SO GREAT, IT IS BEYOND THE CAPACITY OF MY INSTRUMENTS TO *CALIBRATE.*

I WANT THAT *POWER.*

BY RIGHT, IT IS *MINE.*

FOR ULTIMATE POWER IS THE ULTIMATE DESTINY OF *DOOM.*

EPILOGUE:

A LOFT APARTMENT IN MANHATTAN'S SOHO DISTRICT...

:BEEP!: HI, HUBBY HON--IT'S MJ.

GOTTA WORK TONIGHT--

--SO FORAGE DINNER WITHOUT ME, OKAY?

AND DON'T WAIT UP. THE GIRLS AND I ARE MEETING FOR COFFEE AND TALK TILL LATE.

LOVE 'YA!

:BEEEP!:

ALL THE POWER I'VE GOT, AND AT THE END OF THE DAY, HERE I AM ALONE...

... EATING A LUKEWARM TV DINNER IN FRONT OF THE TUBE...

... WASHING IT DOWN WITH A SOUR DOSE OF SELF-PITY.

THE TRUTH IS, I'M SCARED.

I HAVE POWERS I CAN'T PREDICT OR COMMAND.

MY LIFE IS OUT OF CONTROL AND IT FRIGHTENS ME.

BUT, HEY--! THINGS COULD BE WORSE.

I COULD BE NICK KATZENBERG...

TO BE CONTINUED-- IN WEB OF SPIDER-MAN # 60, AND AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #328, AND HERE, NEXT MONTH, WHEN SPIDEY FACES: T.E.S.S.

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SO--YOU'RE THE STRONGEST HERO IN THE UNIVERSE?!

HA!

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ON THE VERY BEST OF DAYS, EVENING RUSH HOUR ON NEW YORK'S TRIBORO BRIDGE IS A DELIRIUM OF TRAFFIC SNARLS, SHORT TEMPERS, FENDER BENDERS AND MUTTERED CURSES.

ADD AN INDIAN SUMMER HEAT WAVE, CONSTRUCTION WORK ON THE MAJOR DEEGAN EXPRESSWAY INTO NEW ENGLAND...

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...AND THERE YOU HAVE A RECIPE FOR A FIRST-CLASS NEW YORK DISASTER.

THE HARDER THEY FALL

TOLL MACHINE

EXACT
NO BILLS
NO PENNIES

THAT'S LIFE IN THE BIG CITY.

SO TO SPEAK.

MANNE ANE

GERRY CONWAY WRITER • ALEX SAVIUK PENCILER • KEITH WILLIAMS INKER • RICK PARKER LETTERER • BOB SHAREN COLORIST • JIM SALICRUP EDITOR • TOM DeFALCO ED. IN CHIEF

OKAY, YOU'VE MADE YOUR *POINT*, BIG FELLA.

YOU'RE EVERY BIT AS TOUGH AS *THE TRAPSTER TITANIA, GRAVITRON* AND *THE BROTHERS GRIMM*--

-- BUT I'VE GOT JUST AS MUCH REASON TO FIGHT *YOU* AS I HAD TO FIGHT THEM*:

*AS SHOWN IN OUR RECENT *ACTS OF VENGEANCE* CROSSOVERS.--JIM

NAMELY, *NONE!*

SO WHY DON'T WE CALL IT QUITS BEFORE ONE OF US GETS *HURT?*

KEEP *TALKIN'*, SQUIRT!

THE MADDER YOU MAKE ME, THE HARDER I HIT!

`SCUSE ME FOR BEIN' A NIT-PICK, *GOLIATH*--

--BUT ISN'T THAT THE *HULK'S* OLD LINE?

FIRST TIME I EVER BEEN GLAD TA GET CAUGHT IN A *TRAFFIC JAM.*

THESE PICS ARE GONNA SAVE MY JOB AT THE *DAILY BUGLE.*

MAN-OH-MAN! I CAN SEE THE HEADLINES *NOW...*

BTOOM

"SPIDER-MAN WRECKS BRIDGE IN BATTLE WITH 60-FOOT BEHEMOTH!"

"NICKIE-BOY, YOU'RE IN CLOVER! YESIREE-ROBERT!"

LAST TIME WE FOUGHT, WHEN I WAS *THE SMUGGLER*, YOU HAD IT *YOUR* WAY, 'CAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE EVEN A *FRACTION* OF THE POWER I'VE GOT NOW.

THIS IS *PAYBACK* TIME, WEB-SLINGER!

SO BEFORE I BUST YOUR CHOPS-- GO AHEAD, TAKE YOUR BEST SHO--

UNNGH!

POW

HEY-- MMNGH! --HOW'RE YOU-- GNNGH!

POW

WHEN YOU WAKE UP, BIG GUY, TRY TO REMEMBER--

--THIS BEATING WAS *YOUR* IDEA."

"SPIDER-THUG GOES BERSERK!"

OH, I LOVE IT. I *LOVE* IT!

"TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT!"

THAT'S WHAT YOU *SAID*, AND I'D LIKE TO *OBLIGE*.

BDOW

BUT IF YOU'RE NOT THE SAME *SMUGGLER* I FOUGHT, ALL THOSE MONTHS AGO*--

*WAAAY BACK IN *SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN* #49. -- JIM

-- I'M NOT THE SAME SPIDER-MAN.

THESE DAYS I'VE GOT MORE POWER THAN I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH.

YOU REALLY WANT MY BEST SHOT, BIG G?

CHTOOM

MANNED LANE

NO?

SOMEHOW, I DIDN'T THINK SO.

TOLL MACHINE

I DON'T KNOW WHICH BOTHERS ME MORE:

FINDING MYSELF A TARGET FOR ALL THESE COSTUMED LUNATICS, FROM TRAPSTER TO GOLIATH--

--OR HAVING SO MUCH POWER INSIDE ME WHEN I FIGHT THEM, I REALLY DON'T KNOW MY OWN STRENGTH! *

SIGH AND I THOUGHT LIFE WAS COMPLEX WHEN I WAS ONLY YOUR AVERAGE NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN...

* FOR DETAILS ABOUT SPIDEY'S NEW-FOUND POWERS, CHECK RECENT ISSUES OF AMAZING, SPECTACULAR AND WEB; AND KEEP READING--WE'LL FILL YOU IN AS WE RACE ALONG! -- JIM

EVER SINCE THOMAS FIREHEART BOUGHT THE DAILY BUGLE FROM JONAH JAMESON, IT'S BEEN A SQUEEZE GETTING MY PHOTOS THROUGH EDITORIAL.

FOR WEEKS, MY JOB'S SWUNG ON A THREAD-- BUT TODAY, THAT'S GONNA CHANGE.

BEEP BEEP

HEY, FATSO! MOVE IT.!

FATSO? MOI?

BEEP BEEP

C'MON, C'MON-- THE ROAD'S CLEAR.!

QUIT GAWKING AND ROLL!

I'M SORRY. AM I IN YOUR WAY? ARE YOU IN A HURRY?

NO, I'M HONKING BECAUSE I LIKE THE SOUND OF MY HORN, YOU FAT MORON.

OH, WELL, EXCUSE ME FOR LIVING.

SKRITCH

I'LL BE MOVING ALONG NOW. SORRY I HELD YOU UP.

BY THE WAY...NICE CAR.

JUST SHUT UP AND DRIVE.

YESSIREE, NICKIE-BOY. THE SUN'S SHINING, THE BIRDS ARE SINGING, LIFE IS A TREAT.

THIS IS DEFINITELY YOUR DAY.

IS HE DEAD?

NAH. CAN'T YOU HEAR HIM SNORING?

LIKE AN OLD T-BIRD I HAD, AFTER I BUSTED THE TAIL-PIPE.

MAN, I NEVER KNEW THE WEB-SLINGER COULD HIT LIKE THAT.

MOVE IT ON, MOVE IT ON, NOTHIN' TA SEE HERE.

SHEESH WHAT A FIGHT.

Y'KNOW, IT'LL SOUND WEIRD, BUT FOR A WHILE WHEN THEY WERE DUKING IT OUT, I SWEAR SPIDER-MAN WAS FLYING!

HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THIS JOKER, THE GUY SPIDER-MAN CALLED GOLIATH?

CAN YA BEAT IT? HE SHRANK!

THIS GOLIATH GUY'S NO BIGGER THAN YOU NOW, EDDIE.

SOMEBODY GET ME SOME HANDCUFFS--

PASS ON THE HANDCUFFS, OFFICER.

MY MEN AND I ARE ASSUMING JURISDICTION OVER THIS INCIDENT IN THE NAME OF NATIONAL SECURITY.

HUH? WHO'RE YOU?

ROMAINE, F.B.I.

THE COUNTERFEIT CREDENTIALS YOU PROVIDED SEEM TO SATISFY THE POLICE, KINGPIN.

THEN STOP WASTING TIME.

RETURN GOLIATH TO MY HEADQUARTERS A.S.A.P.

THAT FOOL HAS MUCH TO ANSWER FOR...

MEANWHILE, BEYOND THE EASTERN END OF THE TRIBORO BRIDGE, IN FOREST HILLS, QUEENS...

I WAS ON MY WAY TO VISIT AUNT MAY WHEN GOLIATH ATTACKED ME.

OUR FIGHT DELAYED MY VISIT-- BUT IT ALSO MADE ME EVEN MORE DETERMINED TO SEEK HER ADVICE.

THANKS TO AN ACCIDENT DURING A LAB EXPERIMENT AT EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY, I'VE GAINED AN INCREDIBLE AMOUNT OF POWER.*

... AND ITS POTENTIAL FOR EITHER GOOD OR HARM FRIGHTENS ME.

AUNT MAY DOESN'T SUSPECT HER SWEET NEPHEW PETER PARKER IS ALSO SPIDER-MAN...

*SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #158. -- JIM

...BUT SHE'S THE WISEST PERSON I KNOW...

... AND DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, I NEED HER GUIDANCE.

EVEN SO, I HATE TO BOTHER HER.

WITH NATHAN SUFFERING FROM A TERMINAL HEART DISEASE, THEY HAVE SO LITTLE TIME TOGETHER...

WHY, MY GOODNESS-- LOOK, NATHAN!

IT'S PETER!

AND I JUST BAKED A BATCH OF HIS FAVORITE COOKIES...

HI, AUNT MAY-- HI, NATHAN.

FEELING ANY BETTER?

ODD THING, MY BOY. I'M DYING, BUT I HAVEN'T FELT THIS FINE IN YEARS.

YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND...

YEAH, I MUST LOOK PRETTY *FRAZZLED.*

ACTUALLY, THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, AUNT MAY.

I NEED TO TALK.

NATHAN?

YOU TWO TAKE A WALK.

I'LL FINISH WITH THESE *LEAVES.*

HOW'S NATHAN FEELING *REALLY,* AUNT MAY?

WEAKER THAN HE LETS ON, PETER--

-- BUT WE'VE BOTH COME TO *ACCEPT* THE INEVITABLE.

NOW. WHAT'S TROUBLING *YOU?*

YOU HAVEN'T BROUGHT ME A *PROBLEM* SINCE YOU WERE A LITTLE BOY.

I HAVEN'T, HAVE I?

NO, YOU ALWAYS TRIED TO BE *STRONG* FOR ME, PETER.

PERHAPS *TOO* STRONG.

HOW CAN I HELP?

WELL... JUST AS A *HYPOTHETICAL QUESTION,* AUNT MAY...

...WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD THE POWER OF *LIFE AND DEATH?*

SOMEWHERE ELSE.

IN A PLACE OF ICE COLD DARKNESS...

...SHATTERED BY A SINGLE CONE OF WHITE HOT LIGHT.

GOLIATH.

SUCH A GRANDIOSE NAME FOR SUCH AN ABYSMAL FAILURE.

GIVE ME ANOTHER CRACK-- ANOTHER CHANCE--

ANOTHER CHANCE TO FLOUNDER?

THESE ARE ACTS OF VENGEANCE, NOT MERCY.

HE'S STRONGER THAN YOU SAID HE'D BE, MAGNETO!

I'D BEAT HIM IF I HAD THE POWER.

PERHAPS THERE IS A WAY.

IN THESE ACTS OF VENGEANCE, BY TRADING FOES WE DO NOT USUALLY OPPOSE, WE SEEK TO GAIN TACTICAL AND STRATEGIC ADVANTAGE OVER OUR ENEMIES.

A PROJECT OF THIS KIND DEMANDS CAREFUL PLANNING AND KNOWN QUANTITIES.

SPIDER-MAN IS NO LONGER A KNOWN QUANTITY.

YOU SAID... MAYBE THERE'S A WAY--?

FOR DOCTOR DOOM THERE IS ALWAYS A WAY TO SEIZE VICTORY FROM DEFEAT.

AND AT THE SAME TIME, PERHAPS GAIN A PERMANENT ADVANTAGE OVER MY TEMPORARY ALLIES...

FOREST HILLS.

A PLACE OF **WARM LIGHT** AMID GATHERING SHADOWS...

I DIDN'T WANT TO **SHOCK** YOU, AUNT MAY.

I ONLY MEANT IT AS A HYPOTHETICAL QUESTION--

THE POWER OF **LIFE AND DEATH**, PETER-- THAT'S A **GOD-LIKE** POWER.

BURDEN?

THE ABILITY TO SAVE LIVES IS A **BURDEN**...?

NO HUMAN BEING SHOULD **CARRY** SUCH A BURDEN, EVEN "HYPOTHETICALLY."

WHICH LIVES? HOW DO YOU CHOOSE?

THE **SEASONS** OF LIFE ARE A CYCLE, PETER-- SPRING BIRTH, SUMMER GROWTH, AUTUMNAL AGE, AND WINTERY DEATH.

WHEN YOU NEAR THE END OF THE CYCLE YOU SEE THE WISDOM, THE **BEAUTY** OF IT ALL.

I **ACCEPT** AGE AND DEATH, PETER.

I ACCEPTED YOUR UNCLE BEN'S DEATH, SHOCK THOUGH IT WAS, AND WHEN NATHAN'S TIME COMES--

-- OR **MY** TIME -- I'LL ACCEPT THAT TOO.

ACCEPTANCE, DEAR BOY, IS THE ONLY POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH A HUMAN BEING EVER NEEDS.

THANKS, AUNT MAY.

RAIN CHECK ON THOSE COOKIES?

ANY TIME, MY DEAR, DEAR BOY.

AN HOUR LATER. MANHATTAN. THE DAILY BUGLE BUILDING.

SO WHADDAYA SAY, TOM?

DID NICKIE DELIVER THE GOODS OR WHAT?

I WOULD PREFER YOU ADDRESS ME AS MR. FIREHEART, MR. KATZENBERG.

MS. CUSHING, AS THE DAILY BUGLE'S NEW MANAGING EDITOR, HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE THESE PHOTOS?

THEY SHOW SPIDER-MAN WRECKING THE TRIBORO BRIDGE DURING A BATTLE --

-- WITH APPARENT DISREGARD FOR THE SAFETY OF NEARBY COMMUTERS.

JOURNALISTICALLY SPEAKING, THEY'RE DYNAMITE.

EXACTLY.

SO DO YOU LOVE 'EM? DO I GET A RAISE? HOW MUCH?

A RAISE?

MR. KATZENBERG, COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY I LET YOU DRAW A SALARY.!

SPIDER-MAN IS A HERO.

BRING ME PHOTOS LIKE PETER PARKER'S-- THAT REFLECT SPIDER-MAN'S HEROISM--

--OR FIND A NEW JOB.

KATE, WE NEVER BEEN FRIENDS-- BUT YOU GOTTA DO SOMETHING!

FIREHEART'S WORSE THAN JAMESON EVER WAS!

SORRY, NICK. I CAN'T HELP YOU.

SELL-OUT. SINCE FIREHEART PROMOTED HER, KATE'S BEEN A REAL MOUSE.

FACE IT, NICK--

"--THANKS TO THOMAS FIREHEART, THIS OLD GRAY *PAPER* JUST AIN'T WHAT SHE USED TO BE!"

EH?

WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING IN MY *PRIVATE* OFFICE?

GET OUT.

HEY, IS THAT ANY WAY TO GREET "*NEW YORK'S GREATEST UNSUNG HERO*"?

I'VE BEEN READING YOUR *EDITORIALS*, TOMMY.

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO FEEL TOUCHED, FLATTERED, OR *NAUSEATED*.

I SAID, GET OUT.

NOT TILL YOU ANSWER ME *ONE* QUESTION.

WHEN WILL YOU QUIT PROMOTING ME AS NEW YORK'S ANSWER TO *MOTHER THERESA* AND SELL THE BUGLE BACK TO JONAH JAMESON?

WHEN I'VE REHABILITATED YOUR *REPUTATION*, AND DISCHARGED MY DEBT OF *HONOR* TO YOU.

NOW, FOR THE *FINAL* TIME-- eh?

SIR, PHONE CALL ON LINE ONE-- IT SOUNDS *URGENT!*

MISS GRANT...

...

THE *LAST* TIME GLORIA GRANT SAW SPIDER-MAN, SHE TRIED TO KILL HIM TO SAVE HER LOVER, THE GANGSTER EDUARDO LOBO.

HER GUNSHOT WENT WILD...

...AND HER *LOVER* WAS THE ONE TO DIE.

IT IS A *SECRET* SHE AND THE WEB-SPINNER SHARE.

SEEING HIM REMINDS HER BOTH OF THE SECRET...

...AND OF A GRIEF SHE CANNOT BEAR.

I'VE SAID ALL I *INTEND* TO SAY TO YOU, WEB-SPINNER.

IF YOU DON'T MIND, I HAVE A PHONE CALL TO TAKE.

MAYBE *YOU'RE* FINISHED WITH THIS CONVERSATION, BUT I'M--

KINGPIN?

THIS IS *WEIRD?*

ALL MY SENSES ARE SO *ACUTE*, I CAN HEAR THINGS THAT WOULD'VE BEEN INAUDIBLE ONLY A FEW DAYS AGO!

MR. FIREHEART, I WISH TO CONTACT SPIDER-MAN.

AS HIS FOREMOST BOOSTER THESE DAYS, YOU MUST HAVE THE CONNECTIONS TO--

GIMME THAT PHONE.

KINGPIN, THIS IS SPIDER-MAN.

ARE YOU THE GUY BEHIND THE CREEPS WHO'VE BEEN ATTACKING ME? YES OR NO?

WHAT THE--?

AH. I HOPED TO REACH YOU THROUGH AN *INTER-MEDIARY*, BUT THIS IS BETTER. *MUCH* BETTER.

TONIGHT. *BATTERY PARK.* WE'LL DISCUSS OUR... SITUATION.

YOU'RE MEETING THE *KINGPIN?* TO DISCHARGE MY DEBT, I'LL JOIN YOU AS *PUMA.*

NO.

MY ENEMY. MY FIGHT.

I DON'T LIKE YOU, WEB-SLINGER. BEING IN YOUR DEBT MAKES ME... *UNCOMFORTABLE.*

BUT I THINK, AT LAST I'M BEGINNING TO *RESPECT* YOU...

BATTERY PARK.

AN HOUR PAST TWILIGHT.

KTHUMP

OKAY, SHAMU. THIS MEETING WAS YOUR IDEA.

WHY DID YOU ASK ME HERE?

THANKS TO YOU AND *THE LOBO BROTHERS*, SPIDER-MAN, MY AUTHORITY IN THE NEW YORK UNDERWORLD HAS BEEN *HALVED.*

"I NOW SHARE DOMINION WITH THAT THUG, *HAMMERHEAD*, AND HIS PARTNER, *THE CHAMELEON.*

"ONE DAY SOON, I SHALL DEAL WITH THEM...

=OWWW!=

SPIDER-SENSE!

...WARNING ME...

...DANGER ALL AROUND...

"...BUT TONIGHT, AS OUR TARGET FOR *VENGEANCE*, MY ALLIES AND I HAVE CHOSEN *YOU.*"

KARGGGOM!

GIVE ME A BREAK!

KINGPIN'S TAKING OFF! THIS WAS A SETUP!

"REALLY, MR. PARKER? AND WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST CLUE--?"

WASN'T EASY-- PUSHING MY WAY UP-- THROUGH THOSE OLD SUBWAY TUNNELS!

GOLIATH?

HARD TO BREATHE--!

BUT IT'S HAPPENING THE WAY DR. DOOM SAID IT WOULD--

DOOM?

--EVERY BREATH I TAKE, I GET BIGGER--

BIGGER?

--BIGGER THAN ANYONE'S EVER BEEN BEFORE!

THROOO

YOU AND THE KINGPIN-- ALLIED WITH DR. DOOM?

WHEN DID THAT HAPPEN?

WHY DON'T PEOPLE TELL ME THESE THINGS?

THERE'S A LOT YOU DON'T KNOW, WALL-CRAWLER-- PLANS AND SECRETS YOU CAN'T EVEN GUESS! KINGPIN AND DOOM AND THE OTHERS -- THEY'VE GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT--

GOLIATH, BACK OFF! DON'T MAKE ME HURT YOU!

GO AHEAD--! TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT!

YOU NEVER LEARN, DO YOU?

THE POWER COMES ALMOST UNBIDDEN...

...MORE A REFLEX THAN A CONSCIOUS ACT OF WILL.

SHA-

-ROOM

AND THOUGH HE TRIES TO **RESTRAIN** THE ENERGIES FLOWING THROUGH HIM, LIKE LIGHTNING FROM A STORM CLOUD--

--HE FINDS HE CANNOT **COMMAND** WHAT HE DOES NOT COMPRE-HEND!

AAARRGH!

FZAM

WHAT DID I DO? I JUST *IMAGINED* KNOCK-ING GOLIATH OFF HIS FEET-- AND THAT *ENERGY BEAM* SHOT FROM MY EYES!

MY GOD, DID I KILL HIM?!

NO! HE'S STILL **STANDING!**

"*HUH?* HE ISN'T JUST STANDING, HE'S **GROWING!** SIXTY FEET, SEVENTY-FIVE, A HUNDRED--

"*TWO HUNDRED FEET!*"

"HOW DID HE *DO* THAT?"

IN A PLACE OF COLD DARKNESS, A MAN IN STEEL GRAY ARMOR NODS WITH GRATI-FICATION.

MONITORS **BLINK** *WITH IMAGES OF FAR-OFF BATTLE.*

INSTRUMENTS **FLICKER** *WITH READINGS OF INCREDIBLE POWER.*

SATISFACTORY.

AS INTENDED, THE MECHANISM I IMPLANTED IN GOLIATH'S PITUITARY GLAND AFTER OUR DISCUSSION THIS AFTERNOON IS *DIVERTING* SPIDER-MAN'S STRANGE NEW ENERGY FIELD--

--CHANNELING POWER *DIRECTLY* INTO GOLIATH'S CHEMICALLY-ALTERED GROWTH SYSTEM.

SPIDER-MAN'S EFFORTS TO DEFEAT GOLIATH WILL ONLY CAUSE THE GIANT TO *INCREASE* IN SIZE--

--PROVIDING ME AN OPPORTUNITY TO EXPLORE THE EXACT *NATURE* OF THE WEB-SPINNER'S ENERGY SOURCE.

ONCE I UNDERSTAND ITS NATURE...

...I WILL REASON OUT A METHOD TO *TAP* THAT POWER FOR MYSELF.

"THEN I WILL GAIN THE *ULTIMATE* ADVANTAGE OVER ALL THOSE WHO HINDER MY DESTINY, ENEMIES AND ALLIES *ALIKE.*"

WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO BRING YOU *DOWN,* BIG MAN?

MORE THAN *YOU'VE* GOT, LITTLE MAN!

WANNA *BET?*

BLAM

=OWW=

EVERY TIME I ZAP HIM, GOLIATH GETS *BIGGER*--

--AND IT'S *HURTING* HIM MORE THAN HE KNOWS!

I CAN HEAR HIS *HEARTBEAT*-- THUDDING LIKE A RUNAWAY *JACKHAMMER!*

CAN'T KEEP THIS UP-- I'LL KILL HIM!

WHAT'S WRONG, WEB-SLINGER? LOST YOUR *NERVE*?

YOU CAN'T QUIT NOW-- I'M JUST STARTING TO *ENJOY* MYSELF--!

GOLIATH, LISTEN TO ME! YOUR HEART CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE *STRAIN*--

CIRCLE LINE

DON'T TELL *ME* WHAT I CAN'T DO!

I'M BIGGER THAN *ANY-ONE!*

YOU GAVE ME *YOUR* BEST SHOT!

NOW IT'S *MY* TURN!

OH MY GOD, THOSE PEOPLE--!

GOLIATH, DON'T MAKE ME DO THIS --

GOLIATH--

-- PUT THEM DOWN!

YAAHHH!

CAN'T BREATHE-- CAN'T GET AIR--

HAVE TO CATCH THAT FERRY BEFORE IT HITS!

DID IT!

I SAVED THOSE PEOPLE--BUT GOLIATH--!

WHAT DID I DO TO GOLIATH?

PATTA-TUM

PATTA-TUM

CAN'T--

--BREATHE--

PATTATUM PATTATUM PATTATUM

HIS HEART'S GIVING OUT!

ALL THAT GROWING-- SO QUICK-- TOO MUCH FOR HIM--!

PATTATUM

CAN'T

PATTATUM

PATTA PATTA

SPASH

TIDAL WAVE--!

HE REACTS INSTINCTIVELY NOW, NO LONGER QUITE SO SURPRISED BY THE POWER HE WIELDS.

HIS IS A POWER THAT CAN BRING A GIANT TO HIS KNEES, OR TRANSFORM A WEBLINE INTO A WAVE-SHATTERING WALL.

SUCH POWER CONVEYS A SPECIAL BLESSING, AND A SPECIAL BURDEN.

IT IS A BURDEN HE FINDS ALL TOO FAMILIAR, AND ALL TOO *PAINFUL*...

NO SIGN OF GOLIATH. I DIDN'T WANT THIS TO HAPPEN.

IT WAS A *CHOICE* BETWEEN USING MY POWER-- OR LETTING THE PEOPLE ON THAT FERRY *DIE!*

A CHOICE BETWEEN *LIFE* OR *DEATH*.

=SIGH= AUNT MAY WAS RIGHT.

LIFE AND DEATH. THAT'S A BURDEN *NO* HUMAN BEING SHOULD HAVE TO BEAR...

BUT LIKE IT OR NOT, I'M STUCK WITH IT.

EPILOGUE:

IN A DARK PLACE...

EXCELLENT.

I NOW KNOW WHAT I NEED TO KNOW.

ULTIMATE POWER IS WITHIN MY GRASP.

AND WHEN SUCH POWER IS DOOM'S, THEN AND *ONLY* THEN WILL THE WORLD UNDERSTAND THE *TRUE MEANING* OF *VENGEANCE*...

TO BE CONTINUED--IN AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #328 & SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #160! NEXT MONTH:

DRAGONMAN!

MARVEL

The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

ACTS of VENGEANCE™

THE NON-MUTANT™ SUPP

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NOW WHO'S THE STRONGEST ONE THERE IS?!

McFARLANE

PLUS: THE MUTANT MENACE OF SEBASTIAN SHAW!™

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

SHAW'S GAMBIT

ON A MOONLIT MESA IN THE NEVADA DESERT--

-- THE INCREDIBLE HULK MAKES HIMSELF COMFORTABLE.

KA-WRAK!

DAVID MICHELINIE ★ TODD McFARLANE ★ RICK PARKER ★ BOB SHAREN ★ JIM SALICRUP ★ TOM DeFALCO

WRITER ARTIST LETTERER COLOR EDITOR EDITOR IN CHIEF

THAT'S BETTER.

NOW I CAN RELAX. TAKE A *LOAD* OFF MY MIND.

TRY TO FORGET HIM, FORGET ABOUT...

...BANNER.

LITTLE WIMP CONTROLS OUR BODY DURING THE *DAY!*

NIGHT'S THE ONLY TIME *I* TAKE OVER. THE ONLY TIME I'M *ME.*

THE ONLY TIME I CAN REALLY BE--

"--ALONE!"

WE'VE GOT HIM ON SCREEN, MR. SHAW! DEAD AHEAD!

IMAGINE, SIR, THE *GREY GARGOYLE'S* BEEN WARNING EVERY-ONE TO STAY *AWAY* FROM YUCCA FLATS, BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE THE HULK BEAT THE TAR OUT OF HIM!

BUT IT TOLD US EXACTLY WHERE TO *FIND* THE HULK!

APPROACH CAREFULLY, TRUMAN--

--OUR QUARRY IS *DANGEROUS*, AS WELL AS VALUABLE.

WHEN I WAS RECENTLY APPROACHED BY A GROUP OF POWERFUL MEN, TOLD THAT THEY WOULD DESTROY THE BANE OF MY EXISTENCE-- THE HELLFIRE CLUB'S *INNER CIRCLE*--IF I WOULD ELIMINATE *SPIDER-MAN* FOR THEM...

...I WAS INTRIGUED.

BUT IT SOON BECAME APPARENT THAT THERE WAS MORE TO THE OFFER THAN *COMMON GAIN.*

ONE OF THEIR GROUP IS *MAGNETO*, THE MAN WHO DEPOSED ME AS *BLACK KING* OF THE *HELLFIRE CLUB!*

OUR MUTUAL HATRED APPROACHES LEGEND.

MAGNETO UNDOUBTEDLY FEELS THAT SPIDER-MAN-- WITH THE NEW, VIRTUALLY *GODLIKE* POWER HE'S REPORTED TO POSSESS--COULD DISPOSE OF ME ONCE AND FOR ALL! AH, MY OLD ENEMY, WHEN WILL YOU LEARN...

...THAT I AM NOT *STUPID!*

WHA--?! AH, GEEZ... WHERE DO I HAVE TO GO FOR A LITTLE *PRIVACY* THESE DAYS--THE *MOON?!*

A'RIGHT, BUSTER, WHERE DO YOU WANT THIS ROCK? ON YOUR *HEAD*, OR UP YOUR--

I'M *SEBASTIAN SHAW*, PRESIDENT OF SHAW INDUSTRIES. I'VE COME TO OUTLINE A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

AND TO OFFER YOU A GREAT DEAL OF *MONEY*.

MONEY?

LOTS OF IT.

TALK TO ME.

AH, I DO SO ENJOY DEALING WITH *REASONABLE* MEN. COME ALONG, THEN.

I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT ON THE WAY TO--

CRUNCH

NEW YORK: SEVERAL HOURS EARLIER, AS A RAINSTORM BLANKETS THE FIVE BOROUGHS.

AND A BLANKET OF **FEAR** COLDLY CLOAKS LIBERTY ISLAND...

TERRORISTS. THREATENING TO BLOW UP THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

IF THIS WAS A TV SHOW, I'D SWITCH CHANNELS!

IT'S SAD, THAT SOMETHING SO CALLOUS HAS ALMOST BECOME *CLICHÉ*.

BUT THINGS LIKE THIS SEEM TO HAPPEN EVERY DAY. I'VE GROWN TO *ACCEPT* THEM, KNOWING THAT I CAN'T SAVE THE WHOLE WORLD.

EXCEPT THAT NOW, WITH MY NEW POWERS--

--MAYBE I CAN!

AFTER ALL, DIDN'T I *FLY* OUT HERE IN A STORM THAT'S KEPT POLICE HELICOPTERS GROUNDED?

MAYBE THE QUESTION ISN'T *CAN* I, BUT *SHOULD* I?

I MEAN, I MAY HAVE INADVERTENTLY KILLED *GOLIATH!* * MAYBE THIS POWER IS TOO MUCH FOR *ANY* MORTAL TO WIELD!

ON THE OTHER HAND, IF I BECOME AFRAID TO *USE* THE POWER, I'VE LET IT *BEAT* ME!

AW, WHAT THE HECK.

I'M ALREADY HERE...!

I'VE A CLEAR SHOT, HANS! I THINK I CAN--

* *IN WEB OF SPIDER-MAN # 60.-- J.S.*

=HRRNK!=

EH? FRITZ! WHAT HAPPENED TO--

I HAPPENED TO!

KILL HIM!

KRAK

KRAK

SPWEE

PWIP

PWING

EASIER SAID THAN DONE, PAL!

ESPECIALLY NOW THAT I CAN CONTROL MY *WEB-LINES* THROUGH *WILL-POWER* ALONE!

SPLIT THEM INTO AS MANY *LASSOS* AS IT TAKES TO CORRAL THESE PSEUDO-PATRIOTIC *THUGS!*

WHICH LEAVES ME FREE TO TAKE THE REST OUT THE *OLD FASHIONED* WAY!

FLUD PH

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ALL THAT'S LEFT, HOTSHOT!

I... AND THIS *REMOTE DETONATOR!* AND AS YOU WILL SOON LEARN, I AM MORE THAN WILLING TO *DIE* FOR MY CAUSE!

YEAH, BUT YOU SEE--

--I'M NOT!

THWIP!

THESE DAYS, I CAN ALTER THE *MOLECULAR STRUCTURE* OF ANYTHING I TOUCH- WHICH MEANS I CAN TURN MY WEBBING INTO ULTRA-HARD *ADAMANTIUM*, AND GIVE MR. WILLING-TO-DIE A LITTLE--

--SURPRISE!"

KLIK

SHMFF

WHAT *ARE* YOU?!?

I'M BAT--

=ahem=

I'M SPIDER-MAN!

S.W.A.T. TEAMS SHOULD BE ABLE TO HANDLE THINGS NOW.

AT LEAST NO ONE WAS *KILLED* THIS TIME!

BUT I'D BETTER HEAD BACK TO MANHATTAN, SWITCH TO MY *PETER PARKER* IDENTITY.

MARY JANE AND I ARE MEETING MY OLD BUDDY, *FLASH THOMPSON*, AND HIS LATEST FLAME FOR DINNER.

JUST WISH I HAD TIME TO HITCH A RIDE BACK ON A *POLICE BOAT*. I MEAN, NIFTY AS IT MAY SEEM TO SOME--

--THIS FLYING WITHOUT *WEBLINES* IS FOR THE *BIRDS!*

LATER.

RAIN STOPS.

OVER HERE, GUYS!

THE VIEW FROM THE RESTAURANT ATOP THE *WORLD TRADE CENTER* BECOMES SPECTACULAR...

PETE? MJ? THIS IS AMBER, THE LOVE OF MY LIFE!

'LO, AMBER.

HI!

DARN! =munch= THIS STEAK IS COOKED TOO MUCH!

SO, UH, HOW'S THE BOXING CAREER?

SLOW, BUT PICKING UP. I MIGHT GET A MONEY BOUT IN--

THIS TASTES YUCKY! =PTUI=

HEY, GAR-KON! THIS MEAT'S BURNT!

BUT, MADAME, IT'S ONLY SLIGHTLY MORE DONE THAN THE ONE YOU SENT BACK AS TOO RARE!

I DON'T CARE! I WANT ANOTHER ONE!

YEESH! WHAT A DUMP! THEY'LL PROB'LY EVEN GRIPE WHEN I LIGHT UP AFTER CHOW--JUST 'CAUSE THIS IS A STUPID NO SMOKING SECTION!

ER, LISTEN, GUYS, ME AN' AMBER ARE TAKIN' IN A MOVIE AFTER DINNER. WANT TO COME ALONG?

NO!

I-I MEAN, WE'D LOVE TO, BUT I HAVE A PRE-DAWN CALL FOR A LOCATION SHOOT TOMORROW!

AND I'M TAGGING ALONG TO KIBITZ.

GOTTA SACK OUT EARLY TONIGHT!

OH, MAYBE SOME OTHER TIME, THEN.

UH, SURE!

YOU BET, FLASH!

AS LONG AS YOU LEAVE "MISS CONGENIALITY" AT HOME!

5 a.m. -- THE CAST AND CREW OF THE LONG-RUNNING SOAP OPERA, "SECRET HOSPITAL," ASSEMBLES ALONG THE STILL-DARK PATHWAYS OF BATTERY PARK.

I HOPE YOU WON'T GET TOO BORED, PETER.

ARE YOU KIDDING?

JUST HAVE YOUR FACE DONE AND STOP WORRYING ABOUT *ME.* I'M FASCINATED!

WHAT A LADY! >yawn< I SURE LUCKED OUT IN *THIS* MARRIAGE!

JUST WISH *FLASH* COULD DO BETTER WITH-- eh?

SPIDER-SENSE TINGLING! SOMETHING DROPPING FROM A PLANE OVER TIMES SQUARE!

BETTER USE MY NEW *CLOSE-UP* VISION TO SEE WHAT-- UH-OH!

"EXCUSE ME!

" COULD YOU TELL MY WIFE I HAD TO LEAVE, PLEASE?

" SOMETHING *UNEXPECTED* CAME UP!"

I'M GONNA LIKE THIS JOB!

I GOT NOTHING AGAINST *SPIDER-MAN*, BUT FOR THE KIND OF DOUGH SHAW'S OFFERING, I'D EVEN SKRAG *MYSELF!*

HE SAID THE *AVENGERS* AND THE OTHER TOUGH GUYS WOULD BE BUSY WITH THEIR OWN PROBLEMS, THAT THE BEST WAY TO DRAW THE WEBSLINGER OUT WOULD BE TO CAUSE A *COMMOTION!*

SPLAP

ERNIE! D-DID I JUST SEE--

NO! AN' NEITHER DID I!

WELL, *THAT'S* A NEW TRICK! NOT THAT IT'S GONNA KEEP YA FROM GETTING *PULPED!*

YOU MEAN YOU CAME HERE JUST TO FIGHT *ME?*

WHY?!

BEST REASON IN THE WORLD, WEB-HEAD!

BUCKS!

MONEY? HAS SOMEONE PUT A *BOUNTY* ON MY HEAD?

IS THAT WHY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN ATTACKING ME FOR *NO REASON?*

DOESN'T MATTER.

I'M SICK OF BEING A LIVING TARGET! FOR *ANY* REASON!

PRUNCH

THWAMB

SKRUNCH!

≥FSHEW!≤ THIS GUY'S A LOT STRONGER THAN I REMEMBERED!

MAYBE I BETTER STOP PULLING MY--

-- HAND? CHANGING COLOR?! BANNER'S STARTING TO TAKE OVER!

BUT IT'S TOO SOON FOR-- BLAST! SO BUSY DOING MY JOB, I FORGOT THE SUN COMES UP THREE HOURS EARLIER HERE!

WEEEOOEEKKK

GOTTA GET AWAY BEFORE I CHANGE COMPLETELY!

PLANG

GOOD THING ABOUT NEW YORK: THERE'S ALWAYS AN *AMBULANCE* AROUND WHEN YA *NEED* ONE!

TOMORROW NIGHT, WEB-SLINGER!

ROOSEVELT ISLAND! *THE RUINS!*

YOU GUYS OKAY?

J-JUST SHAKEN UP!

BUT THE *STAB VICTIM* IN BACK NEEDS AN EMERGENCY ROOM! FAST!

DON'T WORRY--

-- HE'LL *GET* ONE!

SPIDER-MAN CAN *FLY*?! DID I SLEEP THROUGH SOMETHIN'?

BUT AS THE RISING SUN PEEKS INTO A NEARBY ALLEY WAY--

--BRUCE BANNER FERVENTLY WISHES HE WAS ASLEEP.

FOR NIGHTMARES WOULD BE FAR MORE DESIRABLE THAN THIS!

HULK! CURSE YOUR HIDE!

WHAT THE DEVIL HAVE YOU GOTTEN ME INTO THIS TIME?

THE DAY PASSES: AT EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY...

NUTS.

CAN'T SEEM TO CONCENTRATE ON THE LECTURE.

OW, OW, OW, OW!!

YUCK!

HISS!

BOO!

LOW GUY

MIND KEEPS WANDERING. SORT OF HARD TO WORRY ABOUT FAILING A PHYSICS COURSE--

-- WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW IF YOU'LL SURVIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE FINAL EXAMS!

...ON A MIDTOWN STREET CORNER...

THAT'S RIGHT. UPSET STOMACH.

DON'T KNOW WHEN I'LL BE BACK TO WORK.

UH, GOTTA GO!

COP LOOKING AT ME! SAW ME PANHANDLE THAT QUARTER?

CAN'T GET NABBED FOR VAGRANCY NOW!

GUESS THAT'S ENOUGH SUN! BETTER GET BACK TO THE OFFICE!

FRUITCAKE!

BUT A CREATIVE FRUITCAKE!

...AT SHAW INDUSTRIES...

HMMMM.

IT SEEMS MY NEWEST EMPLOYEE WAS UNSUCCESSFUL LAST NIGHT.

DAILY BUGLE

PHOTO BY P. PARKER

BUT I CAN'T WASTE TOO MUCH TIME ON THIS SPIDER-MAN AFFAIR. I HAVE OTHER, MORE VITAL, CONCERNS TO CONSIDER.

I'LL GIVE THE HULK ONE MORE CHANCE...

DAILY BUGLE

LIEFELD ON MUTANT BOOK

'COCKY' M'FARLANE TRIES TO WRITE?!

WHO'S ALAN MOORE

"...TONIGHT!"

HULK CHOSE HIS BATTLEGROUND WELL. *ROOSEVELT ISLAND* SITS SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EAST RIVER, BETWEEN MANHATTAN AND QUEENS!

AND THE RUINED BUILDINGS ON ITS SOUTH END HAVE BEEN DESERTED FOR YEARS! I DOUBT WE'LL HAVE A PROBLEM WITH UNINVITED *GUESTS!*

YOUR MOM'D TAN US GOOD IF SHE KNEW WE SWIPED THESE *BUTTS* FROM HER PURSE!

WHY DO YOU THINK WE CAME DOWN *HERE* TO-- *ulp!* S-S-STAN!

LOOK!

SPIDER-SENSE TINGLING!

HULK ISN'T WASTING ANY--

--*TIME!*

CHAKK!

GLAD YOU SHOWED UP, SPIDER-MAN! GRINDING *COWARDS* INTO THE DIRT LEAVES A BAD TASTE IN MY MOUTH!

SO *THAT'S* IT! AND HERE I WAS ABOUT TO SUGGEST A *BREATH MINT!*

ACTUALLY, THE *REAL* REASON I SHOWED UP--

-- WAS BECAUSE I FIGURED THE HULK WOULD COME *LOOKING* FOR ME IF I DIDN'T!

AND AT LEAST *HERE* THERE WON'T BE ANY *INNOCENT CASUALTIES!*

PRUBUBUBUMB

EXCEPT, MAYBE, *ME!*

GRUDGE

BEEN WORKING OUT, WEB-HEAD?

I NEARLY *FELT* THAT!

BAKSH

HULK'S STUBBORN! HE'LL KEEP AT THIS UNTIL ONE OF US IS IN *PIECES*!

IF I ONLY HAD SOME WAY TO SLOW HIM DOWN--!

AGH! WH-WHERE'D THAT *LIGHT* COME FROM?!

FASH

ANOTHER NEW POWER?!

LEAVE 'IM ALONE, YA BIG JERK! THIS IS *OUR* TURF, AN' NO ONE'S GONNA TRASH *SPIDEY* HERE WITHOUT A FIGHT!

GEEZ, STEVE, Y-Y-YOU'RE *CRAZY!*

OH, NO! WHERE'D *THEY* COME FROM?

NOSY RUG-RATS! BETTER SCARE 'EM OFF!

HE'S RAISING THE GIRDER! TURNING TOWARDS--

--THOSE KIDS!

WHOOK

WHSSSSHHHHHH

WOW! H-HE'S STILL GOING! BUT HE HAS TO COME DOWN--

NO!

--SOMETIME!

WANNA BET?

ORBIT.

BLASTED WEB-SLINGER KNOCKED ME INTO *ORBIT!* COLD DOESN'T BOTHER ME, AND I CAN HOLD MY BREATH A *LONG* TIME!

BUT UP THIS HIGH, *DAWN'S* GONNA HIT ME A LOT SOONER! AND IF I TURN INTO *BANNER* UP HERE, THE ONLY QUESTION IS WHICH I'LL DO FIRST: FREEZE, SUFFOCATE OR EXPLODE!

FROM WHAT I LEARNED ABOUT *ODDS* IN VEGAS, MY MONEY'S ON *KER-POP!*

MR. SPIDER-MAN? WH... WHAT IF HE *NEVER* COMES DOWN?

I WAS THINKING THAT MYSELF! AND ABOUT *GOLIATH!* I DON'T KNOW IF THERE ARE *LIMITS* TO THIS NEW POWER I'VE GOT--

-- BUT MAYBE IT'S TIME TO *FIND OUT!*

HEY, IF HE'S GONNA PULL STUNTS LIKE *THAT*, HE'D BETTER START WEARIN' A *CAPE!*

LIKE THE BEATLES SAID: "HERE COMES THE SUN"!

NEVER THOUGHT IT'D END THIS WAY.

KILLED BY SOMETHING I CAN'T EVEN *PUNCH!*

HRNGK?!

SHHROW

SOON...

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THANKS, FORGET IT! I WOULDA SAVED *MYSELF*, SOMEHOW.

STILL, IT WAS A NICE GESTURE, SO I'M GONNA *RETURN* THE FAVOR.

I WON'T *KILL YA!*

THIS TIME...!

KILL ME? AFTER DOING WHAT I JUST DID--

--I'M NOT SURE I CAN EVEN *DIE!*

A THOUGHT ALMOST AS EXHILARATING AS IT IS FRIGHTENING, AND ONE PETER PARKER SHARES WITH HIS WIFE THE NEXT DAY.

FIRST, I MAY HAVE KILLED GOLIATH! THEN I ALMOST KILL THE HULK!

I HATE THIS NEW POWER!

I JUST WISH IT WOULD GO AWAY...

WHILE AT SHAW INDUSTRIES...

MR. BANNER IS CONFUSED.

THAT SHOULD KEEP HIM DOCILE FOR HIS TRIP BACK TO NEVADA.

BUT BANNER IS THE LEAST OF MY WORRIES. THE NEW POWERS SPIDER-MAN POSSESSES MAY BE A THREAT TO MORE THAN MAGNETO'S PETTY MACHINATIONS.

THEY MAY POSE A DANGER TO MY PLANS AS WELL! IT MIGHT BE WISE TO LOOK INTO THE PHENOMENON FURTHER, YES.

WITH DILIGENCE AND PATIENCE, PERHAPS I CAN FIND A WAY TO MAKE THOSE POWERS... GO AWAY.-

NEXT ISSUE:

SENTINELS!

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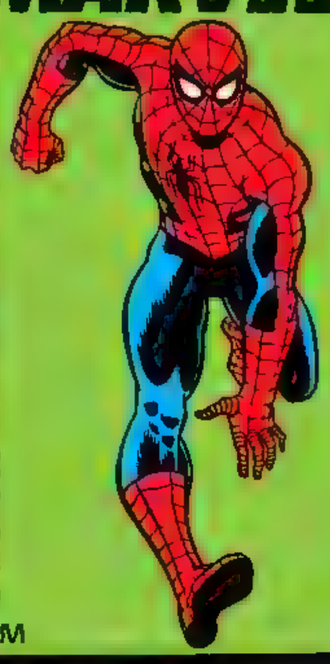

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APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

the COSMIC SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN™

ACTS of VENGEANCE!™

SHOCKER!™ RHINO™! AND HYDRO MAN!™ I'VE BEATEN THEM ALL!

WHO'S NEXT?!

Bill Sienkiewicz

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN!™

"THE FEAR AND THE FURY"

OR: "THE METAL IN MEN'S SOULS"

PROJECT POWER: (PROGRESS REPORT, CRYPTO-CODED BY VICTOR VON DOOM): "AFTER WASTING SIX HOURS SEARCHING THE OCEAN FLOOR EAST OF NEW YORK BAY...

"...MY HIRED HENCHMEN FINALLY FOUND WHAT WE WERE LOOKING FOR *TWO THOUSAND FEET* FROM THE NEW JERSEY SHORE.

"HOW CAN I EVER CLAIM MY DESTINY IF I HAVE TO DEPEND ON THE SERVICES OF *DOLTS* LIKE THESE?

GERRY CONWAY Script * SAL BUSCEMA Art * RICK PARKER Lettering * BOB SHAREN Color * JIM SALICRUP Editor * TOM DeFALCO Editor in Chief

"ANY IMBECILE WITH A TIDE AND CURRENT CHART COULD HAVE PREDICTED-- EH?

"THAT FOOL!

"HE LET THE SECONDARY RESTRAINING CLAMP SLIP!

"ANOTHER MOMENT, AND THE ARTIFACT WOULD HAVE FALLEN TO THE SEA FLOOR.

"SUCH BLATANT INCOMPETENCE CANNOT GO UNPUNISHED.

"FORTUNATELY FOR HIM, I'M IN A GENEROUS MOOD.

"I'LL LET HIM LIVE.

PTOOM

"ON SECOND THOUGHT, THERE'S NO POINT IN SETTING A POOR PRECEDENT.

"DISCIPLINE MUST BE ENFORCED,

"STANDARDS HAVE TO BE MAINTAINED,"

PROJECT POWER (PROGRESS REPORT CONTINUED):

"THE ARTIFACT APPEARS REMARKABLY *WELL-PRESERVED*, CONSIDERING THE MONTHS IT SPENT UNDERWATER...

"...NOT TO MENTION THE *DECADES* WHEN IT REMAINED '*MOTH-BALLED*' BY A BUREAUCRACY TOO SHAMED TO ADMIT ITS *EXISTENCE*.

"IN OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT PAPERS, THE ARTIFACT WAS NAMED T.E.S.S.-ONE...

"... AN ACRONYM MEANING *TOTAL ELIMINATION OF SUPER-SOLDIERS*.

"APPARENTLY, IN THE EARLY DAYS OF *WORLD WAR TWO*, SOME SCIENTISTS FEARED THAT THE PROJECT WHICH CREATED *CAPTAIN AMERICA* MIGHT PRODUCE RENEGADE SUPER-SOLDIERS...

"THE T.E.S.S. ROBOT WAS BUILT IN ANTICIPATION OF SUCH AN IMAGINED *THREAT* TO NATIONAL SECURITY."

DR. DOOM!

KINGPIN AND *MAGNETO* HAVE ISSUED YOU A *SUMMONS*!

THEY WANT TO DISCUSS THE RISING *ANTI-SUPER-HUMAN* SENTIMENT IN *CONGRESS*...

TELL THEM I'LL COME WHEN I CAN, AND GO AWAY.

MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS THAN PETTY *POLITICS* CONCERN ME NOW.

"INDEED.

"TODAY I TAKE STEPS TO SEAL MY *DESTINY*."

TIMES SQUARE.

MID-AFTERNOON.

THERE USED TO BE CERTAIN RULES IN THE SUPER-VILLAIN COMMUNITY, MOSTLY UNSPOKEN, BUT GENERALLY ACCEPTED.

"STAY OFF MY TURF, AND I'LL STAY OFF YOURS" WAS ONE.

"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS" WAS ANOTHER.

SONY

Sandy Royal WHISKEY

Coca-Cola

THE ACTS OF VENGEANCE CHANGED ALL THAT.

WHEN YOU TRADE ENEMIES, YOU END UP TRADING TURF--WHETHER YOU PLAN TO OR NOT.

SOME PEOPLE HAVEN'T TAKEN TO THAT VERY WELL.

WON-DERFUL. JUST WHAT I NEED TO BREAK MY DAY.

ANOTHER VILLAIN FREE-FOR-ALL...

...THIRD ONE THIS WEEK.

THIS TIME IT'S THE RHINO VERSUS SHOCKER AND HYDRO-MAN.

OUUF!

DON'T THESE PEOPLE HAVE SOAP OPERAS TO WATCH?

OWWW! SPIDER-SENSE BLARING--WARNING--DANGER--!

OH, GREAT.

PZAM

SHA-

THOOM

KRASH

WOW.

EVERYONE STARING AT ME. CAN'T BLAME THEM.

EVER SINCE THE LAB ACCIDENT AT *EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY**...

*IN SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #158. -- JIM

--I'VE BEEN SURPRISING *MYSELF* WITH BURSTS OF *UNKNOWN ENERGY.*

NO APPLAUSE NECESSARY, FOLKS.

JUST DOING MY *JOB* AS YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD WEB--

HEY!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

WE SAW YOU WRECK THE TRIBORO BRIDGE--SAW IT ON THE NEWS!

YEAH! HEARD YOU ALMOST CAPSIZED THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY, TOO!*

SUPER-POWERED MANIAC!

WAITASECOND, THAT'S NOT THE WAY IT HAPPENED--

*IN WEB OF SPIDER-MAN #60, LATE-COMERS. -- JIM

YOU'RE A MENACE!

ALL YOU SUPER-CREEPS, WORSE THAN MUTIES!

GO HOME!

GET OUTTA HERE!

CREEP!

MANIAC!

MENACE!

WELL, WELL, WELL, WELL, WELL.

THEY SAY EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY.

LOOKS LIKE THIS DAY IS YOURS, NICKIE KATZENBERG.

I KNOW A GUY WHO'S GONNA LOVE THIS PIC ALMOST AS MUCH AS I DO.

I CAN SEE THE HEADLINE NOW: "SPIDER-MENACE PURSUED BY ANGRY MOB!"

WOOF! BOW-WOW.

CLIK

AAAAROOOO!

MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.

THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT OF J. JONAH JAMESON, FORMER PUBLISHER OF THE DAILY BUGLE.

IT ISN'T FAIR, BLAST IT!

JONAH, DARLING, PLEASE TRY TO RELAX. YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE...

HANG MY BLOOD PRESSURE, MARLA!

FOR YEARS I WAS A LONE VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDER-NESS --

-- WARNING THE WORLD OF THE MENACE POSED BY SUPER-POWERED PHONIES LIKE SPIDER-MAN!

BUT DID ANYONE LISTEN? DID ANY-ONE HEAR WHAT I HAD TO SAY?

NO! THE IDIOTS!

NOW THIS COUNTRY IS FINALLY BEGINNING TO WAKE UP AND SMELL THE COFFEE--

--BUT THANKS TO THOMAS FIREHEART, I DON'T HAVE A NEWS-PAPER TO COVER THE STORY!

DOWN WITH SPIDERMAN

WI SUPER HER

MY STORY! MY CRUSADE! MINE!

IF ONLY THIS WERE HAPPENING A FEW MONTHS FROM NOW.

BY THEN I'LL BE PUBLISHING A NEW MAGAZINE IN COMPE-TITION WITH THE BUGLE.

I WISH JOE ROBERTSON WERE HERE TO HELP ME PLAN IT.

DING DONG

I'LL GET IT.

WHAT'S THE STATUS ON JOE'S PARDON, CYNTHIA?

THE PRESIDENT IS CONSIDERING ROBBIE'S CASE, JONAH.

WE SHOULD KNOW BY WEEK'S END WHETHER--

YO, MRS. J., HOW'S IT COOKIN'? MR. J. HOME?

KATZEN-BERG.

THE ONE BRIGHT SIDE ABOUT LOSING THE BUGLE WAS THE THOUGHT I'D NEVER HAVE TO SEE THAT SIMPERING *SMILE* OF YOURS AGAIN.

GOOD TO SEE YOU, *TOO*, MR. J.

HEY, NICE PAD YOU'VE GOT HERE.

WHY, AH, *HELLO*, NICHOLAS.

SAY, HEY-- CYNTHIA!

BEEN MEANING TO CALL YOU-- WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR THAT *DINNER* YOU COOKED THE OTHER NIGHT. GOTTA DO IT AGAIN SOON, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

WHY, YES NICHOLAS... ANY TIME.

KATZENBERG, YOU AND MS. BERNHAMMER--?

NONE OF YOUR BEESWAX, JJJ.

FACT IS, I'M HERE ON *BUSINESS*.

GOT SOME PICS OF *SPIDER-MAN* TRASHING *TIMES SQUARE*--

--AND SINCE RUMOR IS YOU'RE PLANNING TO START UP YOUR OWN *NEWSMAGAZINE*...

NICK, MY BOY, YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!

I'M ALWAYS IN THE MARKET FOR PHOTOS THAT SHOW THAT WALL-CRAWLING CON MAN FOR THE *MENACE* HE IS!

GIVE ME WHAT I NEED AND YOU CAN WRITE YOUR OWN *TICKET*.

HAD A *HUNCH* YOU'D SAY THAT, JJJ.

WAY I SEE IT, I'M THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPHER YOU *NEED*.

YOU WANT ME -- YOU *DON'T* WANT PETER PARKER,

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

I'VE ALREADY OFFERED PARKER A JOB--

THEN *UN*-OFFER IT, MR. J.

YOU *KNOW* I'LL GIVE YOU THE COVERAGE YOU WANT. BUT NOT IF PARKER'S AROUND.

YOU *CHOICE*, JONAH. PETER PARKER OR *ME*.

HMMM...

MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.

SOMEWHERE NOT FAR FROM THE OFFICE TOWER OWNED BY WILSON FISK...

...a.k.a. THE KINGPIN.

PROJECT POWER (PROGRESS REPORT): "FOR THE PAST SEVERAL HOURS MY MACHINES HAVE PROBED AND REPAIRED THE ARTIFACT DESIGNATED T.E.S.S.-ONE.

"ALL SYSTEMS APPEAR *INTACT.*

"SURPRISINGLY, WHAT LITTLE CORROSION WAS CAUSED BY THE ARTIFACT'S IMMERSION IN ***SEA WATER*** THESE LAST FEW DAYS SEEMS NEGLIGIBLE AT WORST...

"MOREOVER, MY ***MODIFICATIONS*** TO THE ARTIFACT'S PRIMITIVE MICRO-PROCESSOR ARE NOW ***COMPLETE.***

DOOM.

A WORD WITH YOU.

YES?

WE AGREED, ALL OF US, TO SHARE OUR RESOURCES WHEN WE EMBARKED ON THESE ***ACTS OF VENGEANCE*** AGAINST OUR MOST PERSISTENT FOES.

BY TRADING ENEMIES, WE HOPE TO WIN A LONG-DELAYED *VICTORY* OVER THE FORCES THAT OPPOSE US.

BUT FOR THIS PLAN TO SUCCEED, YOU EACH MUST FOCUS YOUR ENERGIES ON THE *COMMON GOAL.*

THIS YOU HAVE FAILED TO DO, DOCTOR.

FRANKLY, YOU SEEM ***OBSESSED*** WITH SPIDER-MAN'S PURPORTED "NEW POWERS"...

...AND I WONDER *WHY?*

IF I AM OBSESSED, IT IS WITH A DESIRE TO SEE THE WEB-SPINNER UTTERLY *DESTROYED*.

OBSERVE.

T.E.S.S.-ONE... STATE YOUR MISSION.

TOTAL ELIMINATION OF SUPER-SOLDIERS.

T.E.S.S.-*ONE*...IDENTIFY THE SUPER-POWERED BEING ON THE TELEVISOR MONITOR BEFORE YOU.

BEING IS SUPER-POWERED?

CORRECT.

IN FACT, BEING IS A *SUPER-SOLDIER.*

AND WHAT DOES YOUR PROGRAMMING REQUIRE YOU TO *DO* WHEN YOU ENCOUNTER A SUPER-SOLDIER, T.E.S.S.-*ONE*?

ELIMINATE!

KRASH

SATISFACTORY.

BUT WHAT WILL PREVENT THIS MACHINE FROM TURNING AGAINST *US*, DOOM?

DON'T CONCERN YOURSELF WITH *IMPOSSIBILITIES*, KINGPIN.

AND THAT, DEAR DOCTOR, IS *PRECISELY* WHAT CONCERNS *ME*.

THE ARTIFACT IS UNDER MY *COMPLETE* CONTROL.

LOWER MANHATTAN.

THE NEW SOHO LOFT APARTMENT OF PETER AND MARY JANE PARKER.

DARN. WISH PETER WERE HOME.

HANGING PICTURES ON YOUR OWN IS A ROYAL PILL--

THEN ALLOW ME.

EEE!

OH.

IT'S YOU.

"OH, IT'S YOU"?

WHAT KIND OF WELCOME IS THAT?

PETER, WE'VE BEEN IN THIS APARTMENT WEEKS NOW-- BUT OTHER THAN THE TIME WE SPEND ASLEEP WE HAVEN'T SPENT AN HOUR ALONE TOGETHER SINCE WE MOVED.

SO EXCUSE ME IF MY DARLING HUBBY SEEMS LIKE A STRANGER, OKAY?

SORRY, MJ.

LIFE'S BEEN HECTIC LATELY.

BECAUSE OF THESE NEW POWERS--

RIGHT.

DID YOU KNOW, PEOPLE ACTUALLY HECKLED ME IN TIMES SQUARE TODAY?

I SAVED THEIR LIVES-- AND THEY ACT LIKE I WAS THE MENACE!

PETER, I SAW THAT BATTLE ON THE TV NEWS.

YOU WERE A MENACE-- OR AT LEAST YOU LOOKED LIKE A MENACE.

FACE IT, YOUR NEW POWERS CAN BE PRETTY OVER-WHELMING-- EVEN AT A DISTANCE.

HUH?

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!

YOU SOUND AS IF YOU *AGREE* WITH THOSE ANTI-SUPER BEING *FANATICS*--

PETER, I NEVER SAID--

MY OWN *WIFE!*

SIDING WITH CREEPS AND *PROTO-FACISTS!*

PETER, THIS IS RIDICULOUS! YOU AREN'T *LISTENING* TO--

WHAT'S TO *HEAR?*

I EXPECT *SUPPORT*-- *COMPASSION*-- BUT YOU'RE LIKE ALL THE REST!

I'M *OUTTA* HERE!

PETER?

MY GOD... WHAT'S *HAPPENING* TO HIM?

MY GOD... WHAT'S *HAPPENING* TO ME?

I LOVE THAT WOMAN-- AND I PRACTICALLY CHEWED HER HEAD OFF-- FOR *WHAT?*

EVER SINCE I GOT THESE NEW POWERS, *ALL* MY REACTIONS HAVE BECOME HYPER-SENSITIVE!

MAYBE I BETTER GO HOME AND--

AAARRGH!

TALK ABOUT HYPER-REAC-TIONS!

ALONG WITH EVERYTHING ELSE, MY SPIDER-SENSE IS SO POWERFUL NOW--

-- I'M PRACTICALLY BLINDED WITH PAIN EVERY TIME IT WARNS ME OF DANGER!

MAKES ME WONDER WHICH IS WORSE-- THE THREAT OR THE ALARM?

UH-OH...

THIS TIME... DEFINITELY THE THREAT!

TARGET DETECTED.

EXECUTING PRIMARY PROGRAM DIRECTIVES:

ELIMINATE!

SHROOM

YOU KNOW, WORLD-- I'M GETTING JUST A WEE BIT *TIRED* OF THIS.

THE LAST FEW DAYS-- STARTING WITH *GRAVITON* AND *THE TRAPSTER*--

-- EVERY NUTBALL WITH A SUPER-POWER AND A PERSONALITY CONFLICT--

-- SEEMS TO HAVE CHOSEN *ME* FOR HIS OWN PERSONAL *THERAPY* BAG.

MY NEW POWERS MAKE IT PRETTY EASY FOR ME TO WHUP THESE BOZOS WITHOUT MUCH SWEAT--

-- SAME WAY I CAN TRANSFORM MY WEB-BING INTO WHATEVER I NEED TO *RESCUE* THESE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS--

--(IF YOU CAN CALL *ANYONE* WHO CHOOSES TO LIVE IN THIS CRAZY CITY AN INNOCENT ANYTHING)--

--BUT NONETHELESS--

--NONETHE-LESS--

-- MY PATIENCE IS *FRAYED.*

BETWEEN THE WAY PEOPLE I RESCUE *RUN* FROM ME LIKE *I* WAS THE MENACE--

-- AND THE WAY THESE WOODWORK-CRAWLERS KEEP *ATTACKING* ME--

--MY PERSECUTION COMPLEX IS GETTING A REAL *WORKOUT*-- eh?

OH, PLEASE GIVE ME A BREAK.

BRR

BOOM

AND *ANOTHER* THING:

THWIPP

SEVERAL TIMES WHEN I'VE USED MY POWERS THE LAST FEW DAYS, I'VE HAD THE WEIRD *FEELING* THERE'S ANOTHER *PRESENCE* INSIDE ME!

"AS IF SOMEONE WERE *WHISPERING* IN MY EAR--

"-- I CAN HEAR A *VOICE*... BUT I CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT THE VOICE IS *SAYING*!"

YOU WEB-SLINGING LUNATIC!

WHAT *RIGHT* DO YOU HAVE TO TURN *OUR* STREETS INTO A *BATTLEFIELD*?

=sigh=

THAT VOICE I CAN HEAR.

YEAH! THIS CITY WOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE IF IT WASN'T FOR CREEPS LIKE YOU!

DREAM ON, PAL. I'M THE LEAST OF THIS TOWN'S TROUBLE--

AARRGHH!

=gasp=

=gasp=

=gasp=

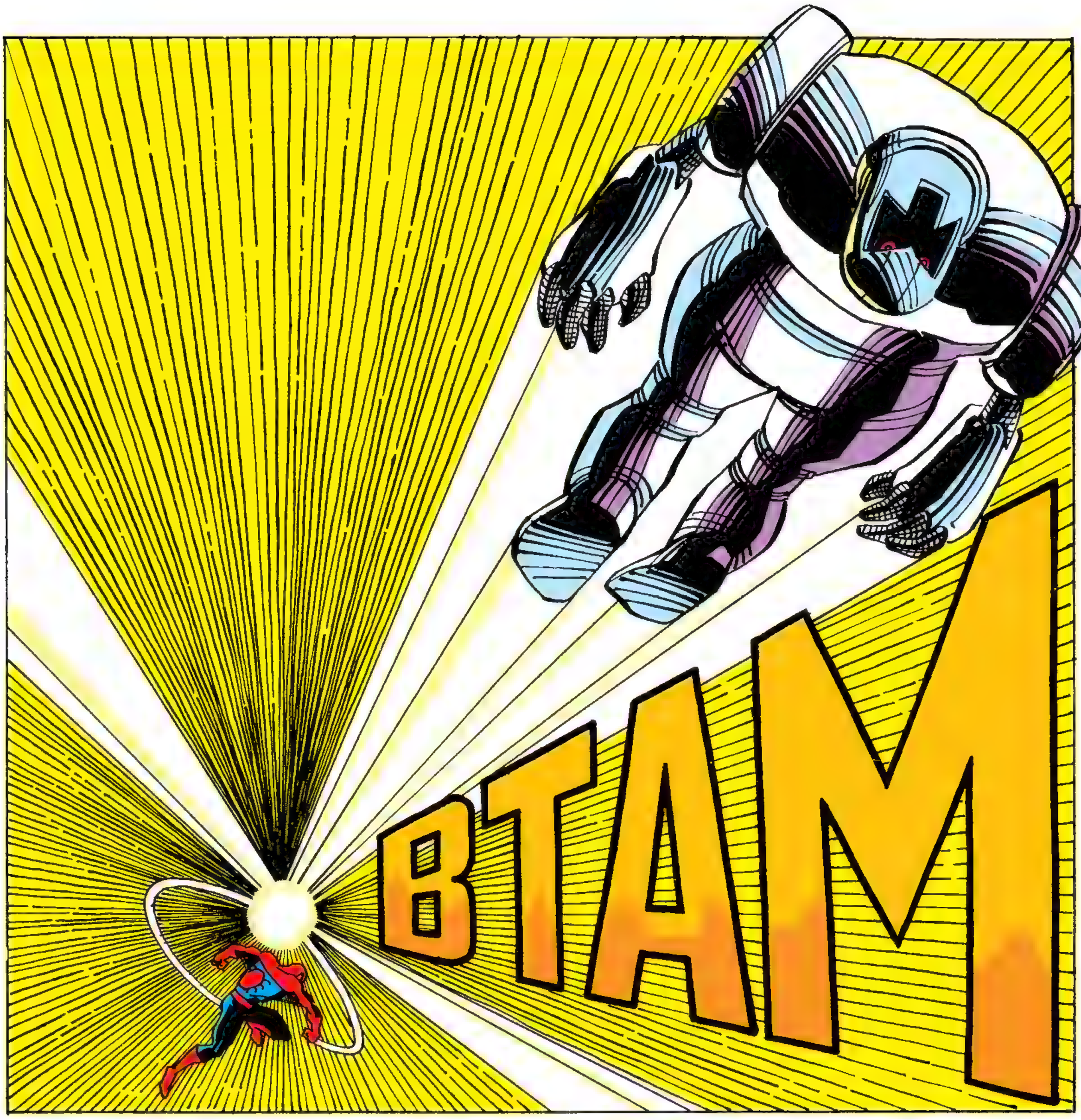
OKAY, ROBOT.

YOU WANNA FIGHT... HOP IN THE RING AND WE'LL GO A FEW ROUNDS.

MAYBE I'LL EVEN ENJOY THIS.

GUIDANCE SYSTEMS LOCKED ON TARGET.

SECONDS TO IMPACT... 3... 2... 1...


BAM

SHEEEROOM
KRASH
ANY COMMENT?
GOOD.
I'M NOT IN THE MOOD.

JUDGING BY THE *LOOK* THOSE PEOPLE GAVE ME--

--ANY *GAINS* THOMAS FIREHEART'S PRO-SPIDEY P.R. CAMPAIGN MAY HAVE MADE FOR ME THESE LAST FEW WEEKS--

--JUST WENT *SMASH* INTO THE QUEENSBORO BRIDGE ALONG WITH THAT ROBOT.

FRANKLY, I COULDN'T CARE *LESS.*

THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE CAN GO SKINNY-DIP IN A *CESS POOL* FOR ALL I-- *huh?*

WHAT AM I SEEING?

IS THAT ROBOT REALLY *ABSORBING* THE BRIDGE SUPERSTRUCTURE TO REPAIR *ITSELF?*

OR HAVE I FINALLY GONE OVER THE EDGE INTO *WEBBY WONDER LAND?*

PROJECT POWER (PROGRESS REPORT): "AS PROGRAMMED, T.E.S.S.-*ONE* IS RESPONDING TO THE MODIFICATIONS IN ITS *DESIGN* IMPLEMENTED BY MY EQUIPMENT.

"THE ROBOT IS NOW CAPABLE OF *ABSORBING* ANY MATERIALS OR ENERGIES IT REQUIRES TO FULFILL ITS MISSION.

"ULTIMATELY, IN ITS EFFORTS TO DESTROY ITS TARGET, THE ARTIFACT WILL BE FORCED TO DRAW ON THE WEB-SPINNER'S *OWN ENERGIES* TO DEFEAT HIM.

"ONCE THOSE ENERGIES HAVE BEEN ASSIMILATED BY T.E.S.S.-*ONE*....

"... I WILL MAKE THEM *MINE.*

OH, MY GOD.. THERE'S A *MAN* IN THAT CAR!

YAAAAHH!

DON'T-LET-ME-DIE DON'T-LET-ME-DIE DON'T LET-ME

OOOF!

HEY! I'M ALIVE!

SO YOU ARE.

DO ME A FAVOR. WHEN PEOPLE ASK, REMEMBER WHO *SAVED* YOU. I COULD USE THE GOOD-WILL.

SURE, SURE. WHATEVER--

JUST WATCH THE *PAINTJOB*, WILLYA?

I GIVE UP.

WOULD ONE LITTLE EXPRESSION OF *GRATITUDE* BE TOO MUCH TO HOPE FOR?

EEEE! DON'T HURT ME, SPIDER-MAN! PLEASE DON'T HURT ME!!

SPIDER-MAN AND THAT *ROBOT*-- THEY'RE TRYING TO *KILL US!*

THAT'S IT.

I'VE *HAD* IT.

NO MATTER WHAT I DO, PEOPLE THINK I'M A MENACE. EVEN MY OWN WOMAN.

OKAY, *FINE.*

THEY WANT A MENACE--

-- I'VE GOT YOUR *MENACE RIGHT HERE!*

SPIDER-MAN

WONDERFUL.

NOW I NEED A NEW PAIR OF GLOVES.

UH-OH.

LISTEN--ABOUT THAT *MENACE* CRACK--

--I WAS ONLY *KIDDING!*

... I WAS ONLY KIDDING...

EPILOGUE:

PROJECT POWER (PROGRESS REPORT): "EVENTS HAVE OUT-PACED EXPECTATIONS.

WHAT A LOUSY BREAK, EH?

WE JUST FINISH *REFURBISHING* THE BRIDGE UPPER ROADWAY--

-- AND NOW SOME JERK SUPER HERO *WRECKS* IT AGAIN!

"RETRIEVING THE ARTIFACT THIS TIME IS *SIMPLICITY* ITSELF.

"A HOMING DEVICE IN THE MODIFIED SKULL-CASING LEADS ME AT ONCE TO MY TARGET.

"TELEMETRY READ-OUTS *CONFIRM* MY CALCULATIONS.

"THE ARTIFACT HAS ABSORBED A *QUANTITY* OF THE ENERGIES SPIDER-MAN EXPENDED DURING THE CLIMACTIC STAGE OF BATTLE.

"INSUFFICIENT TO ALLOW *T.E.S.S.-ONE* THE OPTION TO RE-CONSTRUCT ITSELF, PERHAPS--

"--BUT MORE THAN ADEQUATE FOR *MY* NEEDS, I THINK.

SUPER HEROES-- *HA!* ASK ME, THEY REALLY *ARE* A MENACE.

NO SKIN OFF *MY* SNOUT, MAC.

ME, I *LIKE* OVERTIME PAY.

PROJECT POWER (REPORT, CONTINUED): "WITH THE POWER STORED IN THE ARTIFACT'S SKULL-CASING, I WILL SOON ACHIEVE MY *DESTINY*.

"FOR POWER *IS* DESTINY...

"... AND DESTINY IS *DOOM*."

TO BE CONTINUED IN WEB OF SPIDER-MAN #61 AND CONCLUDED IN AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #329. NEXT ISSUE: HOBGOBLIN!

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THE NON-MUTANT™ COSMIC SUPER HERO!

WEB OF SPIDER-MAN™

ACTS of VENGEANCE!™

THIS STINKS!

MUSHYNSKY

ROASTED BY DRAGON MAN!™

Stan Lee PRESENTS: WEB OF SPIDER-MAN™

ONCE UPON A TIME, HE THOUGHT **POWER** WOULD MAKE HIM HAPPY.

THEY HATE ME!

ONCE UPON A TIME, HE THOUGHT **POWER** WOULD SOLVE HIS PROBLEMS, ALL AT ONCE, FOREVER AND EVER.

ALL I WANT TO DO IS *HELP* THEM-- AND THEY'RE SCARED TO *DEATH* OF ME!

ONCE UPON A TIME...

THEY ACT LIKE I'M SOME SORT OF *MONSTER*...

AND MAYBE I AM.

DRAGON IN THE DARK

GERRY CONWAY WRITER · ALEX SAVIUK PENCILER · KEITH WILLIAMS INKER · RICK PARKER LETTERER · BOB SHAREN COLORIST · JIM SALICRUP EDITOR · TOM DeFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

BUT IT'S NOT MY FAULT!

I DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS WEIRD NEW POWER INSIDE ME! HECK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS-- OR WHAT IT CAN DO--

-- OR EVEN HOW TO CONTROL IT!

I JUST WISH FOR SOMETHING-- LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT-- AND IT HAPPENS--

-- AND I DON'T KNOW WHY!

SHAKOOM

I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT, "WITH GREAT POWER MUST COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY!"

BUT WHAT IF YOU HAVE TOO MUCH POWER?

WHAT IF THAT POWER IS JUST TOO MUCH RESPONSIBILITY?

AUNT MAY WAS RIGHT! NO HUMAN BEING SHOULD HAVE TO CARRY A BURDEN LIKE THIS!

I QUIT!

ONCE UPON A TIME, HE THOUGHT HE **UNDERSTOOD** THE WORLD AND HIS PLACE IN IT.

ONCE UPON A TIME...

SPIDER-MAN'S MASK?

WHAT ON EARTH--?

HMMMM...

WHAT WILL MY *ASSOCIATES* MAKE OF THIS...?

IT'S A FAKE.

AN OBVIOUS FRAUD.

SINCE WE BEGAN THESE ACTS OF VENGEANCE-- TRADING ENEMIES TO GAIN ADVANTAGE OVER OUR LONG-TIME FOES--

-- SPIDER-MAN HAS REMAINED THE ONE HERO WHO CONSISTENTLY DEFIED OUR ATTEMPTS AT HIS DESTRUCTION.

PRECISELY. WHY SHOULD HE RESIGN THE GAME NOW?

IT MAKES NO SENSE, WIZARD.

I CAN ONLY REPORT WHAT I WITNESSED, KINGPIN.

EVEN AT A DISTANCE, THROUGH A STORM, I HEARD HIM BABBLE SOMETHING ABOUT "TOO MUCH RESPONSIBILITY"--

BAH.

HE CAN'T QUIT.

I WON'T ALLOW HIM TO QUIT.

NOR WILL I -- AND THIS MASK WILL HELP US FIND HIM, AND ULTIMATELY, DESTROY HIM.

EH? THAT MASK?

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, FOOL -- TRACK THE WEB-SLINGER WITH A BLOOD-HOUND?

THIS IS ABSURD.

WASTE TIME WITH JESTS IF YOU LIKE, MAGNETO. DOOM, FOR ONE, HAS NO PATIENCE FOR THIS DRIVEL.

WHEN YOU'RE READY TO TAKE ACTION ON A SCALE BEFITTING OUR COMBINED RESOURCES, *SUMMON* ME.

UNTIL THEN, DO AS YOU WILL -- BUT WITHOUT *ME*.

I HAVE A CRITICAL PROJECT NEARING *COMPLETION* IN MY LAB.

WHAT *SORT* OF PROJECT, DOCTOR DOOM?

AND HOW, I WONDER, WILL IT AFFECT *MY* PLANS...?

A BLOODHOUND, MAGNETO?

YOU'RE NOT FAR OFF.

GENTLEMEN, IN MY CAPACITY AS LEADER OF *THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR*--

--I'VE WORKED WITH *MANY* PARTNERS.

EACH WAS A *WORTHY* WARRIOR IN HIS OR HER OWN RIGHT.

BUT *NONE*, I THINK YOU'LL AGREE, IS AS *PHYSICALLY INTIMIDATING* AS THIS, OUR MOST RECENT ADDITION--

--THE ARTIFICIAL CREATURE KNOWN ONLY AS *DRAGON MAN.*

IN HIS NORMAL STATE, HE'S AS HARMLESS AS AN OVERSIZED *KITTEN.*

I EMPHASIZE-- IN HIS *NORMAL* STATE..

BUT UNDER *MY* CONTROL, AND WITH CERTAIN *ENHANCE-MENTS* TO HIS BIONIC METABOLISM--

--HE BEARS AS MUCH *RESEMBLANCE* TO A KITTEN AS *TYRANNOSAURUS REX* BEARS TO YOUR DEAR DEAD GRANDMOTHER'S PET *PARAKEET.*

TAKE THE *SCENT,* MY PET.

GO FETCH.

SNIFF SNIFF

SOHO: ONCE UPON A TIME, SOUTH OF HOUSTON STREET WAS AN INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT, AS BLEAK AND COLD AS A DESERTED FACTORY AFTER DARK...

BUT THEN THE ARTISTS CAME TO SOHO, NOT SO MANY YEARS AGO, DRAWN BY LOFTS LARGE ENOUGH TO DOUBLE BOTH AS STUDIOS AND HOMES...

...AND RENTS CHEAP ENOUGH TO FIT A STARVING BUDGET.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE STARVING ARTISTS DON'T LIVE IN SOHO ANYMORE, DRIVEN AWAY BY RISING RENTS AND A CHANGING COMMUNITY.

PETER PARKER AND HIS WIFE COULDN'T LIVE HERE EITHER, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THEIR FRIENDS, LIZ AND HARRY OSBORN.

HARRY OWNS THE BUILDING WHERE THE PARKERS LIVE, AND GIVES THEM A BREAK ON THE RENT.

AFTER TOO MANY MONTHS IN HIS AUNT MAY'S BOARDING HOUSE, PETER THINKS, HAVING HIS OWN PLACE SHOULD FEEL LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE...

Peter-
Remember, we're meeting Kristof for dinner at Queen Medical Center
See You There?
M.J.

AND SO IT DID, ONCE UPON A TIME.

TODAY IT FEELS LIKE ONE MORE BURDEN TO CARRY...

...ONE MORE RESPONSIBILITY TO OVERWHELM HIM.

HI, LIZ.

HEY, NORM--HOW'S LIFE IN NURSERY SCHOOL? MEET ANY FABULOUS BABES?

DON'T BE SEXIST, PETER.

I'M GLAD I RAN INTO YOU. WOULD YOU AND MARY JANE BE WILLING TO *SIT* NORMAN SOME EVENING?

VROOMM BZZZZTPT! SPTTBLLBST!

VOOOOM-CRASH!

BABYSIT? I'LL ASK MARY JANE, BUT I'M SURE WE'D LOVE IT.

GREAT. HARRY AND I HAVEN'T SEEN A GROWN-UP MOVIE IN A THEATER IN I DON'T KNOW *HOW* LONG.

VOOOM-*BOOM!*

PETER--ARE YOU OKAY?

YOU SEEM A LITTLE *DOWN*...

JUST TIRED, LIZ.

JUGGLING CLASSES AT *EMPIRE U* AND PHOTO ASSIGNMENTS FOR *THE DAILY BUGLE*... I'M BEAT.

SEE YOU LATER, OKAY? GOTTA TAKE THE SUBWAY TO QUEENS. I'M MEETING *MJ* AND HER COUSIN KRISTY.

TIRED, MY FOOT. I'VE KNOWN PETER SINCE *HIGH SCHOOL*.

HE'S *DEPRESSED*--

-- BUT IF HE WON'T TALK ABOUT IT, I CAN'T--

HUH?

THOUGHT I *SAW* SOMETHING FROM THE CORNER OF MY EYE.

MUST'VE BEEN MY IMAGINATION.

C'MON, SWEETIE.

MOMMA'S GONNA TEACH YOU HOW TO ORDER *PIZZA*.

VOOOOOM-

-- TABOOM!

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WERE DRAGONS IN THE LAND...

GREAT WINGED BEASTS WHO BREATHED FIRE AND ATE MAIDENS AND DIED ON THE LANCES OF MIGHTY ARMORED HEROES.

SNIFF SNIFF

SNIFF SNIFF?

SNIFF?

SNIFF SNIFF? SNORT

SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF

ONCE UPON A TIME...

SPRING STREET STATION, I.R.T. UPTOWN.

I DIDN'T ASK FOR THESE POWERS.

IF I CAN'T HANDLE THEM, THAT ISN'T MY FAULT.

ALL I WANT IS A LIFE LIKE ANYONE ELSE.

KEITH WILLIAMS WUZ HERE

RIDE THE SUBWAY, GO TO SCHOOL, LOVE MY WIFE, BABYSIT A KID...

A NORMAL LIFE.

IS THAT SO MUCH TO HOPE FOR--?

≥OWWWWW!≤

SPIDER-SENSE SHRIEKING! DANGER! COMING THIS WAY!

KKKRAAAK

KAROOM

SNIFF SNIFF

DRAGON MAN?

SNORT

THE WAY HE'S SNIFFING--HE MUST'VE TRACKED MY SCENT!

BUT WHY?

UH-OH. WONDERING WHY CAN WAIT! HE'S TAKING A DEEP BREATH! THAT CAN ONLY MEAN--

GAH!

FAWHOOM

INTERLUDE:

THE LAB OF VICTOR VON DOOM, ONCE, AND FUTURE MONARCH OF LATVERIA.

RECORDING: PROJECT POWER, PROGRESS REPORT. MY PLAN TO SIPHON A PORTION OF SPIDER-MAN'S NEW-FOUND COSMIC ENERGY BY MEANS OF THE ROBOT, T.E.S.S.-ONE*--

--SEEMS TO HAVE SUCCEEDED BEYOND MY EXPECTATIONS.

SOON, A SHARE OF THAT POWER WILL BE MINE.

* AS REVEALED IN SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #160. -- JIM

THEN I WILL HAVE NO NEED OF *ALLIES* TO COMPLETE MY PERSONAL *ACT OF VENGEANCE.*

THEN SHALL *DOOM* ACHIEVE HIS *DESTINY*...

UNFORTUNATE-- BUT HARDLY A *SURPRISE.*

OF THE CORE GROUP, DOCTOR DOOM WAS THE ONE I FELT LEAST ABLE TO *MANIPULATE.*

HIS WILL IS ALMOST THE EQUAL OF *MINE.*

I DO HOPE I WON'T HAVE TO *DESTROY* HIM...

INTERLUDE 2:

YOU KNOW, MARY JANE, EVER SINCE THAT *EXPLOSION* WITH MY PARENTS WHEN THEY CAME TO THE E.D.U.,* I'VE STARTED TO *UNDERSTAND* MYSELF..

QUEENS MEDICAL C

707

--BUT I GOTTA TELL YOU, THE STUFF COMING OUT OF MY HEAD IS PRETTY *BIZARRE.*

YOU SURE YOU WANNA *HEAR* THIS?

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, KRISTY.

*EATING DISORDERS UNIT. -- JIM

WELL...

OKAY.

YOU MET MY MOM AND DAD, CUZ. HOW WOULD *YOU* DESCRIBE THEM?

UH, LET'S SEE-- YOUR DAD SEEMS *DOMINEERING*, YOUR MOM A LITTLE, WELL, *DISTANT*...

SAY IT, MJ, DAD'S A NAZI AND MOM'S A SPACE CADET.

NOTHING I DO IS *GOOD ENOUGH* FOR DAD--

--AND MOM SPENDS SO MUCH TIME IN HER PERSONAL *TWILIGHT ZONE*--

--I NEVER GET LOVE FROM *HER*, EITHER.

I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH *ME*, SEE? IF I COULD BE *PERFECT*-- STAY IN *CONTROL*--

--THEN THEY'D *LOVE* ME, RIGHT?

WELL, THE ONLY THING I COULD CONTROL WAS MY *WEIGHT*.

BUT WHENEVER I DIETED, I FELT *MORE* DEPRIVED THAN EVER.

TILL I FOUND OUT ABOUT *BINGEING* AND *PURGING*.

UH, KRISTY...

EAT ALL YOU WANT, THEN THROW UP:

IT WAS, LIKE, THE *PERFECT* SOLUTION.

KRISTY--

I KEEP PUTTING *FOOD* ON YOUR TRAY, AND *YOU* KEEP TAKING IT OFF.

OLD HABIT. I HATE EATING IN *PUBLIC*.

MIDNIGHT FRIDGE BINGE, THAT WAS *MY* STYLE.

SPEAKING OF FOOD, MJ -- WHERE'S *YOUR* DINNER?

WHOOPS.

YOU WERE SO BUSY BEING WORRIED ABOUT *ME*--

--YOU FORGOT TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

GUESS WE BETTER GET BACK IN LINE AT THE *BEGINNING*, HUH?

SEVEN-TWENTY? THIS MORNING PETER AND I AGREED TO MEET HERE AT *SEVEN*.

HOPE HE DIDN'T GET TRAPPED IN *RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC*.

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A DRAGON.

THIS DRAGON HAD NO NAME.

SNIFF SNIFF?

A THING OF CLAY, IT WAS RAISED TO LIFE BY THE CRAFT OF ALCHEMY.

GIVEN MOVEMENT BUT NO SOUL, IT HAD NO THOUGHTS, NO EMOTIONS...

SNIFF?

... OTHER THAN THE THOUGHTS AND EMOTIONS OF THOSE WHO CONTROLLED IT.

SNORT

THOSE WHO CONTROLLED THE DRAGON WERE ALWAYS EVIL MEN...

... AND SO THE DRAGON, TOO WAS EVIL...

SNIFF?

... IN THE WAY THAT ANY WEAPON IS EVIL, WHEN WIELDED WITH EVIL INTENT.

LOOKING FOR ME, ACETYLENE BREATH?

WHAM

SNUFF

I WANT YOU TO KNOW, YOU DIDN'T PICK A GOOD DAY TO GET ON MY *BAD* SIDE.

FRANKLY, I'M JUST ABOUT *FED UP* WITH--

FHOOSH

OKAY.

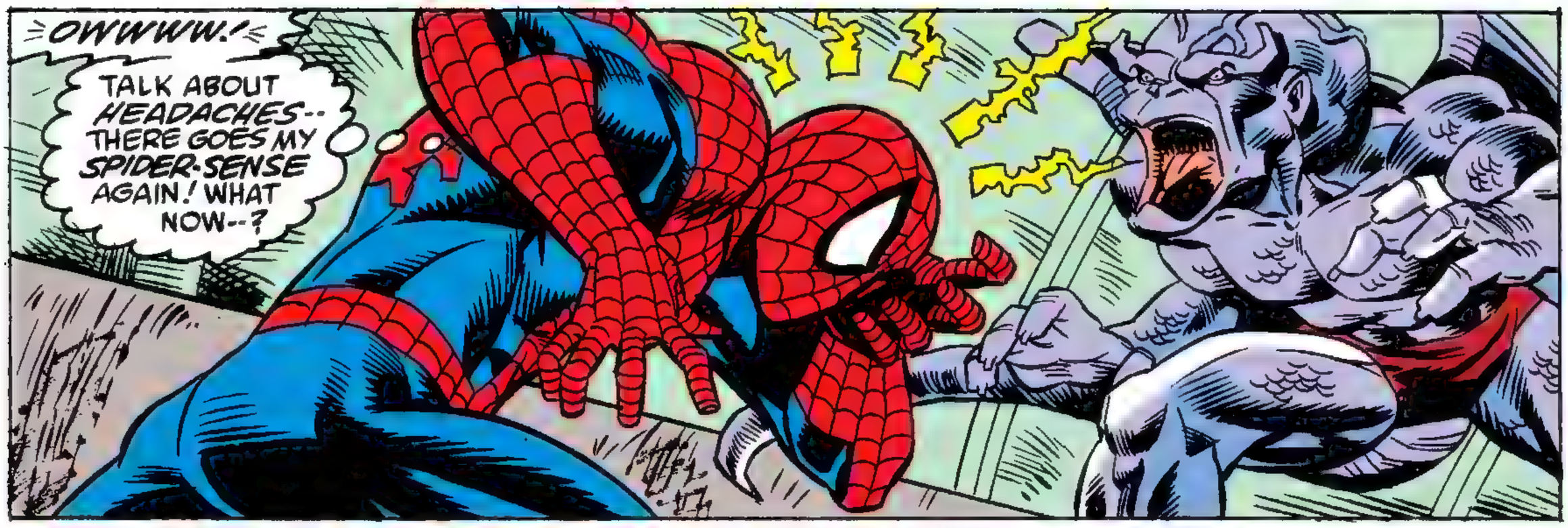
OKAY.

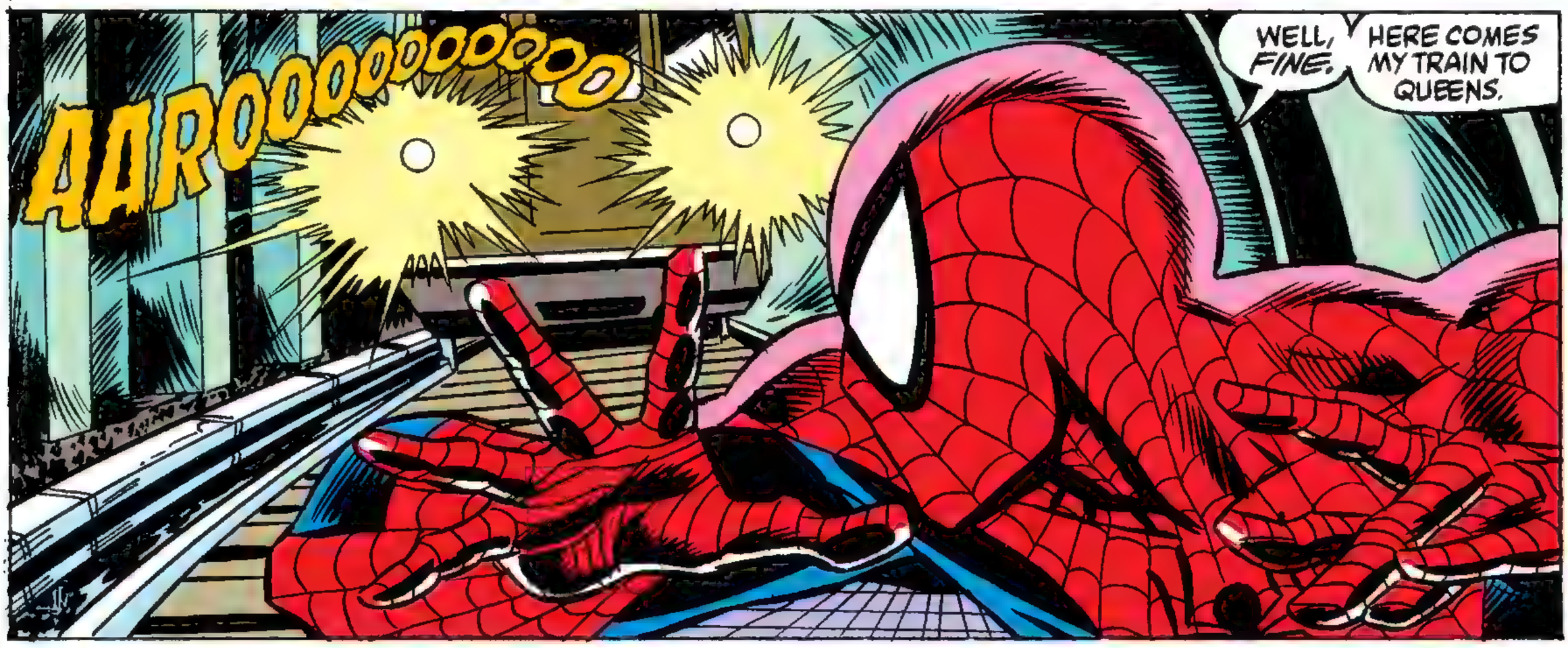
NOW I'M *REALLY* MAD.

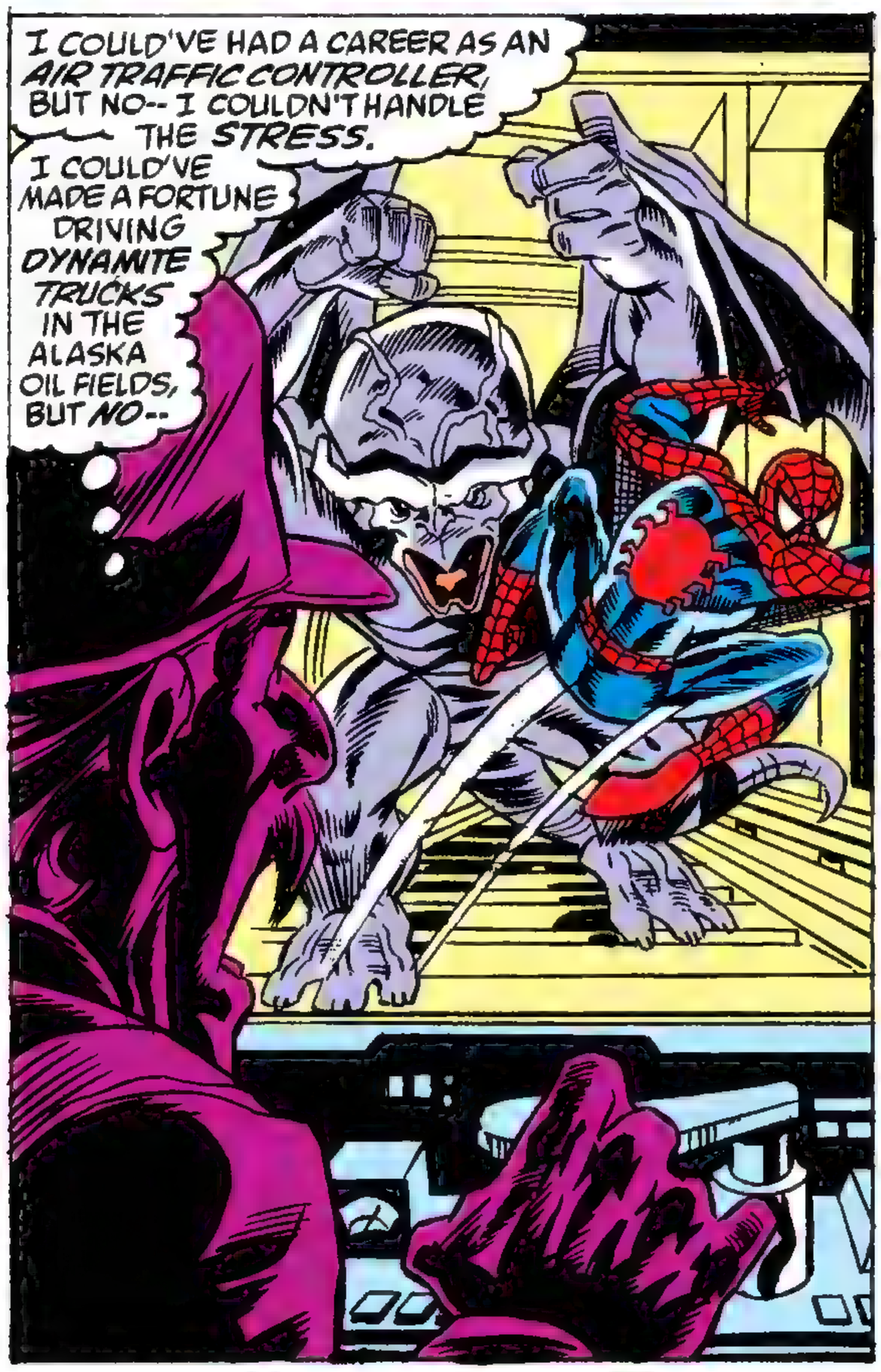
THIS IS THE *SECOND* TIME I'VE HAD TO WHIP UP A COSTUME OUT OF A FEW STRAY *MOLECULES* IN THE AIR AROUND ME.

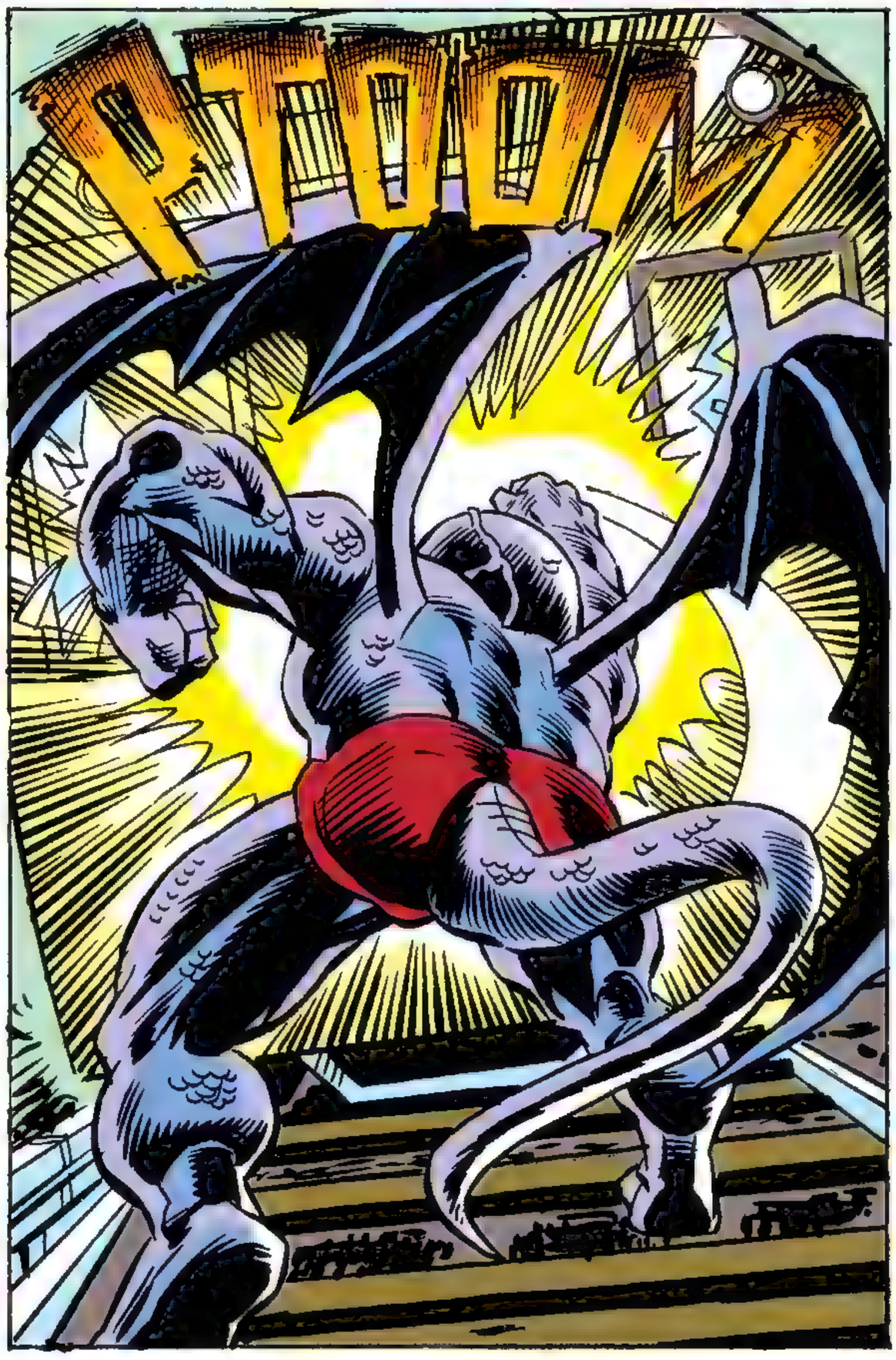
SOME PEOPLE MIGHT THINK THIS IS FUN.

ME, IT GIVES A *HEADACHE.*


OWWWW!
TALK ABOUT HEADACHES-- THERE GOES MY SPIDER-SENSE AGAIN! WHAT NOW--?


AAROOOOOOOOOO
WELL, FINE.
HERE COMES MY TRAIN TO QUEENS.


I COULD'VE HAD A CAREER AS AN AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER, BUT NO-- I COULDN'T HANDLE THE STRESS.
I COULD'VE MADE A FORTUNE DRIVING DYNAMITE TRUCKS IN THE ALASKA OIL FIELDS, BUT NO--


THUD

PTOOM PTOOM TOOM

DRAGON MAN IS SO BUSY POUNDING THE FRONT CAR OF THIS TRAIN -- LIKE A REFUGEE FROM SKULL ISLAND --

-- HE DOESN'T REALIZE I PROTECTED EVERYBODY INSIDE WITH AIR-BAG STYLE WEB-PILLOWS BEFORE HIS FIRST PUNCH EVEN CONNECTED.

NOT ONLY DOES DRAGON MAN HAVE THE PERSONALITY OF A PILEDRIVER, HE'S GOT THE BRAINS TO MATCH.

SNIFF

AH, HERE COME THE HAPPY PASSENGERS.

WHAT ELSE SHOULD I EXPECT FROM --

NO!

WE'VE DONE THE BARBECUE BIT *TWICE* ALREADY--

--AND TWICE WAS TWO TIMES TOO MANY FOR *THIS* WEB-SLINGER!

YOU WANT SOMETHING TO ROAST, ROAST *THIS*.

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A DRAGON WHO TRIED TO BURN A SPIDER-WEB.

BUT NO MATTER HOW HOT HIS FLAME BECAME, OR HOW HARD HE **BLEW**...

... THE WEB JUST **WOULDN'T** BURN UP.

THE DRAGON WAS VERY SURPRISED.

PARTICULARLY WHEN HIS FLAME FINALLY SPUTTERED--

SPUT

POOF

-- AND WENT OUT.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

KRASH

WARM IN HERE, ISN'T IT?

LET'S GET SOME *FRESH* AIR.

YOU FIRST.

BA-BOOM!

W-WHAT *IS* IT-- A *GAS MAIN EXPLOSION?*

NO! IT'S SPIDER-MAN!

OH, YEAH, *RIGHT*-- BLAME IT ON ME.

IGNORE THE BIG GRAY BEASTIE, *NEVER MIND* I JUST SAVED A TRAINLOAD OF COMMUTERS.

NONE OF IT WOULD'VE HAPPENED IF I HADN'T BEEN AROUND, RIGHT?

ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU'RE *THINKING?*

WELL, DON'T WORRY.

ONCE I DROP THIS BOZO AT *THE VAULT*, I'M OUTTA THE SUPER HERO BIZ *PERMANENTLY.*

IF I WANTED ABUSE LIKE THIS, I'D GET A JOB TEACHING *HIGH SCHOOL.*

THERE HE IS!

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

YEAH! I WANNA *THANK* THE GUY!

IF IT WEREN'T FOR SPIDER-MAN, WE'D BE *DEAD!*

SPIDEY! CAN I HAVE YOUR *AUTOGRAPH?*

YOU'RE KIDDING!

SAVE ONE FOR ME!

THE WAY YOU STOOD UP TO THAT *MONSTER--*

-- I DON'T CARE WHAT *ANYONE* SAYS, YOU'RE A *HERO* IN MY BOOK!

*ONCE UPON A TIME, HE THOUGHT **POWER** WOULD MAKE HIM HAPPY.*

*ONCE UPON A TIME, HE THOUGHT **POWER** WOULD SOLVE HIS PROBLEMS...*

ALL RIGHT, NEW YORK!

...ALL AT ONCE, FOREVER AND EVER.

*NOW, IN HIS **HEART**, HE KNOWS IT CAN'T.*

*BUT JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE, HE'S WILLING TO PRETEND IT **CAN.***

ONCE UPON A TIME...

OH, NO.

I HOPED TO *FINISH* SPIDER-MAN WITH THIS ATTACK!

INSTEAD, I BROUGHT HIM BACK TO THE GAME AS AN *EAGER* PLAYER!

GASP! WHEN THE *OTHERS* FIND OUT--

*"--THEIR NEXT **ACT** OF VENGEANCE--*

*"-- MAY BE AGAINST **ME.**!"*

EPILOGUE THE FIRST:

PROJECT POWER (PROGRESS REPORT CRYPTO-CODED BY VICTOR VON DOOM):

"I'M READY."

"IN LESS THAN ONE MINUTE I WILL RECEIVE AN UNKNOWN DOSAGE OF UNEXPLAINED *ENERGY*.

"THE RESULT WILL BE *TRANSCENDENCE* TO A STATE OF POWER *GREATER* THAN THAT WHICH I ONCE STOLE FROM *THE SILVER SURFER*."

UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES, LESSER MEN THAN DOOM MIGHT FEAR *DEATH*.

THAT IS WHY THEY ARE *LESSER* MEN.

FIVE SECONDS TO ENERGY TRANSFER... THREE... TWO...

EH?

ZZZAP

CHAROOM

DESTROYED!

FROM THE LOOK OF IT, THE *CIRCUITS* OVERLOADED!

WERE IT NOT FOR MY PERSONAL *FORCE FIELD*--

--WHICH I ACTIVATED ONLY AN *INSTANT* BEFORE THE EXPLOSION--

--DOOM *INDEED* WOULD HAVE MET DEATH THIS DAY!

BUT HOW WAS THIS *POSSIBLE?*

MY CIRCUITRY DESIGNS ARE FLAWLESS!

ERROR IS *INCONCEIVABLE!*

CLEARLY, THE ANSWER IS *SABOTAGE*. SOMEONE DARED BREAK MY GRASP ON *ULTIMATE POWER.*

WHEN I FIND OUT *WHO*, HE WILL FACE THE *WRATH OF* **DOOM!**

EPILOGUE THE SECOND:

SOHO.

HELLO? YES, THIS IS *ELIZABETH OSBORN--*

WHAT?

NO, *NO*-- I CAN'T-- *PLEASE* DON'T CALL AGAIN!

N-NOTHING, HARRY.

WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT, HON?

JUST ONE OF THOSE AWFUL *TELEPHONE SALESMEN* PITCHING TIME-SHARE PROPERTIES IN NOVA SCOTIA.

I DON'T DARE TELL HARRY THE *TRUTH.*

AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS, THE MAN I FEAR MOST IN THE WORLD IS *OUT OF PRISON...*

"... AND HE SAYS HE WANTS TO COME *HOME.*"

NEED WE SAY? *TO BE CONTINUED...*

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AT LAST! THE SECRET OF SPIDEY'S COSMIC POWERS REVEALED!

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

ACTS of VENGEANCE™ AFTERMATH!

ERIK LARSEN AND AL GORDON

INTRODUCING... THE TRI-SENTINEL!™

HE'S THREE, THREE--THREE SENTINELS IN ONE!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

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RICK PARKER LETTERER

BOB SHAREN COLORIST

JIM SALICRUP EDITOR

TOM DeFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

THREE DAYS AGO: A WAREHOUSE-SIZED LABORATORY AT THE EAST COAST HEAD-QUARTERS OF SHAW INDUSTRIES.

VERY IMPRESSIVE, BRUNSEN. VERY IMPRESSIVE, INDEED!

AND SEBASTIAN SHAW IS NOT EASILY IMPRESSED! BUT THESE PROTOTYPE SENTINELS HAVE SUCH POTENTIAL!

THEY COULD WELL BECOME THE CORNERSTONE FOR PROJECT NIMROD, THE SECRET GOVERNMENT PLAN FOR DESTROYING MUTANTS!

MY ONLY CONCERN IS THE NEW POWERS SPIDER-MAN HAS MANIFESTED OF LATE. FROM REPORTS, THEY MIGHT CHALLENGE EVEN A SENTINEL!

AND SINCE SPIDER-MAN HAS BEEN KNOWN TO AID MUTANTS IN THE PAST...

WE'RE WORKING ON THAT, SIR. AS YOU INSTRUCTED, OUR INTELLIGENCE STAFF HAS GIVEN TOP PRIORITY TO FINDING THE CAUSE OF SPIDER-MAN'S TRANSFORMATION.

AND THEY'VE JUST DISCOVERED THAT A DR. MAX LUBISCH WAS CONDUCTING EXPERIMENTS AT EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME THAT SPIDER-MAN'S NEW POWERS FIRST APPEARED.

EXPERIMENTS CONCERNING UNKNOWN ENERGY FIELDS!

AH. VERY GOOD, BRUNSEN. PERHAPS...

...I SHOULD HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH THIS DR. LUBISCH.

AND IF LUBISCH HAS A BRAIN IN HIS HEAD, HE'LL BLOODY WELL LISTEN!

NOW: THE SOHO LOFT LEASED BY PETER PARKER AND HIS WIFE, MARY JANE...

I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE MARRIED! I LOVE YOU! AND I'M GOING TO HAVE YOU!

I KNOW YOU'RE USED TO GETTING WHAT YOU WANT, SYBIL, BUT THIS TIME YOU'RE NOT GOING TO WINE! I- I MEAN, *WIN!*

GUESS IT'S OBVIOUS WHO THE *REAL* ACTOR IN THIS FAMILY IS!

HEY, HON, NO PROBLEM!

AW, DARN IT, MJ! I'M SORRY.

YOUR HELPING ME LEARN LINES FOR MY PART IN "SECRET HOSPITAL" IS A *HUGE* HELP! REALLY!

WE JUST NEED A BREAK, THAT'S ALL.

I DOUBT IT'LL HELP.

I CAN'T SEEM TO CONCEN-TRATE ON *ANYTHING* SINCE MY SPIDER-MAN POWERS WENT SCREWY!

MY GRADUATE STUDIES HAVE SUFFERED, MY SOCIAL LIFE IS NIL.

I CAN'T STOP WONDERING HOW I *GOT* THESE NEW ABILITIES.

OR MORE IMPORTANTLY, *WHY!*

YOU KNOW, TAKING A LITTLE *SPIN* ALWAYS HELPED CLEAR YOUR HEAD BEFORE.

MAYBE IT'LL DO THE TRICK *THIS* TIME.

MARY JANE, IF THERE WAS A CATEGORY ABOVE "PERFECT," YOU'D BE A CHARTER MEMBER!

AND SOON, RISING SLOWLY TO MEET THE SOUTH MANHATTAN SKYLINE...

THWIPP

WE'VE COME A LONG WAY, SWEETHEART. TIME WAS, I'D *CRINGE* AT THE THOUGHT OF YOUR GOING OUT AS SPIDER-MAN. NOW, I'M *SUGGESTING* IT!

BUT I GUESS THAT'S PART OF MAKING A MARRIAGE WORK-- PUTTING YOUR *PARTNER'S* NEEDS BEFORE YOUR OWN.

EVEN IF THEY SCARE YOU *SENSELESS*!

THREE HOURS AGO: A PHYSICS LAB AT EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY...

IS THAT *ENERGY PROJECTOR* NEARLY READY, DR. LUBISCH?

I'M WORKING AS FAST AS I *CAN*, SHAW!

BUT THERE'S NO GUARANTEE THAT TRAINING THIS MECHANISM ON *SPIDER-MAN* WILL NEGATE HIS NEW POWERS!

THERE'S NO PROOF THAT MY EXPERIMENTS ARE EVEN *REMOTELY* LINKED TO SPIDER-MAN AT ALL!

WE'LL NEVER KNOW UNTIL WE *TRY*, eh, DOCTOR?

CONFOUND IT! I'M SICK OF THIS BULLYING! DON'T KNOW WHY I LET YOU ORDER ME AROUND IN THE *FIRST* PLACE!

NO? COULD IT BE THAT *ODD RUMOR* MY RESEARCH STAFF UNEARTHED? ABOUT THE RATHER UNORTHODOX *EXPERIMENT* THAT COST YOU YOUR POISTION IN HEIDELBERG?

MESSY BUSINESS, THAT.

BE A PITY IF THE UNIVERSITY'S *BOARD OF DIRECTORS* WERE TO HEAR OF IT... HMMM?

Y-YES...

-gulp-

Y-YES, IT WOULD.

I'M GLAD WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, DOCTOR.

CARRY ON.

NOW: MANHATTAN.

GIMME MONEY.

EAT AT JOE'S

AH'M HONGRY.

YO

YEEEEEEP..!

?!

?!

A SIMPLE MUGGING. WHY DO I BOTHER?

NEVER FLIED BEFO'.

DON' MUCH LIKE IT.

I MEAN, I COULD MAYBE SAVE THE WORLD! WHY DO I WASTE TIME SAVING NOBODIES?

LORD, WHAT AM I SAYING? I MAY HAVE GODLIKE POWER-- BUT I SURE DON'T HAVE GODLIKE WISDOM.'

"SHEESH! AND I THOUGHT LIFE WAS COMPLICATED WHEN I ONLY HAD SPIDER-POWERS!"

I'M A BAAD BOY.

POLIC

BIRDIES?

TH-THINK I GONNA WOOF--!

I CAN'T JUDGE WHO DESERVES TO BE SAVED AND WHO DOESN'T.'

I IN TIME FO' LUNCH?

HOWEVER, LIFE IS ABOUT TO BECOME EVEN **MORE** COMPLICATED! FOR AT THAT MOMENT, BLOCKS AWAY...

HE SURVIVED! SPIDER-MAN ACTUALLY **SURVIVED** THE WRATH OF **GRAVITON!** *

* IN ISSUE # 326. -- J.S.

BUT WHILE THOSE WHO EMPLOYED ME HAVE SINCE **DIS-BANDED**, * I DETEST LEAVING THINGS HALF-DONE!

LAST TIME, I DREW THE WRETCHED WALL-CRAWLER OUT BY CAUSING A **SKY-SCRAPER** TO FLOAT FREE ABOVE THE CITY!

*SEE WEST COAST AVENGERS #55—J.S.

BUT WHY REPEAT MYSELF? IF I'M PATIENT, **HE** MIGHT COME TO **ME!**

I'LL ALTER THE WEIGHT OF CERTAIN MOLECULES, CREATE A DENSE **FOG** TO ASSURE MY PRIVACY--

-- AND SEE WHAT **FATE** MAY BRING!

THREE MINUTES AGO: FATE PROVES A RASCAL...

THE **AVENGERS** HAVE THWARTED MY BRILLIANT PLAN!

MY "ACTS OF VENGEANCE" HAVE FAILED! THE FOOLISH MORTALS E'EN BELIEVE ME SLAIN!

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THAT **LOKI** MUST **EMBRACE** SUCH A DISMAL FINALE!

NO, NOT WHEN I CAN LEAVE THEIR PITIFUL HOME PLANET--

-- A LITTLE **SOMETHING TO REMEMBER** ME BY!

WHA--? THE SENTINELS! TH-THEY'RE MOVING!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

THEIR POWER ISN'T ON!

HEADING STRAIGHT FOR EACH OTHER! STARTING TO GLOW! THEY--

FA-

SYSTEMS CHECK COMPLETED. UNIT ON-LINE AND FUNCTIONING.

REPROGRAMMED PRIME DIRECTIVE OPERATIONAL.

SP A-

WE'RE DOOMED!

THEY'VE MERGED! F-FORMED SOME SORT OF TRI-SENTINEL!

KRASH

WE'RE NOT DOOMED?

NOW:

OUCH!

SPIDER-SENSE IS SUPPOSED TO WARN OF DANGER!

BUT IT'S GOTTEN SO BLASTED SENSITIVE, IT EVEN TINGLES WHEN A RAINDROP FALLS TOWARD ME!

"BUT THOSE SIRENS MY ULTRA-HEARING IS PICKING UP MUST MEAN SOMETHING!

"I'LL JUST ZOOM IN WITH MY TELESCOPE VISION AND--

"-- AW, GEEZ! SOME KIND OF ROBOT! HEADING FOR LONG ISLAND!

"STRAIGHT FOR THE AMITY POINT NUCLEAR PLANT!"

WEBLINES NOT FAST ENOUGH! MUCH AS I HATE IT, I'LL HAVE TO FLY TO--

AGGGGH!

S-SPIDER-SENSE ROARING! SOMETHING'S WRONG! I-I FEEL--

HEAVY? THAT'S BECAUSE I'VE INCREASED YOUR GRAVITY TO WHAT IT WOULD BEAT THE EARTH'S CORE!

HAPPY LANDING!

I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS!

SHRA-

ZHK

CHRANSH

BU HRANK

GRAVITON?

THAT FLASH OF LIGHT--?

YES! THERE!

KEEP HIM IN SIGHT, CARLSON! GET CLOSE!

LUBISCH! PREPARE THE ENERGY PROJECTOR!

UUUUUUUUHH. PERHAPS...I-IN THE FUTURE... I SHOULD CONCERN MYSELF WITH LESS *FORMIDABLE* OPPONENTS! L-LIKE...

...GALACTUS?

EEEYAAAHH!

SPIDER-SENSE! L-LIKE A *BUZZ SAW!* R-RIPPING MY HEAD APART!

SO STRONG, C-CAN'T EVEN TELL WHERE THE DANGER'S *COMING FROM!*

NOW, LUBISCH!

ACTIVATE THE PROJECTOR... *NOW!*

S-SOMETHING'S HAPPENING!

I'M CHANGING!

I'M *REMEMBERING!*

I'M--

-- CAPTAIN UNIVERSE???

CRUNCH

CRUNCH

WHENEVER GRAVE DANGER FACES HUMANKIND, SOMETHING CALLED THE *ENIGMA FORCE* CHOOSES A CHAMPION! IMBUES HIM OR HER WITH THE POWER AND IDENTITY OF *CAPTAIN UNIVERSE!* I KNOW THAT NOW!

JUST AS I KNOW THAT ROBOT IS CALLED A *TRI-SENTINEL!* THE ENIGMA FORCE FORESAW IT AND CHOSE *ME* TO FIGHT IT!

BUT DR. LUBISCH'S EXPERIMENTS *BLOCKED* SOME OF THE ENERGY DURING THE TRANSFER! SO I GOT THE *POWER* WITHOUT THE *AWARENESS!*

NOW SOMETHING'S CHANGED THAT! AND I'M NOT SURE I *LIKE* IT!

I DON'T APPRECIATE BEING "ASSIGNED" TO BATTLE! BUT--NUTS!

I CAN'T LET THAT OVERGROWN GOBOT TRASH A NUCLEAR POWER PLANT! KILL *THOUSANDS* OF PEOPLE!

THIS IS *NOT* WHAT I HAD IN MIND! FOLLOW HIM! PREPARE FOR A *SECOND ASSAULT!*

ALERT: THIS UNIT IS UNDER ATTACK.

UH-OH! HE'S GOT EYES IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!

LITERALLY!

NOW HE'S LETTING LOOSE WITH ENERGY BOLTS FROM SIX HANDS AT ONCE! YEAH, WELL--

--CAP'N SPIDER-MAN'S GOT A FEW TRICKS UP HIS *OWN* SLEEVE THESE DAYS!

ZANG

DARN! BLOCKING MY SHOTS WITH SOME SORT OF *ENERGY SHIELD!*

HAVE TO TRY ANOTHER TACTIC!

LIKE LOOPING *WEBS* AROUND HIM! THEN WHEN MY NEW POWERS TURN THEM TO *STEEL*, HE'LL--

-- SNAP THEM LIKE *DENTAL FLOSS*?!

KYRROP

PRITCH

SNEP

=YEESH!=

THIS GUY'S THROWING MORE PUNCHES THAN *TYSON* ON A GOOD NIGHT! GOT TO KEEP DODGING UNTIL I CAN--

--OH, NO!

HE'S CRACKED A *CONTAINMENT* TOWER!

SPRACK

NO *IMMEDIATE* DANGER--

--BUT I'D BETTER *RESEAL* IT BEFORE IT GETS WORSE!

SPIDER-SENSE RAGING! WARNING ME TO *GET AWAY!*

HAVE TO HOLD OFF, IGNORE MY INSTINCTS UNTIL I FINISH REPAIRS! EVEN IF THAT MEANS GETTING--

--CAUGHT?

WAIT! THAT THING SPIDER-MAN IS *FIGHTING!* IT...I-IT LOOKS LIKE--

--OH, MY DEAR LORD...!

BRUNSEN! TELL ME THE SENTINELS ARE STILL WITH YOU IN THE LAB!

WELL, ACTUALLY, MR. SHAW, WE'VE HAD A LITTLE PROBLEM--

YOU'RE FIRED!

HITTING ME WITH SOME SORT OF *GAS!* IF IT WASN'T FOR THE *CAPTAIN UNIVERSE* POWER, I'D BE OUT COLD BY NOW!

BUT THE ENIGMA FORCE AUGMENTS *ALL* OF MY ABILITIES, INCLUDING MY SPIDER-STRENGTH!

I CAN STILL BREAK FREE!

AND USE THE CONTROL I HAVE OVER MY WEBBING TO *FLUSH* THIS GUY DOWN THE DRAIN!

ALARM: POTENTIAL DANGER FROM MOISTURE-AFFECTED SHORT CIRCUIT DISABILITY.

INITIATING HYPER-COLD BEAM RESPONSE.

DANGER ELIMINATED.

-Pak-

-Lak-

KLASH

NO CHOICE! GOT TO DO THIS ONE-ON-ONE! START RIPPING HIS GUTS OUT--

-- AND HOPE THAT *STOPS* HIM BEFORE HE *RETURNS* THE FAVOR!

IMPEDING ANNOYANCE REMOVED.

=whrnk?!=

LOKI-COMMANDED PRIME DIRECTIVE NEARING FULFILLMENT.

NUCLEAR DEVASTATION: *IMMINENT.*

BLAST!

I WAS HOPING I WOULDN'T HAVE TO DO THIS...!

PLIK

WHA--? I-IT STOPPED!

STOPPED *COLD!*

WH-WHAT HAPPENED--?

IT'S CALLED CAREFUL PLANNING, DOCTOR.

SENTINELS ARE EXPENSIVE -- BUT HAVING ONE GO *ROGUE* COULD PROVE EVEN *MORE* COSTLY! SO, SINCE THE SENTINELS' PRIME PURPOSE IS TO DESTROY *MUTANTS*, I HID A PROGRAM IN AN INCONSPICUOUS LOOP IN THEIR LOGIC CIRCUITS--

--ONE DESIGNED TO CONVINCE THEM THAT, SINCE THEY'VE INHERITED ALTERED CHARACTERISTICS FROM THEIR OWN "ANCESTORS," THE ORIGINAL MARK I SENTINELS, THEY ARE IN EFFECT--

--MUTANTS THEMSELVES! I RELEASED THE LOOP WITH THE SIGNAL I TRANSMITTED IN THEORY, THAT MELDED MONSTER SHOULD DESTROY *ITSELF.*

BUT WHAT THE FORCES THAT CAUSED THE PROTOTYPES TO *MERGE* HAVE DONE TO THE ROBOTS' *LOGIC BOARDS* IS ANYONE'S GUESS!

ALL WE CAN DO NOW...

"...IS WAIT!"

CAN'T WAIT TO FIGURE OUT WHY THIS BEHEMOTH STOPPED!

GOT TO MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T *START* AGAIN!

AND FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN IN THE LAST FEW MINUTES, THAT'S GOING TO TAKE SOMETHING *SPECIAL.*

OKAY, ENIGMA FORCE, SHOW ME WHAT YOU'VE GOT!

ALL OF IT!

INSTANTLY, RAW, PURE POWER CRACKLES AROUND SPIDER-MAN, FLOWING FROM AN UNKNOWN SOURCE, FILLING HIS ACHING BODY WITH A MIGHT THAT THREATENS TO BURST HIM APART.

HE CRIES OUT, JOY WARRING WITH PAIN, AS ENERGY INFUSES HIS EVERY ATOM.

*IF NOT FOR HIS RADIATION-SPAWNED SPIDER-STRENGTH, HE'D BE A **CINDER** AT THIS VERY MOMENT.*

IN A MOMENT MORE, HE MAY BE ONE ANY-WAY!

IT'S MOVING AGAIN! SWINGING ON THE CONTAINMENT TOWER!

TRIPLED LOGIC CAPACITY MUST HAVE BEEN ABLE TO *REJECT* THE FAIL-SAFE LOOP!

GENTLEMEN... WE ARE ABOUT TO DIE.

NO.

YOU'RE NOT.

THANKS TO THE IRON WILL OF THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN.

AND TO THE UNCATEGORIZABLE POWER OF CAPTAIN UNIVERSE!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, PEOPLE WILL TALK OF STARS THAT BLAZED THE AFTERNOON SKY; THEY'LL SPEAK OF TREMORS THAT SHOOK THE GROUND LIKE A GIANT'S PASSING.

THEY'LL SPECULATE ON EARTHQUAKES AND METEORITES, ON SECRET EXPERIMENTS GONE AWRY. BUT FEW WILL GIVE THIS PHENOMENON THE ONE NAME IT *TRULY* DESERVES:

SALVATION!

I'M IMPRESSED.

THE ROBOT DISINTEGRATED, RENDERED TO *DUST!* RAMIFICATIONS COULD AFFECT *PROJECT NIMROD.* BUT, FOR NOW...

CARLSON? DROP DR. LUBISCH OFF AT *E.S.U.* THEN TAKE US HOME. AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT--

--GET MY *INSURANCE PEOPLE* ON THE PHONE, WOULD YOU?

UUHHHHHHH.

FEEL... DIFFERENT. I MEAN... *BESIDES* FEELING... HALF DEAD!

COSTUME'S... CHANGED BACK. BUT... HAVE I? I-I'LL TRY...

=HNF!= NOPE. C-CAN'T FLY... NOT AN INCH!

I'M BACK... TO *NORMAL!*

WELL... SORT OF! SO ZONKED...

THWIPP

...CAN'T EVEN SHOOT MY *WEBBING*... STRAIGHT!

SHOULD GO HOME... BUT MAYBE... I'LL JUST REST... A MINUTE...

...A WEEK...

...A YEA...=

SIRENS SOON WAKE THE SLUMBERING HERO. HE HOBBLES AND HITCHES, EVENTUALLY WEB-SWINGING HIS WAY BACK TO MANHATTAN.

WHERE EVENTUALLY, TIME-- ALONG WITH A LOVING WIFE AND SUPER-HUMAN RECUPERATIVE ABILITIES-- HEAL HIS MASSIVE EXHAUSTION.

I CAN'T HELP THINKING I SHOULD HAVE DONE *MORE,* MARY JANE.

I MEAN, WITH ALL THAT POWER, I COULD HAVE STOPPED *KHADAFI!* ENDED *APARTHEID!*

SOMETHING!

STOP RAKING YOURSELF OVER THE COALS, HON. YOU *DID* MORE THAN MOST PEOPLE WOULD HAVE *TRIED!* AND MORE IMPORTANTLY--

--YOU DID EVERYTHING THAT YOU, PETER PARKER, *COULD* DO.

YEAH, I GUESS YOU HAVE A POINT--SHH!

ELEVATOR!

KNOCK, KNOCK!

HEY! *FLASH THOMPSON!*

GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU GUYS! Y'KNOW THE TOUGH TIME I'VE HAD FINDING *"MS. RIGHT?"*

THAT'S HISTORY! I'VE FINALLY FOUND THE *PERFECT PARTNER!* PETE, MARY JANE, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET--

--FELICIA HARDY!

WELL, C'MON, GUYS! SAY HELLO! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?

NEXT: MORE ON FELICIA *"BLACK CAT"* HARDY! *PLUS: THE PUNISHER* JOINS SPIDER-MAN ON A DEADLY HUNT IN...

THE POWDER CHASE!

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THE NON-MUTANT SUPER HERO!*

WEB OF SPIDER-MAN®

ACTS of VENGEANCE™

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--BUT THIS TIME SPIDEY DOESN'T HAVE ANY COSMIC POWERS!

ONCE MORE WITH FEELING!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: WEB OF SPIDER-MAN™

A DESERTED DESERT HIGHWAY, FIFTEEN MILES FROM THE VAULT.. AMERICA'S MAXIMUM MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON FACILITY, FOR VERY SPECIAL PRISONERS.

YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A BUNCHA LOSERS. ON YOUR BEST DAY YOU NEVER HAD A CHANCE AGAINST SPIDER-MAN.

"ONCE MORE, WITH FEELING"

AN "ACTS OF VENGEANCE" EPILOGUE

BUT ME-- I'M TEN TIMES STRONGER THAN THAT WEB-SLINGER.

IF HE HADN'T GOTTEN SO SUPER-POWERFUL ALL OF A SUDDEN, I'D'VE CLEANED HIS CLOCK.

WHOA. HOT TALK, BABE.

YEAH, TITANIA, WE'D BE REAL IMPRESSED..

-- BUT I NOTICE YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO PRISON JUST LIKE THE REST OF US "LOSERS."

GERRY CONWAY WRITER * ALEX SAVIUK PENCILER * KEITH WILLIAMS INKER * RICK PARKER LETTERING * BOB SHAREN COLORIST * JIM SALICRUP EDITOR * TOM DeFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

I WAS A VICTIM OF *CIRCUMSTANCE*, GRIMM. YOUR AND YOUR BROTHER WANNA *MAKE* SOMETHING OF IT?

C'MON, YOU GUYS. NO POINT GETTING *ANGRY*--!

SHUT YOUR TRAP, TRAPSTER.

IF THERE'S ONE SURE *LOSER* IN THIS BUS, YOU'RE SITTING IN HIS SEAT.

SAY, DID WE JUST HIT A *BUMP*--?

EEYOWWW

SOME BUMP!

THE VAN'S *FLIPPING* OVER!

FEELS LIKE WE'RE *FALLIN'!*

SPTTIONG

OOOF!

NOW WE AIN'T *FALLIN'* ANYMORE-- BUT SOMETHIN'S PULLED OFF THE *DOOR!*

UH-OH.

ISN'T THAT THE SKY OUT THERE?

YAAAAAHH!

HOW'D WE GET UP HERE? WHAT'S GOING ON? IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE?

WAIT A SECOND, GRIMM-- LOOK--

I KNOW THAT MAN!

GRAVITON!

HE CAN CONTROL GRAVITY WAVES-- AND HE FOUGHT SPIDER-MAN IN THE ACTS OF VENGEANCE, TOO!

QUITE SO BROTHER GRIMM.

BUT UNLIKE YOU, I ESCAPED.

CHING KRANK CHATTER

OUR SHACKLES-- THEY'RE CRUMBLING!

HOW DID HE DO THAT?

LISTEN WHEN I TALK TO YOU, TITANIA!

I TOLD YOU GRAVITON CONTROLS GRAVITY WAVES.

HE MUST'VE ALTERED THE LOCAL GRAVITY AROUND OUR SHACKLES--MADE THEM TOO HEAVY TO SUPPORT THEIR OWN STRUCTURE--

EH?

NOW WHAT?

NOW, TITANIA, I GIVE YOU A CHOICE.

WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN ME FOR A SECOND CHANCE TO DEFEAT SPIDER-MAN...

...OR WOULD YOU PREFER I SIMPLY DROP YOU HERE?

A SECOND CRACK AT *SPIDER-MAN*? WITHOUT HIS INCREASED POWERS?

I THINK I SPEAK FOR MY BROTHER WHEN I SAY-- WHERE DO WE *SIGN UP*?

TITANIA? TRAPSTER? DO YOU CONCUR?

COUNT ME IN, GRAVITON!

OH, YEAH-- *YEAH*, YOU BET!

THEN LET'S SEND YOUR GUARD AND DRIVER ON THEIR WAY--

-- WHILE WE TAKE OUR LEAVE FOR *NEW YORK*!

A MAN THERE WANTS TO *MEET* YOU.

I THINK YOU'LL AGREE, HE HAS QUITE AN INTERESTING *PROPOSAL* TO MAKE...

NEW YORK.

THE NEWLY-LEASED TRIBECA OFFICES OF J. JONAH JAMESON PUBLICATIONS, INC.

JONAH, ROBBIE... I CAN *EXPLAIN*.

IT'LL HAVE TO BE *SOME* EXPLANATION, PETER.

FRANKLY, THESE PHOTOS ARE VERY *DISTURBING.*

ROBBIE, *KATZENBERG* HERE SNAPPED THOSE PHOTOS FROM THE SKYLIGHT OVER MY APARTMENT LOFT WHILE I WAS SHOOTING AN *ADVERTISING LAYOUT* FOR THE DAILY BUGLE.*

YES, I WORE A *SPIDER-MAN* COSTUME--BUT ONLY BECAUSE THE PICTURES WERE *SUPPOSED* TO BE POSED AND ARTIFICIAL.

I NEVER WOULD'VE FAKED A *REAL* NEWS PHOTO.

SOUNDS PRETTY *LAME* TO ME, PARKER.

*LAST ISSUE. --JIM

I ALWAYS *WONDERED* HOW YOU GOT THOSE "EXCLUSIVE" SHOTS OF THE *WEB-SLINGER.* GUESS NOW WE KNOW.

FAKE *ONE* PHOTO, YOU'LL FAKE *ANOTHER.*

KATZENBERG, DO YOURSELF A BIG FAVOR. GET OUT OF MY FACE.

ROBBIE, I *SWEAR*--IN THE YEARS I WORKED FOR YOU AND JONAH--WHEN JONAH OWNED THE *BUGLE*--

--I NEVER FAKED A PHOTO.

BELIEVE ME.

I DIDN'T EVEN FAKE *THESE*--SINCE I *AM* SPIDER-MAN. BUT HOW CAN I TELL THEM THAT?

I BELIEVE YOU, PETER.

EVERYONE'S ENTITLED TO ONE MISTAKE--AND AS YOU SAY, IT WASN'T A *NEWS* PHOTO.

THANKS, JONAH. I HOPED YOU'D BOTH SEE IT THAT WAY.

UNFORTUNATELY, PETER, WE BOTH *DON'T* SEE IT THAT WAY.

THE NEWS BUSINESS DEMANDS *TRUST* BETWEEN THE PUBLIC AND THE JOURNALIST.

DISTORT OR FABRICATE THE TRUTH, AND YOU *BREAK* THAT TRUST.

THERE'S NO PLACE AT ANY JOURNAL WHERE I'M THE EDITOR FOR A PHOTOGRAPHER--OR A REPORTER--WHO CREATES A *FABRICATION.*

NO MATTER *WHAT* THE REASON--WHETHER IT'S ONE TIME OR A *DOZEN.*

PETER, YOUR PHOTOS AREN'T *WELCOME* HERE, AND NEITHER ARE *YOU.*

JONAH--

I'LL *TALK* TO HIM, PETER. BUT ROBBIE'S MY EDITOR, AND I... I HAVE TO SUPPORT HIS DECISION.

I'M SORRY, MY BOY.

SO AM I, JONAH.

THIS IS THE *WORST.*

FOR YEARS, I'VE USED MY "SECRET IDENTITY" AS *SPIDER-MAN* TO GET THE HOTTEST NEWS PHOTOS IN TOWN...

...AND IT NEVER EVEN *OCCURRED* TO ME I MIGHT BE BENDING SOME ARCANE RULE OF *JOURNALISTIC ETHICS.*

I STILL DON'T THINK I DID ANYTHING WRONG.

IF NICK KATZENBERG HADN'T BEEN OUT TO *NAIL* ME, THIS NEVER WOULD'VE HAPPENED.

YEAH. IT'S ALL KATZENGBERG'S FAULT.

TOUGH BREAK, KID.

ONLY DOIN' MY JOB--NO HARD FEELIN'S, HUH?

BING

L

KATZENBERG, YOU CREEP-- YOU WERE SLIME WHEN YOU USED TO SNEAK PHOTOS OF CELEBRITIES IN THEIR UNDER-WEAR FOR SUPERMARKET TABLOIDS, AND YOU'RE STILL SLIME!

GNNGNGG!

YOU JUST COST ME A JOB--

--MAYBE MY WHOLE CAREER--

-- PLUS THE FRIENDSHIP OF A MAN I RESPECT!

GGAAKK

"NO HARD FEELINGS?"

I'LL SHOW YOU HARD FEELINGS!

I'LL--

--I'LL--

FORGET IT.

YOU'RE NOT WORTH THE TROUBLE.

BBWHOOF

PARKER --aak

PARKER! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

I'LL GET YOU BUSTED FOR ASSAULT!

I GOT WITNESSES--

HEY!

OKAY, PARKER. BEFORE, WE WERE JUST RIVALS, TWO PHOTOGS WRESTLIN' FOR TH' SAME JOB. TILL I WON.

BUT NOW... NOW YOU MADE IT PERSONAL.

MOMENTS LATER, IN THE SMOG ABOVE...

I'VE HAD IT.

I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING PUSHED AROUND BY LIFE.

THE LAST FEW MONTHS I'VE DONE NOTHING BUT *REACT* TO THINGS HAPPENING AROUND ME.

AUNT MAY'S FRIEND *NATHAN* IS DIAGNOSED WITH A TERMINAL DISEASE-- AND I JUST REACT.

I GET THE *CAPTAIN UNIVERSE* POWERS -- AND A CREW OF COSTUMED LUNATICS MAKES ME A TARGET FOR VENGEANCE * -- AND I JUST REACT.

I LOSE THE *CAPTAIN UNIVERSE* POWERS AFTER A BATTLE WITH THE SENTINELS -- AND I JUST REACT.

* AS TOLD IN RECENT ISSUES OF *AMAZING*, *WEB OF* & *SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN*. -- JIM

THOMAS FIREHEART STEALS THE *DAILY BUGLE* FROM JONAH IN AN UNFRIENDLY TAKEOVER--

-- THEN TURNS THE PAPER INTO A *PRO-SPIDEY* PROPAGANDA SHEET--

THE DAILY BUGLE AND SPIDER-MAN

A 90's KIND OF PAPER HONORS A 90's KIND OF HERO.

-- ALL TO PAY OFF A "*DEBT OF HONOR*" HE THINKS HE OWES ME--

--AND I JUST *REACT*.

NOW NICK KATZENBERG *RUINS* MY PROFESSIONAL REPUTATION, NOT TO MENTION MY CAREER--

-- AND WHAT DO I DO?

I REACT!

FOR *ONCE*, I'D LIKE TO--

HUH?

SPIDER-SENSE BUZZING-- WARNING ME OF TROUBLE-- BUT THERE'S NOTHING HERE!

MY NERVES ARE SO RAW, NOW I'M REACTING OUT OF HABIT.

GREAT.

JUST... GREAT.

THE DA... AND SPIDER-MA... A 90's KIND OF ...

ELSEWHERE.

NEW YORK HARBOR, WITHIN SIGHT OF A CERTAIN FAMOUS LADY.

WHAT'S THE IDEA, GRAVITON?

WHY THE TOUR OF AN EMPTY *OIL TANKER?*

WHEN DO WE GET A SHOT AT *SPIDER-MAN?*

SOON ENOUGH, TRAPSTER.

FIRST, AS I TOLD YOU, THERE'S A *MAN* YOU MUST MEET.

THIS IS NUTS!

OH, HARDLY *THAT*, TITANIA...

... ECCENTRIC, I'LL AGREE, BUT NO MORE INSANE THAN DONALD TRUMP'S LITTLE YACHT OR LEONA HELMSLEY'S MODEST COUNTRY MANSION.

MODEST SURROUNDINGS PROMOTE *MODEST* ACHIEVEMENT.

GREATNESS DEMANDS A *DISPLAY* OF GREATNESS.

MARCOS AND CHIECESCU UNDERSTOOD THIS. WHAT'S THE *POINT* OF HAVING POWER IF YOU CAN'T ENJOY IT? PRIMACY *PRESUMES* PRIVILEGE, AFTER ALL.

THEIR ONE ERROR LAY IN *FLAUNTING* THEIR WEALTH BEFORE THE MASSES. I CHOOSE TO LEARN FROM THEIR MISTAKE--

-- AND LIKE MY *NAMESAKE*, PROTECT MY TRUE NATURE WITH *CAMOUFLAGE.*

WHO THE HECK ARE *YOU?*

I'M THE UNKNOWN *CRIMELORD OF NEW YORK*, BROTHER GRIMM, THE SECRET RULER OF HALF MANHATTAN'S UNDERWORLD.

I'M *THE CHAMELEON*-- THE MAN WHO'LL PAY YOU EACH $100,000 TO KILL *SPIDER-MAN!*

YOU LOOK STUNNED. GOOD.

LIKE THAT *OTHER* "MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES," *LON CHANEY*, I LOVE TO SHOCK AND SURPRISE.

FOR MONTHS, I AND MY COLLEAGUES HAVE BEEN SCHEMING IN THE SHADOWS TO SEIZE TOTAL CONTROL OF THE NEW YORK MOBS.

SPIDER-MAN IS ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN US AND THE *ATTAINMENT* OF OUR GOAL.

AS I TOLD *GRAVITON* WHEN I CONTACTED HIM, THE WEB-SLINGER MUST BE *REMOVED*.

BRING ME HIS *MASK* FOR THIS PEDESTAL-- WITH SPIDER-MAN'S *HEAD* INSIDE, OF COURSE--

--AND I'LL GIVE YOU A TOTAL OF $500,000.

CASH OR CREDIT, YOUR CHOICE.

HOLD IT.

WHY SHOULD YOU PAY THE *BROTHERS GRIMM* $200,000--

--WHILE TITANIA, GRAVITON AND ME ONLY GET $100,000 EACH!

YEAH! FOR ONCE THE BOZO'S RIGHT-- JUST BEING A *TEAM* DOESN'T MAKE THE GRIMM'S TWICE AS VALUABLE!

THEY RECEIVE THE SAME PAY *YOU* DO, TITANIA.

THE REMAINING $100,000 GOES TO THE *MAN* DOWNSTAIRS!

WATCH YOUR FEET.

Eh?

HEY! SOME KINDA *TRAP DOOR--?*

GOLIATH!

I HEARD YOU'D FOUGHT SPIDER-MAN, TOO--BUT THE NEWS REPORTS SAID YOU DROWNED!

ALMOST DID!

WEB-SLINGER HIT ME WITH AN ENERGY BLAST*-- NOW I'M STUCK AT 60 FEET TALL!

*WEB OF SPIDER-MAN #60. --JIM

MY CREW FOUND GOLIATH FLOATING OFF MONTAUK POINT. AFTER WE HAULED HIM ABOARD, I SUGGESTED WE JOIN FORCES--AND HE HAPPILY AGREED.

WHAT WERE YOUR EXACT WORDS, GOLIATH?

"LET'S GO SQUASH A SPIDER!"

SOUTH OF HOUSTON STREET, MANHATTAN.

THE AREA OTHERWISE KNOWN AS SOHO.

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE ROBBIE'S ATTITUDE, MARY JANE.

HE LANDED ON ME LIKE A TON OF BRICKS--ALL MORAL RIGHTEOUSNESS--AS IF I'D COMMITTED A SIN AGAINST THE GODS OF JOURNALISM.

IN HIS EYES, YOU DID, PETER.

BUT MAYBE HE'S REACTING MORE TO HIS OWN "CRIME AGAINST JOURNALISM" THAN HE IS TO YOURS.

YOU MEAN, THE FACT THAT HE CONCEALED HIS KNOWLEDGE OF A CRIME FOR TWENTY YEARS-- AND THEN WENT TO *PRISON* WHEN HE WAS CONVICTED OF MISPRISON OF A FELONY?*

MMM-HM.

OPEN WIDE.

*ASK US LATER. -- JIM

SO YOU THINK ROBBIE FEELS *GUILTY* ABOUT HIS OWN BREACH OF ETHICS...

...AND HE'S PUNISHING *ME*, AS A KIND OF SURRO-GATE?

IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK?

WHAT I THINK--

--IS THAT YOU NEED A *BREAK* FROM ALL THE WORRYING YOU'VE BEEN DOING LATELY.

TURN OFF THE T.V.

...PROMISE NEW ELECTIONS BY SUMMER...

DAILY BUGLE

...WHILE, IN OTHER NEWS TONIGHT--

JUST A MOMENT--

--WE'RE GOING LIVE TO MIDTOWN--

--WHERE SOMETHING *FANTASTIC* IS HAPPENING TO THE DAILY BUGLE BUILDING --

--IT'S *FLYING*-- --AGAIN!

RCA

ONE HURRIED APOLOGY, ONE RAPID CHANGE OF COSTUME, AND ONE QUICK TRIP UPTOWN LATER...

IT'S LIKE DEJA VU!

ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO, GRAVITON TOOK THE BUGLE BUILDING FOR A SKY-RIDE JUST TO GET MY ATTENTION.*.

--AND UNLESS SOMEONE ELSE HAS STOLEN THIS TRICK FROM GRAVI'S GRAB BAG, I'LL BET HE'S DONE IT AGAIN.

THE QUESTION IS-- WHY?

--AND ONE THING'S SURE, THEY'LL BE REAL!

EH?

TRAPSTER?

WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?

AND WITHOUT THE CAPTAIN UNIVERSE POWERS, WILL I BE ABLE TO BEAT HIM AS EASILY THIS TIME AS I DID BEFORE?

=SIGH= WELL, WITH MY CAMERA SET ON "AUTOMATIC," NEARBY, AT LEAST I'LL GET SOME NEWS PHOTOS, WHATEVER HAPPENS.

* SEE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #326. -- J.

WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE, WEBHEAD?

I'M SETTING YOU UP FOR THE KILL!

PASTE FROM ONE DIRECTION--PIES FROM ANOTHER--

I GUESS THIS IS WHAT SOME FOLKS MIGHT CALL A STICKY SITUATION.

AHA. THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

IT FIGURES.

YOU BOYS HAVE A THING FOR CORNY SLEIGHT-OF-HAND.

WE PREFER TO CALL THEM FEATS OF PRESTIDIGITATION, SPIDER-MAN.

BADOOM

ELEGANT, UNEXPECTED--

--AND OH-SO-DEADLY!

EXPLODING PIES AND FLAMING FLOWERS--YOU CALL THAT "ELEGANT AND DEADLY"?

GET SERIOUS!

YOU WANT SERIOUS, WALL-CRAWLER?

CHEW ON THIS!

WHAM

EXCELLENT, TITANIA! WHILE OUR COMRADES DISTRACT HIM, YOU APPLY THE COUP DE GRÂCE!

=NNGHH!=

SPIDER-SENSE ON OVERLOAD--

--TOO MANY DISTRACTIONS!

WET CEMENT

S.S. SPIKES

-- BARELY WARNED ME TO ROLL WITH TITANIA'S PUNCH--!

HUH? NOW WHAT?

GRAVITON HITTING ME WITH A GRAVITY WAVE--

WET CEMENT

--MAKING ME TOO HEAVY TO HOLD ONTO THE WALL--

--I'M--

=OOOOF!=

WET CEMENT

SPLAT

YOU HUMILIATED ME, SPIDER-MAN.

DURING THE *ACTS OF VENGEANCE* I TOOK A COMMISSION FROM MY PEERS TO DESTROY YOU--

WET CEMEN

-- AND NOT ONLY DID YOU *RESIST* MY EFFORTS --

-- YOU MADE ME A *MOCKERY* BY RESTORING THE *DAILY BUGLE BUILDING*, AFTER I'D RAZED IT!

WHERE IS YOUR ARROGANCE *NOW*, WEB-SLINGER--

-- WHEN YOUR BODY IS BEING CRUSHED BY A MASS *TEN TIMES NORMAL*!

EH?

INCREDIBLE! HE'S ACTUALLY PUSHING HIMSELF ERECT!

I'LL SQUASH HIM LIKE A *BUG* WITH A THOUSAND TIMES HIS NORMAL WEIGHT...

AH, BE A *SPORT*, GRAVITON--

--LET *ME* DO IT!

SQUOOSH

WELL-- I CAN'T SAY I ADMIRE YOUR *FINESSE*, GOLIATH--

-- BUT YOU CERTAINLY DID THE JOB.

IS HE *DEAD*?

YOU BET HE'S DEAD, TITANIA!

HEY, HOW ABOUT WE *CELEBRATE*-- YOU AND ME AND A BOTTLE OF VINO?

I'D SOONER GARGLE BATTERY ACID, TRAPSTER.

GRAVITON, I'LL ASK AGAIN-- IS HE *DEAD*?

TOO DARK TO TELL.

"ONE OF US WILL HAVE TO GO DOWN THERE AND GET THE PROOF FOR OUR *EMPLOYER*."

"LET *TRAPSTER* DO IT."

"ME? YOU'RE SO TOUGH, TITANIA, *YOU* CHECK IT OUT."

"LEAVE THE LITTLE LADY ALONE, PAL. IF I WEREN'T TOO BIG, I'D GO *MYSELF*.

" HOW ABOUT THE *GRIMMS*? THEY COULD--"

--COULD--

--HEY--

--MY LEG--

--YOOOUUU--

--OOOUUPP--

KRASH

THE WEB-SPINNER! HE'S ALIVE!

NO, REALLY?

DON'T JUST *FLOAT* THERE, GRIMM-- WE'VE GOT HALF-A-MILLION BUCKS RIDING ON THIS--

--LET'S GET 'IM!

THEY'VE NO IDEA HOW BAD I HURT, AND THAT'S THE ONLY EDGE I'VE GOT!

IF THEY KNEW I'M CLOSE TO PASSING OUT FROM THE BEATING THEY GAVE ME--

--THEY'D PROBABLY JUST TRY TO WEAR ME DOWN.

BUT IF I LET THEM DO THAT, I'M FINISHED.

MY BEST CHANCE IS TO TRY A LITTLE STRATEGY--

--AND TRICK THEM INTO FIGHTING EACH OTHER!

YOU IDIOTS! THROW YOUR SHOCK-STREAMERS AT HIM, NOT MEEEEE=✲=

ZZAZK

OF ALL THE IMBECILIC--!

UNNGH!

AAAUGH!

CRUNCH

HA!

GOTTA THANK YOU, BOYS--

YOU JUST GAVE ME THE FIRST GOOD LAUGH I'VE HAD ALL DAY.

ALL WEEK, ACTUALLY.

ALL MONTH, IF THE TRUTH BE--

GRAVITON!

I MADE A TACTICAL ERROR WITH YOU, SPIDER-MAN.

ON THE GROUND, YOUR STRENGTH AND AGILITY ALMOST OFFSET MY ABILITY TO ALTER YOUR MASS.

HEY-- WHAT--?

BUT IN THE AIR--

-- THAT, I THINK, WILL BE ANOTHER STORY!

GRAVITON-- WHAT'RE YOU DOING--?

ONCE AGAIN, I'VE ALTERED YOUR MASS, WEB-SPINNER...

"...BUT THIS TIME I'VE REDUCED IT TO ZERO."

WHAT USE ARE YOUR STRENGTH AND AGILITY NOW, SPIDER-MAN?

WHAT USE IS YOUR ABILITY TO CLIMB WALLS--

"--WHEN THE NEAREST WALL IS A THOUSAND FEET BELOW?

"AND SO IT ENDS...

"...THE FINAL ACT OF VENGEANCE..."

TO BE CONTINUED...?

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ACTS of VENGEANCE!™

AFTERMATH!

WEB OF SPIDER-MAN™

--AND WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW THE KINGPIN™ FIGURES INTO THIS!

WHATCHA GONNA DO WITHOUT YOUR COSMIC POWERS, WIMP?!

HEY, I'M NOT PAYING FOR THAT WINDOW!

THE NON-MUTANT™ SUPER HERO® TAKES ON--

GRAVITON!™ TITANIA!™ GOLIATH!™

THE BROTHERS GRIMM!™ THE TRAPSTER!™

--BUT NOT BECAUSE HE WANTS TO!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: WEB OF SPIDER-MAN™

DID YOU EVER DREAM YOU WERE FALLING?

DID YOU EVER WAKE FROM THAT DREAM IN A COLD SWEAT HEART POUNDING, LUNGS GASPING FOR BREATH-- AND TAKE A MOMENT TO THANK HEAVEN YOU WERE STILL ALIVE?

DID YOU?

YES?

WELL, IMAGINE THIS... WHAT IF YOU WOKE FROM A DREAM IN WHICH YOU WERE FALLING...

...ONLY TO FIND YOU WERE FALLING...

...AND YOU WERE FALLING STRAIGHT UP?

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT WE THOUGHT.

US, TOO.

"THE LAST ACT OF VENGEANCE"

Gerry Conway WRITER * Alex Saviuk PENCILER * Keith Williams INKER * Rick Parker LETTERER * Bob Sharen COLORIST * Jim Salicrup EDITOR * Tom DeFalco EDITOR IN CHIEF

THIS IS JUST TOO BIZARRE!

SOMEHOW DURING OUR BATTLE AROUND THE DAILY BUGLE BUILDING, GRAVITON ZAPPED MY MASS TO ZERO.!* WITHOUT MASS, I'M NOT HELD DOWN BY THE EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL PULL--

--AND I'M FLYING OFF INTO SPACE!

TALK ABOUT YOUR CRISIS CONDITION--

VRROOOM

EEEYOWWW!

* LAST ISSUE; KEEP READING AND WE'LL FILL IN THE DETAILS AS WE FLY ALONG. -- JIM

OH, GREAT.

AS IF THINGS WEREN'T BAD ENOUGH--

--I'M IN THE FLIGHT PATH FOR KENNEDY AIRPORT!

SO, FINE--

NOW IF I DON'T SUFFOCATE FROM LACK OF OXYGEN--

--I'LL BE CREAMED BY A PASSING 747.!

WAIT A MINUTE--!

MAYBE ONE OF THESE PLANES CAN BE MY TICKET BACK HOME!

THWIPP

THIS IS THE LONGEST *WEBSHOT* I'VE EVER TRIED WITHOUT THE *CAPTAIN UNIVERSE* POWERS TO HELP OUT!

THWIPP

I HOPE I--

MADE IT!

KUNNGHGHH!

FEELS LIKE MY ARMS ARE ABOUT TO RIP OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS!

GOTTA *HANG ON*--

--AND SOMEHOW--

--*REEL* MYSELF IN--

--LIKE A FISH CATCHING A *TRAWLER!*

WOW!

MOM, SOME GUY'S HANGIN' ON A STRING BEHIND THE PLANE!

BILLY, HAVEN'T I WARNED YOU ABOUT *LYING?*

YEAH, BUT, *MOM*--

"NO MORE *NINTENDO* FOR *YOU*, YOUNG MAN."

TWA

UH, FLIGHT 73, THIS IS AIRPORT TOWER CONTROL--

--ARE YOU AWARE--

G-BFGI

--YOU'VE GOT SOME KIND OF ***DEFORMATION*** ON YOUR TAIL?

÷SQUAWK÷ COME AGAIN, TOWER.

CAN YOU I.D. THE DEFORMATION?

UH, DAVE... *YOU* TELL HIM.

IT LOOKS LIKE--

--BUT IT CAN'T--

--I'D SWEAR THAT'S--

BUT HOW COULD IT BE--

SPIDER-MAN!

SAY, PAL, WHAT'CHA *DOIN'* UP THERE?

RESTING.

GIVE ME A WEEK TO CATCH MY BREATH, I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN.

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR ***PROBLEM*** IS--

--BUT IF ***AIRPORT SECURITY*** GETS HERE BEFORE YOU COME DOWN--

--THEY'LL ***BUST*** YOU!

LADY, YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW ***LITTLE*** I CARE.

BUT I GUESS I CAN'T HANG ON TO THIS BIG SILVER SAFETY BLANKET FOREVER

MAYBE GRAVITON'S ZAPPING FINALLY *WORE OFF.*

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.

DEEP BREATH.

EXHALE.

JUMP.

I'VE GOT WEIGHT!

I'D KISS THE GROUND, BUT YOU'RE A LOT *CUTER.*

H-HEY-- WHAT WAS THIS ALL *ABOUT,* ANYWAY?

YOU WANT THE *CAPSULE SUMMARY?*

OKAY.

IT'S ABOUT A GANG OF SORE LOSERS WHO WANNA KILL ME FOR *BEATING* THEM DURING A LITTLE FUN FEST SOME WIT TAGGED *THE ACTS OF VENGEANCE* A FEW WEEKS BACK.

APPARENTLY SOMEONE BROKE THEM OUT OF PRISON AND HIRED THEM TO FINISH ME OFF.

ALMOST *WORKED,* TOO.

BUT LIKE I ALMOST ALWAYS SAY...

"... ALMOST DOESN'T GET THE JOB DONE.

"NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING, MIND YOU.

"JUST STATING A GENERAL PRINCIPLE."

AT THAT MOMENT, ABOARD A CERTAIN SINISTER SUPER-TANKER IN NEW YORK HARBOR...

THAT LOUSY DOUBLE-CROSSING CREEP!

CHAMELEON PROMISED US HALF A MILLION BUCKS TO KILL SPIDER-MAN -- AND WHEN WE SHOW UP TO COLLECT--

-- HE'S GONE, TITANIA, ALONG WITH EVERYONE ELSE ON THIS CRUMMY SHIPBOARD HIDEOUT!

YOU SUCKERED US, GRAVITON!

THE BROTHERS GRIMM DON'T LIKE BEING PLAYED FOR FOOLS!

I'M AS APPALLED BY CHAMELEON'S TREACHERY AS YOU, GRIMM.

SEARCH EVERY-WHERE ALL OF YOU.

WE MAY FIND A CLUE TO WHERE CHAMELEON'S GONE TO GROUND.

HEY... MY ACID PASTE JUST MELTED THROUGH SOME KINDA VAULT...

LOOKIT THIS!

WHAT IS IT, TRAPSTER-- A NOTE?

GIVE IT TO SOMEONE BRIGHT ENOUGH TO READ.

SHUT UP, GRIMM.

IT'S A MEMO-- FROM THE KINGPIN-- ABOUT US!

US?

WHAT'S IT SAY?

ACCORDIN' TO THIS, GOLIATH--

CHAMELEON AND KINGPIN PLANNED THIS CON TOGETHER!

REALLY?

"SO THE PUBLIC RIVALRY BETWEEN CHAME-LEON AND THE KINGPIN IS A FRAUD, A HOAX.

"VERY WELL. IF THE CHAMELEON WON'T PAY THE FEE HE OWES US...

"...THEN HIS FAT PARTNER WILL."

THEY FOUND THE NOTE.

GOOD, GOOD.

BRING US FRESH CHAMPAGNE, GIRLS. WE HAVE MUCH TO CELEBRATE.

AFTER THOSE CRAZED SUPER-VILLAINS ARE DONE WITH THE KINGPIN, NEW YORK WILL HAVE ONLY ONE CRIMELORD LEFT ALIVE..

...YOURS TRULY, THE CHAMELEON.

SOHO.

(SOUTH OF HOUSTON STREET.)

PRINCE ST

THE CONVERTED FACTORY OF CHEMICAL INDUSTRIALIST **HARRY OSBORN**, LONG-TIME FRIEND TO, AND NOW LANDLORD OF, **PETER** AND **MARY JANE PARKER**...

HURRY UP, HONEY--

-- WE DON'T WANT TO BE LATE. YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE 17TH CENTURY GERMAN OPERA.

HARRY, YOU ***HATE*** THE OPERA.

I BEG TO DIFFER, LIZ.

IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE WE HAD AN EVENING OUT LIKE ***ADULTS***, EVEN THE OPERA SOUNDS LIKE FUN.

MARY JANE, HAVE I TOLD YOU HOW MUCH HARRY AND I APPRECIATE YOUR ***BABY-SITTING*** LITTLE NORMAN TONIGHT?

ONLY ABOUT A ***DOZEN TIMES*** IN THE LAST TEN MINUTES, LIZ...

ISN'T IT STRANGE?

PETER AND I AREN'T READY TO HAVE KIDS, NOT FOR A LONG WHILE--

-- BUT PLAYING WITH NORMAN, I GET ***GOOSEBUMPS*** AND A ***HUNGRY*** FEELING DEEP DOWN INSIDE

WHO'D EVER THINK EASY-LIVIN' ***MARY JANE WATSON*** WOULD SHOW EVEN A ***HINT*** OF THE OLD MATERNAL INSTINCT?

WHOA, NORMAN!

DON'T GO WANDERING TOO FAR.

THESE OLD FACTORY LOFTS SOMETIMES HAVE LOOSE *NAILS* LYING AROUND WHERE YOU LEAST--

-- EXPECT THEM?

OH... MY... GOD!

NBBL GIBIRISH

HARRY'S *GREEN GOBLIN* COSTUME!

BUT WE THOUGHT HARRY *DESTROYED* ALL HIS GOBLIN COSTUMES!

AFTER THE TROUBLE HE HAD LAST TIME*--

-- WE JUST ASSUMED HARRY WOULD *NEVER* BECOME THE GOBLIN AGAIN!

*DURING *INFERNO*, IN *AMAZING SPIDER-MAN* #312. -- JIM

SEE YOU LATER, MJ-- AND THANKS AGAIN.

SURE, HAR!

DOES LIZ KNOW?

SHE CAN'T... SHE WOULD HAVE *SAID* SOMETHING.

SHOULD I TELL HER, *WARN* HER?

OH, WAIT TILL *PETER* HEARS ABOUT THIS...

ELSEWHERE:

IN NEW YORK, MORE THAN IN MOST CITIES, BUILDINGS GO UP AND BUILDINGS COME DOWN WITH ALMOST **FRIGHTENING** SPEED...

...BUT RECENTLY, NONE HAS GONE **UP** OR COME **DOWN** WITH **QUITE** THE SPEED OF THE ONCE-GREAT **DAILY BUGLE** BUILDING...

MR. FIREHEART, I'M **EDNA GORTCH**-- CITY DEPARTMENT OF BUILDING SAFETY.

YES, MS. GORTCH?

I'VE DONE A PRELIMINARY APPRAISAL OF THE **STRUCTURAL** DAMAGE CAUSED BY GRAVITON'S ATTACK ON YOUR BUILDING.*

AND?

*WHEN HE RAISED AND **DROPPED** IT LAST ISSUE. --JIM

DAILY BUGLE

IN A WORD, SIR-- THE DAILY BUGLE BUILDING IS A **TOTAL LOSS.**

I'M RECOMMENDING THE STRUCTURE BE **CONDEMNED** AND **RAZED** AS A PUBLIC HAZARD.

YOU CAN SIGN HERE FOR A COPY OF MY REPORT.

THE DAILY BUGLE BUILDING **CONDEMNED?**

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT! THAT PLACE IS LIKE MY **SECOND HOME!**

POLICE

IF **JONAH JAMESON** STILL OWNED *THE BUGLE* HE'D FIGHT CONDEMNATION TOOTH AND NAIL...

...BUT **THOMAS FIREHEART** ONLY BOUGHT THE PAPER TO PAY A **DEBT OF HONOR.**

HE PROBABLY COULDN'T CARE **LESS** WHAT HAPPENS TO IT NOW!

UH-OH.

BTH-OOM

I WAS SO UPSET HEARING ABOUT THE *BUGLE*, I ALMOST FORGOT WHY I CAME HERE.

NOW I. REMEMBER...

BTHOOM

BTHOOM

DAILY BUGLE

...I WAS HOPING TO FIND *GRAVITON* AND THE *OTHER* CREEPS WHO ATTACKED ME.

LOOKS LIKE I LUCKED OUT.

BTHOOM

THERE GOES *GOLIATH*--

--HEADING TOWARD THE *KINGPIN'S OFFICE TOWER.*

AND IF *HE'S* IN TOWN--

--CAN HIS *PALS* BE FAR AWAY?

BTHOOM

MS. CUSHING, CALL THE *AUXILIARY PRESSES* OVER IN JERSEY CITY.

TELL THEM WE'LL ARRIVE IN AN HOUR TO PREPARE A *SPECIAL EDITION.*

THEY CAN START SETTING THE HEAD-LINE--

"-- SPIDER-MAN BATTLES GIANT AT KINGPIN TOWER.!"

WILSON FISK THINKS OF HIMSELF AS A BUSINESSMAN.

BTHOOM

A VERY SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSMAN.

BTHOOM BTHOOM

HIS BUSINESS JUST HAPPENS TO BE CRIME.

AND LIKE ALL BUSINESSES, WILSON FISK'S BUSINESS SOMETIMES HAS ITS DOWN SIDE...

WHAT ON EARTH?

OPEN UP, FAT MAN.

IT'S COLLECTION TIME.

BUT IN WILSON FISK'S BUSINESS, UNLIKE -- FOR EXAMPLE -- THE BUSINESS OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTING, THE DOWN SIDE CAN BE DEADLY...

SSSSSS

NICE PLAY WITH THE ACID PASTE, TRAPSTER.

MAYBE YOU'RE NOT SO USELESS, AFTER ALL.

HI THERE, CHUBS.

THE WAY I SEE IT, YOU'VE GOT *TWO CHOICES*, BIG BOY.

EITHER *PAY* US THE MONEY YOU OWE RIGHT NOW--

MONEY? *WHAT* MONEY?

--OR WE'LL TAKE IT OUT OF YOUR OVERSIZED *HIDE*, AND HOLD YOU FOR *RANSOM* FROM YOUR PARTNER!

PARTNER?

WOMAN, I HAVEN'T THE *SLIGHTEST* IDEA WHAT YOU'RE BABBLING ABOUT--*EH?*

THUMP

"WHAT'S THAT *SOUND?* WHAT'S HAPPENING ON THE *ROOF?*"

I'M HITTING YOUR TOWER WITH A POSITIVE *GRAVITY WAVE*, KINGPIN--

--INCREASING ITS *MASS* TO THE POINT OF *STRUCTURAL COLLAPSE!*

A MAN OF YOUR CONSIDERABLE BULK MUST *APPRECIATE* THE FORCE OF GRAVITY.

I SUGGEST YOU PAY WHAT YOUR PARTNER *OWES* US AT ONCE.

OTHERWISE YOU COULD FIND THE ALTERNATIVE-- *DEPRESSING.*

THWIPP

EH?

MY EYES--!

BOOO

I'M BLINDED-- GYUNNAAAGH!

THAT'S THE PLAN, GRAVITON--

--'CAUSE HOW CAN YOU WARP THE GRAVITY OF A TARGET YOU JUST CAN'T SEE?

SPIDER-MAN?

BUT I THOUGHT GRAVITON SENT HIM FLYING INTO SPACE--

HOW CAN HE BE BACK?

GRAVITON WAS TOO BLASTED CLEVER!

YOU CAN'T CONQUER THE WEB-SLINGER WITH FANCY TRICKS!

OH, YEAH? WHAT'S YOUR BRIGHT IDEA, TITANIA?

BEAT 'IM TO A PULP! WHAT ELSE?

YEAH. DO IT!

LET ME GET A PIECE'A THAT!

AS A BUSINESSMAN, WILSON FISK IS ACCUSTOMED TO SUDDEN REVERSALS OF FORTUNE IN THE MARKETPLACE.

YET THIS IS ONE REVERSAL THAT LEAVES HIM BEMUSED.

AND WILSON FISK, BEMUSED, IS **NOT** A PRETTY SIGHT.

Y'KNOW, TITANIA -- FOR A GOOD LOOKIN' GAL, YOU'VE GOT QUITE AN *ATTITUDE* PROBLEM.

ALSO AN *ALTITUDE* PROBLEM.

YOU-- YOU LET GO!

WE'RE *FALLING!*

NO, ACTUALLY *YOU'RE* FALLING!

HAPPY LANDINGS, LITTLE LADY.

THAK

WHUFGH

SHE'S SO STRONG, THE FALL WON'T DO MORE THAN *STUN* HER--

--BUT THAT'LL STILL GRANT ME A FEW MOMENTS *BREATHER* TO DEAL WITH--

--UH-OH--

WHY DON'T YOU PICK ON SOMEBODY *MY* SIZE, SQUIRT?

SWOOT

WHEW! BARELY DODGED GETTING SWATTED HEAD-ON!

BUT EVEN SO-- THE *WIND* FROM GOLIATH'S WALLOP HAS ME TUMBLING LIKE A LEAF IN A STORM!

AND SPEAKING OF LEAVES IN STORMS...

CAN'T LOSE MY HEAD!

--GOTTA REMEMBER--

--I AIN'T LITTLE "SKEETER" MacPHERRAN ANYMORE--

--I'M *TITANIA*--

--I'M AS STRONG AS THE *SHE-HULK*--

SKRATCH

--AND I AIN'T GONNA BE BEAT BY NO CRUMMY *BUG* IN A COSTUME!

HUH? WHAZZAT?

BEEP BEEP

BEEEEP

AWW-- NO..

SKREECH

BOOOM

SHE LANDED RIGHT IN FRON'A ME!

OLD BUS LIKE THIS, COULDN'T BRAKE IN TIME--

SKRASH

OMIGOSH! THAT WOMAN-- IS SHE DEAD?

UH-UH. SHE'S STILL BREATHING, BUT SHE DON'T LOOK GOOD.

MAYBE SOME-BODY OUGHTA CALL AN AMBU-LANCE...

SIMULTANEOUSLY, A HUNDRED YARDS UP--

MANAGED TO WEB THAT WATER TOWER.

JUST IN TIME, TOO--

-- CAUSE HERE COMES THE TRAPSTER--

-- SHOOTING ONE OF HIS PATENTED PASTE STREAMS!

THIS IS *PAY-BACK*, WEB-SLINGER!

LAST TIME WE FOUGHT YOU MADE A FOOL OUTTA ME!

ME? MAKE A FOOL OUT OF *YOU?*

I'D NEVER DO *THAT*, PETE.

PARTICULARLY SINCE YOU'RE SO GOOD AT MAKING A FOOL OUT OF *YOURSELF!*

HEY!! LEGGO MY ARM!!

KEEP 'IM TRAPPED RIGHT *THERE*, TRAPSTER!

ONE PUNCH AND I'LL *FLATTEN* 'IM--

SQUOOF

SPECTACULAR

CLUMSY ME! GOT *GLUE* ALL OVER GOLIATH'S FIST, TOO...

WHAT THE--?

I'M STUCK!

UNNNGH!

WAIT'LL I PULL LOOSE WALL-CRAWLER!

GNNNUNH!

JUST--

--YOU-- WAIT--

YUNGH!

SHOULD BE A REAL LONG WAIT, TOO, IF TRAPSTER'S PASTE HOLDS TRUE-TO-FORM.

WOULD ONE OF YOU GOOD FOLKS DOWN THERE CALL 911?

SO FAR, SO GOOD. FOUR OUT OF SIX DOWN OR OUT.

AND HERE COME THE LAST TWO, RIGHT ON SCHEDULE--

PTOOF

ON SECOND THOUGHT, TRY THE SANITATION DEPARTMENT.

NICE TOSS, BROTHER!

SAME TO YOU, BROTHER!

TELL 'EM WE'VE GOT AN EMER-GENCY PICK-UP.

OHH!

AHKK!

CHOKE!

GAS CLOUD-- CAN'T BREATHE--

IF YOU LIKED OUR CLINGING CLOUDS, SPIDER-MAN--

--YOU'LL *LOVE* OUR EXPLOSIVE PIES! *RIGHT*, BROTHER GRIMM?

SPRAK

SO TRUE, BROTHER GRIMM!

HERE'S A LITTLE *LESSON* IN SLEIGHT-OF-HAND, WEB-SPINNER!

BOOM

PRESTO, ABRA-CADABRA, *KALA-MA-ZAM!*

AND WHEN THE SMOKE *CLEARS*--

--NO *SPIDER-MAN*?!

HUH? WHERE'D HE GO?

LET'S GET *SERIOUS*, GUYS. "OHH, AHKK, CHOKE?"

COULDN'T YOU TELL I WAS *KIDDING*?

ARE YOU BOYS *CLOWNS*--OR *MAGICIANS*?

NEVER MIND.

I THINK WE JUST *SETTLED* THAT QUESTION-- DON'T YOU?

THRA-

WHAM

HA!

SKRRP

I'M COMIN' FOR YOU, WEBHEAD!

AN' ONCE I'M DONE WITH YOU, THEY'LL HAFTA SCRAPE YOU OFF THE SIDEWALK WITH A--

=ulp!=

EEEYAA!

CHOOM

A LITTLE VARIATION ON THE EVER-POPULAR TIE-YOUR-SHOE-LACES-TOGETHER GAG, GOLIATH.

ONE OF THE OLDEST TRICKS IN THE BOOK--

--AND YOU FELL FOR IT.

SO TO SPEAK.

HEY, KID-- CATCH.

DO ME A FAVOR. TAKE MY PICTURE.

LET'S SEE JONAH JAMESON TURN DOWN THIS PHOTO FOR HIS NEW PICTURE-NEWS MAGAZINE.

WOW! OKAY-- SAY CHEESE.

KLIK

ROQUEFORT.

EPILOGUE:

ABOARD A YACHT IN NEW YORK HARBOR...

MY, MY, MY. WELL, WELL, WELL.

The JAMESON NEWS DIGEST

VOL. 1 NO. 1

2.95/3.50

FIRST ISSUE

SONY

Coca-Cola

WOULD YOU TRUST THIS MAN WITH YOUR CITY?

MY PLAN TURNED OUT BETTER THAN I INTENDED, LADIES.

WHEN THE POWERS THAT BE IN THE *MAGGIA* LEARN HOW THE *KINGPIN* SURVIVED AN ATTACK ON HIS PRIVATE TOWER ONLY THROUGH THE INTERVENTION OF *SPIDER-MAN*--

-- HIS DAYS AS NEW YORK'S TOP CRIMELORD WILL BE AT AN *END*.

WHILE *MINE*, DEAR GIRLS, WILL BE JUST *BEGINNING*...

NEXT: GREEN DESTINY

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ACTS of VENGEANCE! ™

THE SCORPION™ INVADES CANADA--

--BUT ALPHA'S HOT ON HIS TAIL!

WRITER James D. Hudnall • PENCILER John Calimee • INKER Mike Manley • COLORIST Bob Sharen
LETTERER Janice Chiang • MANAGING EDITOR Marc McLaurin • EDITORS Carl Potts & Danny Fingeroth

ON THE SHORES OF LAKE SUPERIOR, CANADIAN SIDE.

DANGER! POLLUTION! NO FISHING OR SWIMMING! THESE WATERS ARE UNSAFE FOR SWIMMING, BATHING, OR DRINKING.

I THINK I GOT ONE!

OH, NO! NOT *AGAIN!*

EVERY FISH WE'VE CAUGHT TODAY! *EVERY ONE!*

UGH!

THEY ALL HAVE *TUMORS!*

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE LAKE?! WHY ARE ALL THE FISH *MESSED UP?!*

YEAH! LOOKS LIKE MOBY DICK!

IT'S THE *POLLUTION.* IT'S KILLING EVERYTHING IN THE WATER.

WHERE'S IT COMING FROM?

THE U.S.!

ALL THE *BAD STUFF'S* COMING FROM *OUTSIDE!*

U.S./CANADIAN BORDER

ON THE EDGE OF MINNESOTA.

U.S./ CANADIAN BORDER

RAP RAP

ROLL DOWN YOUR WINDOW PLEASE.

ARE YOU... UH... CARRYING ANY FRUITS OR VEGETABLES?

NO.

UH...ARE YOU VISITING CANADA FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE, MA'AM?

PLEASURE!

LOTS AND LOTS OF PLEASURE!

ELSEWHERE.

THEY'RE COMING.

WHO'S COMING?

HIS SOLDIERS.

THERE'S A WOMAN NAMED *NEKRA* WHO ONCE BROUGHT A LOVER BACK FROM THE DEAD. SHE'S JUST ENTERED THE COUNTRY.

THERE'S A MAN WHO BECOMES AN INSECT AND A WOMAN WHOSE SKIN CAN KILL YOU.

THERE'S ANOTHER MAN WHO THINKS HE'S A BIRD.

THERE ARE EVENTS IN THE *UNITED STATES* WHICH ARE DRIVING THEM HERE TO *CANADA*.

A LAW CALLED THE *SUPER-POWERS REGISTRATION ACT* IS BEING USHERED THROUGH CONGRESS. A WAR IS BEING FOUGHT BETWEEN *SUPERHUMANS* ALL OVER THE U.S.

THE SORCERER IS USING THESE EVENTS TO LURE IN SUPERHUMANS FOR HIS CAUSE.

ELIZABETH, DO YOU MEAN TO SAY HE'S FORMING AN *ARMY*?!

OF COURSE, HEATHER.

AND *THESE* ARE ONLY THE *FIRST*! HE'LL BRING MORE IN FROM *OUTSIDE*... THROUGH THE *GATEWAY OF NIGHT*.

UNLESS WE STOP THE PROBLEM BEFORE IT STARTS.
OUTSIDERS

IT'S BEEN TWO HOURS SINCE VINDICATOR ENTERED THE ROOM TO SPEAK WITH TALISMAN.

IT'S BEEN TWO DAYS SINCE ELIZABETH TWO YOUNG MEN DREW THE CIRCLE ON THE FLOOR TO COMMUNE WITH ANCIENT SPIRITS OF THE NATURAL WORLD. TWO DAYS SINCE SHE REFUSED TO COME OUT.

HEATHER LOOKS AT HER FRIEND WITH SADNESS. THE YOUNG WOMAN SHE ONCE KNEW IS SINKING DEEPER INTO THE QUAGMIRE OF HER LEGACY.

PERHAPS NEVER TO RETURN. THE MYSTIC AMULET SHE WEARS IS SLOWLY DRAWING HER INTO A SUPERNATURAL ABYSS.

EVER SINCE I TAPPED INTO THE EARTH FORCES BENEATH THIS BUILDING, I'VE BEEN ABLE TO EXPAND MY AWARENESS OF THE ENEMY'S PLANS.

HIS SOLDIERS ARE ENTERING CANADA SEPARATELY, UNAWARE THEY WILL LINK UP WITH THE OTHERS TO CAUSE TROUBLE.

WE HAVE TO PREVENT THEM FROM GETTING TOGETHER. WE HAVE TO *DEPORT* THESE PEOPLE AS SOON AS THEY *ARRIVE*.

SINCE THEY'RE COMING IN SEPARATELY, ALPHA FLIGHT WILL HAVE TO *SPLIT UP* TO ACCOMPLISH THIS TASK.

BUT WE CAN'T JUST... I MEAN, HOW WILL WE KNOW THEM?

I'LL SEND EACH OF YOU A *COMPELLING VISION* TO HELP YOU ON YOUR WAY. THOSE WHO LACK TRANSPORTATION WILL BE *DELIVERED* TO THEIR TARGET.

NOW GO!

PREPARATIONS MUST BE MADE FOR THE GREAT WAR TO FOLLOW. I MUST DO THIS *ALONE*.

HMMPH. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO *TRUST* YOU ON THIS.

ELIZABETH... I JUST WANTED TO SAY...

...I'M SORRY ABOUT THE WAY I'VE ACTED TOWARD YOU LATELY. EVER SINCE MY HUSBAND MAC DIED...THEN SNOWBIRD, THE X-MEN, AND MARRINA...

...I'VE BEEN FEELING SO POWERLESS, UNABLE TO PREVENT THINGS FROM GETTING OUT OF HAND...

I KNOW, HEATHER. LOSING SOMEONE CLOSE IS PAINFUL.

PLEASE, LEAVE ME NOW.

DO N
DIST

HEATHER, IS EVERYTHING OKAY?

OH, WALTER, ;SNIFF; I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE.

I REALLY COULD USE A SHOULDER TO LEAN ON. DO YOU HAVE SOME TIME?

OF COURSE. WHY DON'T WE GO UP TO THE LOUNGE? THE FURNITURE'S ALL MOVED IN. THIS NEW "MAISON ALPHA" SHOULD WORK OUT FINE.

EXIT

EXIT

THE LOUNGE GREETS THEM WITH A FRESH PAINT SMELL. IT'S ONLY BEEN FIVE DAYS SINCE THEY MOVED INTO THIS **NEW BASE** IN EDMONTON.

FOR A MINUTE OR TWO, THEY SIT SILENTLY. THEN IT ALL COMES POURING OUT

I DON'T KNOW IF I EVER TOLD YOU THIS, BUT ELIZABETH WAS RAISED IN MY HOME. WE WERE CLOSE FRIENDS ONCE.

NO, YOU NEVER DID.

YEAH, WELL... WHEN WE WERE KIDS, WE USED TO PLAY TOGETHER ALL THE TIME.

LIZ HAD THIS HATRED FOR HER FATHER. SHE FELT MICHAEL HAD FAILED TO SAVE MRS. TWOYOUNGMEN FROM CANCER.

SO MY **FATHER** TOOK HER IN. SHE GREW UP WITH MY FAMILY. ALL **NINE OF US**.

WE GOT ALONG GREAT... UNTIL WE GREW OLDER.

"WHEN WE GOT TO OUR TEENS, ALL THE GUYS WANTED TO GO OUT WITH **LIZ**. NO ONE **EVEN NOTICED** ME.

"I WAS TWO YEARS OLDER, BUT SHE WAS THE ONE WITH THE BOYFRIENDS. ALL I DID WAS WATCH HER COME AND GO."

I GUESS A PART OF ME RETAINS THAT JEALOUSY. I HAVEN'T BEEN VERY NICE TO HER SINCE SHE CAME BACK TO THE TEAM.

NOW IT LOOKS AS IF WE MAY NEVER BE FRIENDS AGAIN. SHE HASN'T COME OUT OF **THAT ROOM** SINCE WE MOVED IN.

SHE'S GROWING MORE DISTANT EVERY DAY.

UH... WHAT DID SHE SAY TO YOU IN THERE?

SO SHE'S GOING TO SEND US *COMPELLING VISIONS*, HUH? WHAT DOES SHE MEAN BY *COMPELLING*?

I DON'T KNOW. I GUESS IT MEANS...

UHH--

HEATHER? WHAT'S THE MATTER?!

MY HEAD-- FEELS LIKE--

NEKRA!

"SHE'S IN WINNIPEG.

"SHE'S GOING TO GO ON A *KILLING SPREE*.

"A MAN IN AN INSECT SUIT WILL COME LOOKING FOR HER.

"THERE WILL BE SO MUCH *DEATH*.

"UNLESS I TAKE HER OUT OF THE COUNTRY--

"UNLESS THE POWER OF MY BATTLESUIT CAN STOP HER FROM MEETING THE MAN--

"THE MAN WITH THE *DEADLY TAIL*--

"IF I FAIL, THERE WILL BE KILLING...

"NEKRA WILL GROW MORE STRONG-- MORE POWERFUL.

"THEN IT MIGHT BE TOO LATE..."

HEATHER! WHAT'S GOING ON?!

TELL ME! DO YOU NEED ME AS SASQUATCH!?

NO! STAY AND WARN THE OTHERS ABOUT THE *VISIONS!*

VINDICATOR, THE TALISMAN HAS SENT ME TO GUIDE YOU TO YOUR PREY.

LET'S GO!

JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, NEW YORK.

AIR CANADA

with your partner
out a budget Sunday.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23–Nov. 21): Today you will be visited by an associate who will help you put your affairs in order. A trip to another city may prove to be exciting.

TODAY'S BIRTHDAY (Aug. **all year. You**

AHEM... MR. GARGAN!

TINKERER! I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU'D GET HERE! MY PLANE'S LEAVING IN A FEW MINUTES!

I HAD TO SEE MY SON OFF. HE'S LEAVING FOR COSTA BRAVA TODAY. WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

CANADA! I'M GETTING OUT BEFORE ALL THIS REGISTRATION STUFF COMES DOWN ON ME. AFTER MY RUN-IN WITH HAMMER AN' HIS GOONS, IT'S BEST I LAY LOW FOR A WHILE!

DID YOU FIX MY TAIL?*

OF COURSE! AM I NOT THE BEST AT MY CRAFT?

*THE SCORPION GOT AND LOST A NEW TAIL IN AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #319!

I TRIED TO DUPLICATE SOME OF THE MODIFICATIONS YOU DESCRIBED. IT'S NOT AS POWERFUL AS YOUR FORMER MODEL, BUT YOU SHOULD BE VERY PLEASED.

I'VE EVEN ADDED X-RAY BAFFLES TO THIS SUITCASE, SO YOU CAN GET THROUGH ANY AIRPORT DETECTORS!

GOOD.

SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M GOING TO HAVE SOME HOT TIMES UP NORTH!

HEY, SHAMAN! IT'S MADISON. I'M CALLING FROM OUR NEW BASE.

OH, YEAH--YOU NEVER SAW IT. WELL, WE CALL IT *MAISON ALPHA*. I USED MY TRANSMUTIN' POWERS TO REVAMP THE PLACE.

ANYWAYS, I WAS CALLIN' TO SEE HOW YOU AND PUCK ARE GETTIN' ALONG? YOU GUYS HEALING UP OKAY?

CLICK

MY CONDITION IS IMPROVING RATHER WELL. BUT THERE'S A PROBLEM WITH JUDD. HE'S STARTING TO--

LET ME TALK TO HIM!

LIL, I ASKED YOU NOT TO--HEY, JUDD. HOW YOU DOIN'?

MADISON, I NEED TO SPEAK TO HEATHER!

WELL, UH... I THINK SHE'S IN A MEETING WITH TALISMAN RIGHT NOW.

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, LET ME SEE IF SHE'S FREE.

WHAT THE--

LIL, WHAT THE HECK'S GOIN' ON?!

THE SCORPION...

MOVES SO FAST--INCREDIBLE STRENGTH--TAIL SHOOTS PLASMA BOLTS--*DEADLY!*

WINNIPEG... WINNIPEG AIRPORT...

HEY! OPEN UP!

BAM! BAM!

LIL!!

I HAVE BEEN SENT TO TAKE YOU TO YOUR PREY.

TAKE ME.

WHAM-

OH, NO-- TOO LATE!

LIL!

DON'T WORRY! SHE'S BEING TAKEN TO HER OPPONENT!

WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!

DON'T FOLLOW HER! SHE'S GOT TO DO THIS ALONE!

WHY?! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

LET ME GO.

LISTEN TO ME!

THAT...THAT *THING* JUST BUSTED HER THRU THE *WALL*! IF IT WEREN'T FOR HER *INVULNERABILITY*...

TALISMAN WANTS US TO FIGHT AGENTS OF THE SORCERER. SAYS SHE'S SENDING OUT *VISIONS* THAT WILL TELL US WHAT TO DO.

I TRIED TO *WARN* YOU GUYS AHEAD OF TIME, BUT SHE GOT TO LIL AHEAD OF ME.

DO *WHAT*?! WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT?! WHAT HAPPENED TO LIL?! WHERE'S HEATHER?!

COME ON IN. I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT IN THE LOUNGE.

HELLO?! IS ANYONE THERE?!

-KOFF- -KOFF-

WHAT HAPPENED?! -KOFF-

-UGGNN- I NEED TO... TALK... HEATHER...

...HE- HEATHER...

SSSHOOO

WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT?!

DON'T ASK ME! IT WAS MOVING TOO FAST! IT KINDA LOOKED LIKE A *BLUR!*

A-YUH. THAT IT DID.

ANYWAY, LET'S GET BACK TO M' WHEAT. WHAT D'YOU MAKE A' THIS? THEY TEACH YOU ANYTHING ABOUT IT IN AG-SCHOOL?

YES, AND I'VE SEEN PLENTY OF ACTUAL CASES--YOUR WHEAT ISN'T BEING AFFECTED BY A *DISEASE*, MR. FRASER.

IT'S *ACID RAIN* THAT'S HURTING YOUR CROPS.

BACK IN THE STATES, FACTORIES ARE SPEWING *TONS* OF *CHEMICAL WASTE* INTO THE ATMOSPHERE. IT GETS IN CLOUDS WHICH CROSS OVER TO CANADA.

WHEN IT RAINS, IT GETS IN THE SOIL. THE PLANTS DRINK IT UP.

AND EVERYTHING STARTS TO GO BAD...

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA: IT HOVERS OVER THE AMERICAN MIDWEST, SO CLOSE IT ALMOST PASSES FOR AN AMERICAN TOWN.

ONLY THE MONEY AND THE MIXTURE OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH ON THE CEREAL BOXES GIVE IT AWAY AS CANADIAN.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING HERE. I WANTED TO GET AWAY FROM THE ***REGISTRATION ACT*** THEY MIGHT PASS IN THE ***STATES***, BUT...

SOMETHING ELSE MADE ME COME TO CANADA. IT WAS LIKE AN IMPULSE... AN URGE...

BUT, WHY DIDN'T I HEAD FOR MEXICO OR THE BAHAMAS? WHAT'S SO ***NOT*** ABOUT ***FREAKING*** MANITOBA?

AH, WHO KNOWS-- MAYBE I'LL FIND SOME ***ACTION*** HERE.

CANADA

I'

YEOW!

HOOM

SH

WHAT THE--PUT ME DOWN!!

I'M TAKING YOU *OUT* OF THE *COUNTRY*! YOU DON'T *BELONG* HERE!

RESIST AND IT'S A LONG HARD *FALL*!

EDMONTON.

YOU SAID HEATHER WAS GOING AFTER SOMEONE NAMED *NEKRA*?

YEAH.

OKAY. LET'S SEE WHAT OUR DATABASE SAYS ABOUT HER--!

MAN! IT SAYS THIS NEKRA'S NEARLY *INVULNERABLE*-- AN' CAN LIFT OVER *10 TONS*!

AS LONG AS SHE'S EMOTIONAL. HER POWERS HAVE TO DO WITH HER TEMPER.

LET'S HOPE THIS BROAD DOESN'T GET TOO *ANGRY*, EH?

ARE YOU GOING TO COOPERATE OR AM I GOING TO HAVE TO GET TOUGH?!

GRRR...

HEY! WHA--

YAH!!

NO!

GET OUT OF THE WAY!

KRSEEESH

I'M NOT LEAVING CANADA!

RAH!!

KRASH

YOU'RE ONLY MAKING THIS *HARDER* ON YOURSELF! GIVE UP!

HA!

STOP! WE'RE TEN STORIES UP!

I ONLY WANT YOU TO *LEAVE*-- NOT...

HA HA HA HA!

WINNIPEG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

ARRI

Welcome to Canada!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?!

YO! THIS PLACE IS FREAKIER THAN *MANHATTAN!*

WHA--
WHERE--?!

OH...

MAC GARGAN, ALIAS THE *SCORPION.* I'VE BEEN SENT BY *ALPHA FLIGHT* TO ESCORT YOU BACK ACROSS THE BORDER!

ARE YOU GONNA BE *CIVILIZED* OR ARE WE GONNA HAVE TO GET DOWN AND *PARTY?!*

I'D PARTY WITH YOU ANYTIME, BABE! WHY DON'T WE CHECK INTO A MOTEL?!

WHAT D'YA SAY?

YOU'RE ASKING FOR--

WHOK

I DON'T LIKE WOMEN TALKIN' *BACK* TO ME!

HEY!

THEY SHOULD'VE TOLD YOU HOW FAST I AM! I'VE FOUGHT SOME OF THE BEST!

WHAT'RE YOU--

UHN!

and to

KAWAK

AND WE WON'T EVEN GET *INTO* HOW *STRONG* I AM!

STUPID BROAD!

OUT OF THE CAR, BOZO!

AH!

to Canada

WINNIPEG, HERE I COME!

STOP!

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE!

SORRY, BABE! YOU GOTTA BE FAST TO CATCH A SCORPION! HA HA HA--!

NOW WHAT?!

GREAT! JUST GREAT!

GAMMA FLIGHT HEADQUARTERS: WINNIPEG.

LISTEN UP!

I JUST RECEIVED A REPORT OF CONFLICT DOWNTOWN. IT SEEMS VINDICATOR AND DIAMOND LIL ARE FIGHTING SOME UNKNOWN PARAHUMANS SOMEWHERE AROUND PORTAGE AND MAIN.

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GO THERE AND ARREST THE LOT OF THEM!

SO...ALPHA FLIGHT'S *IGNORED* THE GOVERNMENT'S ORDER TO DISBAND.

WELL...WE GAVE THEM FAIR WARNING. THEY SHOULD'VE LISTENED WHEN THEY HAD THE *CHANCE*.

HA! I KNEW WE SHOULD'VE NAILED 'EM DURING THAT MONTREAL GIG!

THE ONLY WAY TO SOLVE A PROBLEM IS *NIP* IT IN THE *BUD*!

WE DIDN'T *KNOW* THEY'D DISOBEY GOVERNMENT ORDERS. NOW WE DO.

I GUESS THEY CAN'T ACCEPT THE FACT THAT WE'VE *REPLACED* THEM AS CANADA'S OFFICIAL SUPER-TEAM.

IT'S TIME WE SHOWED THEM *WHO'S IN CHARGE!*

IN WINNIPEG, A WOMAN FALLS FROM TEN STORIES HIGH.

NEKRA KNOWS THE FALL WON'T HURT HER. SHE'S GOT TOO MUCH **WORK** TO DO.

MILES AWAY, A CAB HEADS TOWARD DOWNTOWN.

IT'S DRIVEN BY A MAN WITH AN ARACHNID SUIT. **THE SCORPION** THINKS ABOUT KILLING.

WINNIPEG EXIT 2

TROY

TAXI

LOTS AND LOTS OF KILLING.

AT THE AIRPORT, A MAN WITH THE THOUGHTS OF A PREDATORY **BIRD** HAS ARRIVED ON FLIGHT 102.

HE FEELS A NEED TO HEAD DOWNTOWN. **THE OWL** FEELS A HUNGER HE CAN'T DEFINE.

Gate 9

Gate 7

AT THE BORDER, A WOMAN WITH POISONOUS SKIN, AND A NAME LIKE A SNAKE DRIVES THROUGH WITHOUT A HITCH.

U.S. BOR

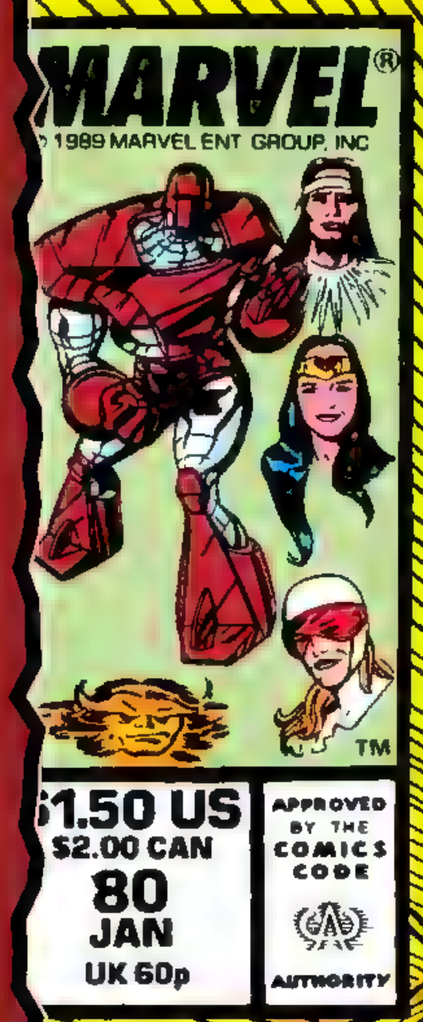
WINNIPEG IS JUST A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY.

RCMP

AND NEAR THE TOP OF THE WORLD A BEING CALLED **THE SORCERER** IS LAUGHING.

LAUGHING HARD.

TO BE CONTINUED. . .



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NEAR THE TOP OF THE WORLD IS A PLACE OF DARK POWER.

IT'S A WELL OF INFINITE EVIL, OLDER THAN THE HUMAN RACE.

SOME PEOPLE CALL IT : "THE EYE OF THE WORLD!"

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS NOW, THE EYE HAS BEEN CLOSED.

CLOSED BY POWERFUL SPELLS WOVEN IN ANCIENT TIMES.

THE SPELLS ARE ABOUT TO BE **BROKEN.**

COUNTER MOVES

HIS NAME IS **LLAN, THE SORCERER.**

HE IS SO ANCIENT, HE KNOWS THE EYE OF THE WORLD'S **ORIGINAL NAME...**

"THE GATEWAY OF NIGHT".

THE GATEWAY CAN ONLY BE OPENED BY THE **PROPER KEY.**

NOT A METAL KEY, FORGED BY MAN. A KEY MADE FROM SOMETHING MUCH MORE ABSTRACT.

VIOLENCE!

YAAAAH!

HER NAME IS NEKRA.

SHE HAS NEAR-INVULNERABILITY AND THE STRENGTH OF 100 MEN.

AS LONG AS SHE IS **ANGRY.**

AND HER TEMPER IS **RISING.**

RRRRRRR!!

GIVE UP, NEKRA! I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU!

WELL, VINDICATOR, I WANT TO HURT YOU!

ZZATT

VINDICATOR IS THE LEADER OF ALPHA FLIGHT.

SHE'S BEEN SENT BY **TALISMAN** TO TAKE NEKRA ACROSS THE BORDER TO AMERICA.

WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT THE SORCERER ANTICIPATED...

...EXACTLY WHY HE **SUMMONED** NEKRA AND OTHER FLEEING VILLAINS INTO CANADA IN THE FIRST PLACE.

HE STOKES THE FLAMES WITH HIS MIND, LAUGHING INWARDLY.

THINGS ARE COMING ALONG NICELY.

MUCH BETTER THAN THE LAST TIME. *

TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO, THE EARTH WAS A DIFFERENT PLACE.

THE TALISMAN WAS WORN BY ANOTHER

* ALPHA FLIGHT #71

THEN SHE BURIED HIM DEEP WITHIN THE EARTH, HOPING HE WOULD NEVER BE UNCOVERED.

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS HE WAITED BELOW. RAINS WITHOUT END ALTERED THE TOPSOIL.

SOMETIMES WASHING EARTH AWAY. SOMETIMES ADDING MORE.

USING LIES AND PERSUASION, LLAN STOLE THE MORTAL'S BODY AND EFFECTED THE CHANGES.

SHE HAD SPENT MANY YEARS IN PREPARATION FOR HER BATTLES WITH LLAN, MASTERING HER POWERS AND GAINING WISDOM.

WHEN HE RETURNED TO THIS PLANE IN HIS NEW ASPECT, SHE WAS READY FOR HIM.

HER **CLEVERNESS** ALWAYS FOILED HIS PLOYS.

SHE PREVENTED HIM FROM OPENING THE GATEWAY OF NIGHT AND TRICKED HIM INTO ASSUMING AN INERT FORM.

HER MAGICKS PREVENTED HIM FROM CHANGING BACK, UNTIL HE COULD FIND A MORTAL WILLING TO CONSUME HIM.

HE KNEW HIS MOMENT OF ESCAPE WAS ABOUT TO DAWN. IT WAS WRITTEN IN THE CIRCLING STARS ABOVE.

SEASON UPON SEASON PASSED WHILE HE SLOWLY DREW CLOSER TO THE SURFACE.

WHEN THE TIME CAME, HE SEARCHED FOR THE PROPER VICTIM.

AND BROUGHT HIM FORTH WITH AN EFFORT OF WILL.

HE ASSUMED A FORM SUITABLE TO THIS STRANGE ERA OF COSTUMED ADVENTURERS.

TO THE MORTALS OF THIS WORLD HE WOULD APPEAR AS A **VILLAIN.** A COSTUMED MALEFACTOR OUT TO COMMIT CRIMES.

ONLY THE CURRENT TALISMAN KNOWS WHAT HE **REALLY IS.**

BUT UNLIKE HER PREDECESSOR, SHE STILL HAS A **LOT** TO LEARN.

MAISON ALPHA, EDMONTON.

YOU'RE RIGHT.

I MADE A MISTAKE.

NO KIDDING, LIZ!

CALM DOWN, MADISON. LET THE LADY HAVE HER SAY...

YOU DIDN'T EVEN WARN US AHEAD OF TIME

I COULDA GOT MY BOX ARMOR AND BEEN READY TO...

SHUT UP, WALTER! I AIN'T FINISHED!

YOU SENT LIL AND HEATHER AFTER A BUNCH A' HEAVY-DUTY PSYCHOS WITHOUT ANY EXPLANATION OR BACK-UP!

THAT THING YOU SENT AFTER LIL BLEW HER THROUGH THE WALL AND CARRIED HER OFF INTO THE SKY!

NOW WALTER AND I ARE SITTING AROUND GOING CRAZY, WONDERING WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THEM-- AND WHY WE CAN'T GO HELP!

I KNOW. BUT YOU SHOULD WORRY MORE ABOUT THE FATE OF OUR COUNTRY.

THE SORCERER IS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFLICTS IN THE U.S. TO LURE SUPER-CRIMINALS INTO CANADA *HE PLANS TO CREATE AN ARMY.

I SENT HEATHER AND LIL TO WINNIPEG TO PREVENT THIS FROM HAPPENING.

*THE CHAOS CHRONICLED IN THE ACTS OF VENGEANCE CROSSOVER!

NOW IT LOOKS LIKE THEY MAY FAIL!

WHY? DID HEATHER AND LIL *LOSE*?!

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THEM?! IF THEY'RE HURT I'LL--

HEATHER AND LIL ARE FINE. LIL'S QUARRY GOT AWAY AND IS HEADING TOWARD DOWNTOWN WINNIPEG, WHERE NEKRA IS.

WE HAVE TO PREVENT THE SCORPION AND NEKRA FROM MEETING. BUT THAT'S NOT THE PROBLEM.

THE PROBLEM IS THE NEW *GOVERNMENT* TEAM, *GAMMA FLIGHT*.

THEY HAVE ORDERS TO ARREST HEATHER AND LIL ON SIGHT. THEY'RE FLYING TOWARD WINNIPEG EVEN AS WE SPEAK.

THE ONLY CHANCE WE HAVE OF WINNING IS IF THE TWO OF YOU STALL GAMMA FLIGHT AND TELL THEM WHAT'S *REALLY GOING ON.*

THAT'S WHY I HELD YOU TWO BACK.

YOU HAVE TO CONVINCE THEM TO TAKE OUR SIDE! THE SORCERER HAS CALLED IN *EVEN MORE* CRIMINALS FROM THE U.S.!

IF WE DON'T STOP THEM FROM BANDING TOGETHER WE'LL SOON HAVE A *BLOOD BATH* ON OUR HANDS!

WINNIPEG.

CENTRAL PARKING

Pepsi

MEN

BAM BAM BAM

MEN

HEY! HOW LONG'RE YOU GONNA BE IN THERE, CHUMP?!

BAM BAM BAM

COME ON! COME ON! I DON'T HAVE ALL DAY!

WHAA--

KA-WAAKK

IN A HURRY? WELL...

WE ALL GOTTA GO SOMETIME!

CHOK

SCREECH

DIAMOND LIL! JUST WHAT I NEED!

GET OUT OF HERE! HURRY!

TAXI

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE FOLLOWED ME, SLIM. I WAS *NICE* TO YOU BACK AT THE AIRPORT.*

I'M IN A DIFFERENT MOOD NOW. A *KILLING MOOD.*

*LAST ISSUE.

I'M INVULNERABLE, SWEETIE. THE ONLY ONE WHO'S GONNA GET HURT AROUND HERE IS *YOU!*

MAYBE.

MAYBE NOT!

THWAK

HUUUF--

ALL RIGHT, SO YOU'RE *FAST*!

I KNOW *ALL ABOUT* YOUR SUPERHUMAN SPEED, BUT THAT'S NOT GONNA--

--WHERE...

...OH, *GREAT*!

EVERYTHING IS GOING WELL. EXACTLY AS PLANNED.

THE SORCERER LAUGHS.

SO FAR, THE NEW TALISMAN HASN'T GUESSED HIS **TRUE PURPOSE**.

IT'S TRUE THAT HE'S BUILDING AN ARMY. IT'S TRUE THAT HE LURED THESE CRIMINALS INTO CANADA.

BUT HIS REASONS ARE DIFFERENT THAN SHE THINKS.

HE **WANTED** ALPHA FLIGHT TO INTERVENE.

HE WANTED THE ENSUING **VIOLENCE** THAT WOULD NATURALLY FOLLOW.

IN THE THREE MONTHS THAT ALPHA FLIGHT WAS AWAY, HE INFLUENCED GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS INTO FORMING **GAMMA FLIGHT**.

ALPHA FLIGHT WAS DECLARED ILLEGAL UNDER THE CANADIAN EMERGENCY POWERS ACT, AN ACT ORIGINALLY DESIGNED TO STOP TERRORISTS.

THAT IS WHAT ALPHA FLIGHT IS CONSIDERED NOW, AS GAMMA FLIGHT MOVES IN TO ARREST THEM.

A FIGHT IS CERTAIN. BEAUTIFUL VIOLENCE.

EVEN NOW THE SCORPION MOVES IMPLACABLY TOWARD NEKRA, DOWNING EVERYONE IN HIS PATH.

HE'S TOO OBSESSED TO REALIZE HE'S BEING MOVED INTO PLACE. HIS THOUGHTS ARE PUTTY IN THE SORCERER'S HANDS.

ELSEWHERE, TWO OTHER PAWNS ARE ABOUT TO BE SHIFTED ONTO THE BOARD.

THE ASP IS A WOMAN WITH POISONOUS SKIN WHO CAN EMIT **DEADLY** ENERGIES. THE OWL IS PSYCHOPATHIC, EASILY MANIPULATED.

TO MOVE THEM INTO THE BATTLE SITE IS TO **ASSURE** THE DEATH OF VINDICATOR AND DIAMOND LIL.

ALL THE FORCES ARE COMING TOGETHER.

THE SORCERER PLACES HATRED IN THE TWO VILLAINS' MINDS. HATRED FOR THE HEROES LIKE THOSE WHO **DROVE** THEM FROM THEIR COUNTRY.

SOON, HIS PAWNS WILL FACE OFF WITH TALISMAN.

AND WHEN THEY DO...

...BLOOD WILL FLOW LIKE WINE.

PHASE IN!

READY?

LET'S DO IT!

I'M PICKING UP RADIO STUFF FROM WINNIPEG. SEEMS LIKE PART OF DOWNTOWN'S BECOME A *BATTLEZONE!*

THEN WE'D BETTER MOVE IT!

I'M GONNA PUSH THIS BABY TO THE MAX, SO *HANG TIGHT!*

I WILL.

CLANK

FA-SHOOM

I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU!

YOU CAN'T DODGE ME FOREVER!!

GIVE UP, NEKRA!

SOONER OR LATER YOU'RE GOING TO *TIRE* AND THEN YOUR POWERS WILL WEAR OFF!

I'VE NEVER FELT BETTER!

IT SHOWS! SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO KEEP HER RAMPAGE CONTAINED...

KABOOM

WHOK!

WELL NOW! LOOKS LIKE I GET TO KILL ME A SUPER HERO!

STAY AWAY FROM HER! *SHE'S MINE!*

TELL YOU WHAT -- I'LL GRAB HER ARMS, YOU GRAB HER LEGS AND TOGETHER WE'LL *MAKE A WISH!*

TRY WISHING *ME* AWAY!

WAAH--!!

WHUDD

YOU OKAY?

HANDS *OFF*, LIL...I'LL BE FINE AS SOON AS I--

ZZAT

AHH!!

YOUR TIME HAS COME, FOOLS!

WHO ARE *YOU*!?

DEATH!

THIS IS TURNING INTO SOME PARTY!

LET'S RIP THEM UP!

KBOOM

YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

HA HA HA--MORE MEAT!

THESE AMERICANS ARE TOTALLY DERANGED! IT'S AS IF THEY'RE POSSESSED BY SOMETHING!

OF COURSE! THE SORCERER!

ARGGH!

GOT TO WARN GAMMA FLIGHT'S ALLEGED **SORCERESS,** WITCHFIRE, ABOUT THIS! MAYBE SHE CAN BLOCK THE SORCERER'S INFLUENCE!

WE HAVEN'T FINISHED YET!

THIS TIME, YOU CAN'T RUN!

IM7D

CHOK

ZZZAT

TROUBLE'S COMING!

YOU CAN'T SHOOT ME WHILE I'VE GOT YOUR HANDS!

BUT I CAN RIP OUT YOUR THROAT!

I THINK YOU'D BETTER LOOK UP!

IT'S BOX!

AN'I'M NOT ALONE!

OPEN SEZ-ME!

GO GET 'EM, SASQUATCH!

HEADS UP, LOSERS!!

WHAT THE--

HELLO.

THOOM!

GOODBYE!

POW!

ARR!!

NEMESIS! WITCHFIRE! THESE AMERICANS ARE BEING CONTROLLED BY AN *OUTSIDE SOURCE!*

CAN EITHER OF YOU STOP IT?

YES... I CAN FEEL SOMETHING!

BUT IT'S SO *POWERFUL!*

NEMESIS, I NEED TIME TO WORK A SPELL OF *INTERFERENCE!* KEEP THEM AWAY FROM ME!

RIGHT!

AHG!!

SSSHAK

ONA LORUM SALMAN...

ADMOSTIUM!

THERE.

CUT THE STRINGS, AND THE *PUPPETS* FALL.

GOOD WORK.

I WISH *TALISMAN* HAD THOUGHT OF THIS. IT WOULD'VE PREVENTED A LOT OF DESTRUCTION.

MY SPELL ONLY WORKED BECAUSE THE CONTROLLING MIND LET GO. IT WAS MORE POWERFUL THAN ANYTHING I'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED.

WELL, AT LEAST IT'S OVER.

NO. I'M AFRAID IT ISN'T.

YOU'RE *ALL UNDER ARREST!*

YOU HAD *NO LEGAL CLEARANCE* TO FIGHT THIS BATTLE AND CAUSE THIS DESTRUCTION.

YOU WERE *ORDERED* NOT TO OPERATE AS A TEAM WITHIN CANADA'S BORDERS!

WE'RE TAKING YOU IN!

AND SO THEIR DESTINY IS SET THE WAY IS CLEAR FOR MORE EVIL.

HE GRINS WITH SATISFACTION.

IF TALISMAN HAD USED HER **WITS** INSTEAD OF THE **BRUTE FORCE** HER SOLDIERS HAD TO OFFER, THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT.

INSTEAD SHE FELL RIGHT INTO THE SORCERER'S HANDS.

THE **GATEWAY OF NIGHT** CAN ONLY BE UNLOCKED BY THE KEY.

THE KEY IS **VIOLENCE.**

AND WHAT BETTER **SOURCE** OF IT THAN PITCHED BATTLE BETWEEN SUPER-HUMANS?

NOW THE GATE IS **UNLOCKED.**

NOW HE MAY SLOWLY OPEN THE **EYE OF THE WORLD.**

...AND THE **REAL** VIOLENCE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN.

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WOLVERINE®

ACTS of VENGEANCE!™

DEATH IS A MAN CALLED TIGER SHARK!

TIME WAS I WAS STRICTLY A LONER.

NOW I'M ONE OF THE *X-MEN.* PART OF A *TEAM.* AND SINCE ALL OF US HAVE DIFFERENT KINDS OF *MUTANT POWERS...*

HEY!

W-WHAT--?!

...THERE ARE SURPRISING *ADVANTAGES.*

'COURSE, THE NEWLY-WEDS HERE MIGHT DISAGREE. 'SPECIALLY IF THEY LOOK BACK TO WHERE MY *FOOT-PRINTS* START.

GATEWAY'S WORK. HE'S KINDA OUR INSTANT TRAVEL SERVICE. YEP. NICE BEING PART OF A TEAM.

STILL...

...SOME THINGS YOU HANDLE *ALONE.*

FIRST GLANCE, PLACE MIGHT BE MIAMI BEACH.

BUT MOVIN' BEYOND THE HOTELS AND TOURISTS...

...EACH NEW BLOCK FITS MORE WITH MY RESEARCH.

DID IT WHILE MY *MUTANT HEALING FACTOR* FIXED A FEW *INJURIES* OF MINE...

...FROM A WORLD CLASS BEATING AND BEING DUMPED FROM A PLANE.

PRENSA LIBER-TAD

YEP. WATCHIN' GOVERNMENT TROOPS REASON WITH THE PRESS MAKES IT CERTAIN.

I'M IN *PUERTO VERDE*...

...CAPITAL CITY OF *TIERRA VERDE*.

MY *INVASION* HAS BEGUN.

STAN LEE PRESENTS

HEROES & VILLAINS

ARCHIE GOODWIN, WRITER
JOHN BYRNE, LAYOUTS
KLAUS JANSON, FINISHES
MIKE ROCKWITZ, COLORIST
JIM NOVAK, LETTERER
BOB HARRAS, EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO, EDITOR IN CHIEF

¡NO!

¡PUERCO!

¡ALTO!

WROK!

I GOT INTO THIS TO SAVE AN OLD ENEMY FROM SOME *NEW* ONES, COMPLICATED ENOUGH...

...WITHOUT ADDING *NEW* TROUBLE TO COMPLICATE IT *MORE.*

DON'T KNOW THE PLAYERS. NOT MY GAME. WAY THINGS *LOOK...*

KRAASH

...GIRL SHOULDN'T HAVE MADE IT *HERS.*

DADE COUNTY, FLORIDA TO CENTRAL AMERICA. LONG TRIP, CHIQUITA... JUST TO *DIE.*

DON'T BOTHER GETTING UP... IT'S ALREADY *OVER.* YOU'RE FIGHTING *TIGER SHARK--*

YOU'RE AN *ASSASSIN...* NOTHING MORE! A *TOOL* OF THE CORRUPTION THAT I FOUGHT IN THE BARRIO--

--NOT STRUNG-OUT *CRACK PEDDLERS* LIKE YOU TACKLED AT HOME.

--THAT I HAVE COME TO CHALLENGE *HERE!*

AND SHE WILL NOT FIGHT *ALONE,* YANQUI! *RALLY,* AMIGOS--

RALLY TO LA *BANDERA!*

SURE. RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS--

BWAK!

--MIGHT AS WELL OFF A DOZEN WASTES AS ONE!

THEY ARE THE PEOPLE, TIGER SHARK! WHEN THE SPIRIT MOVES THEM--

--YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY CAN DO!

I KNOW WHAT I CAN DO!

YOU CAN SUFFER THE DEFEAT YOUR KIND ALWAYS DOES!

WHOA! KIDS GOT MOVES AND SURPRISES...

...CAN'T HELP BUT BE DRAWN TO HER.

VIVA LA BANDERA!

COMPADRES, WITHOUT YOU I COULDN'T HAVE--

WON! GUTSY KID, REALLY--

WAIT! A GUY LIKE THAT...?! IT'S TOO EASY, GIRL!

LOOK OU--

NOW, CHIQUITA... IT GETS UGLY!

WHA RAAK!

BAD TIME FOR THAT *STAFF* OF YOURS TO BE RUNNING OUT OF WHATEVER *POWERS* IT'--

--BUT THEN THOSE PRECIOUS "*PEOPLE*" OF YOURS SEEM TO BE *RUNNING OUT*, TOO!

SMART! THEY *RECOGNIZE* WHO'S A RUN-OF-THE-MILL *ASSASSIN* AND WHO'S *NOT*--

--EVEN IF *YOU* DON'T!

FWAK!

YOU STEPPED ON SOME *BIG TOES* PLAYING *MS. COMMUNITY INSPIRATION* BACK IN FLORIDA. THAT *NETTED* YOU THE DEATH WARRANT--

--*FULFILLING* IT'S A *PERSONAL* PLEASURE!

SNIKT!

NOT FOR A MAN WHO *TALKS* WHEN HE SHOULD BE WATCHIN' HIS *BACK!*

KUMP!

ANOTHER HERO--?

--GOOD!

THAT'S WHAT THIS IS *REALLY* ABOUT!

I HATE HEROES!

FWOH!!

EVERYTHING I AM TODAY IS BECAUSE SOME IDIOT TRIED TO BE A *HERO*...AND WOUND UP A *CRIPPLE!*

I WAS THAT IDIOT, LITTLE GIRL... *NO MORE!*

NOW I'M A *SHARK.* BADDEST SHARK IN THE *OCEAN.* AND *HEROES* LIKE YOU--

--ARE MY *FAVORITE PREY!* MY--

W-WHAT--?!

'FRAID I CAUSED A LEAK, BUB--

NOBODY TOSSES ME AROUND AND GETS OFF FREE.

LA BANDERA, IF HE'S GOT WATER CIRCULATIN' THROUGH THAT SUIT--

IT MUST BE VITAL TO HIM! BY KEEPING HIM BETWEEN US, CUT OFF FROM THE SEA, WE CAN--

WEAKEN ME--?

BEAT ME--?

NOT--

--TODAY!

I'LL SETTLE FOR THAT. GUY HAS THE STRENGTH, THE POWER TO BE IN SUB-MARINER'S CLASS...

...I'LL SETTLE AND COUNT MYSELF...

...LUCKY. THE SHIP. THE SHIP WHERE I TOOK ALL MY LUMPS. IF IT'S ANCHORED HERE, THEN...

HEY!

VICTORY, COMPADRE! YOU HAVE HELPED ME TO VICTORY... AND I LOVE YOU FOR IT!

KID, YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW ME! OR THE DIFFERENCE 'TWEEN A VICTORY... AN' A BREATHER!

I DIDN'T COME HERE TO HIDE--

THIS AIN'T THE TIME TO CELEBRATE... ONLY TO HIDE.

--I CAME TO FIGHT! AND TO INSPIRE OTHERS TO DO THE SAME!

YEAH, I FELT THAT... TOO MUCH! SAYS MUTANT ABILITY T'ME, KID--

--'BOUT THE MOST DANGEROUS I'VE COME ACROSS. TRUST A FELLOW MUTANT!

IT IS A GIFT... A WONDERFUL GIFT! AND IT MAKES ME MORE THAN A "KID!"

DRUG TRAFFIC SUPPORTED BY THIS COUNTRY'S GOVERN-MENT DESTROYED MY FAMILY AND--

AN' YOU'RE GONNA INSPIRE A REVOLU-TION TO BRING IT DOWN.

INSPIRATION FADES, KID. FAST... WHEN YOU'RE ALSO DRAW-IN' ON IT, TURNIN' IT INTO A PHYSICAL FORCE--

--T'CHANNEL THROUGH THAT STAFF OF YOURS.

DITCH THE COSTUME. THIS OLD SEC-TION'S A MAZE. LOSE YOURSELF 'TIL YOU CAN MAKE IT HOME.

YOU GOT IT IN YOU TO HURT A WHOLE LOTTA PEOPLE, LA BANDERA--

--DON'T.

SHE GOES. WILL SHE LISTEN? MAYBE. IF SHE'S NOT AS STUBBORN AS I WAS AT HER AGE...

...AS I AM NOW. AS I HAVE TO BE...

...WITH ALL THE *DETOURS* POPPIN' UP 'TWEEN ME AN' WHAT I *CAME* FOR.

LOOK *UP*, HOSER--

YOU'RE BY-PASSIN' A *FREE BEER.*

FACE FROM MY PAST. MY DAYS WITH CANADIAN INTELLIGENCE. *JACK BASCOMB, CIA.*

THAT WATERFRONT SET-TO CAUGHT MY *ATTENTION*, LOGAN. *FEISTY* AS ALWAYS--

--AN' A TAD *MISGUIDED.*

LITTLE LADY YOU HELPED HAS *QUESTIONABLE* ROOTS, OL' SON. *CUBAN.* HER *FATHER* WAS A BIG DEAL IN *FIDEL'S* REVOLUTION.

SUPPOSEDLY GOT *DISILLU-SIONED* LATER... FLED TO *FLORIDA.* STAYED BITTER. FOUND *DRUGS.* DIED A *JUNKIE.*

PRETTY *SAD*, JACK. AN' SOMEHOW YOU SEE HIS *DAUGHTER* AS A BIG, BAD COMMUNIST *THREAT!*

I SEE *YOU* AS A THREAT, LOGAN--

--GETTIN' ALL *INVOLVED* IN SOMETHIN' YOU'VE BEEN *OUT* OF TOO LONG. THERE ARE *WHEELS* WITHIN *WHEELS* SPINNIN' IN TIERRA VERDE--

--AN' *YOU* ARE JUST NATURAL BORN *GRIT* IN THE GEARS.

TAXI

DISAPPEAR AGAIN, OL' SON. *POR FAVOR.*

NEW YORK.

...I BELIEVE, SIR, THIS MATTER REQUIRES A *BROADER* VIEW.

MY ONLY VIEW, SEÑOR, IS THAT YOU ACTED WITHOUT CONSULTING ME!

THIS...THIS TIGER SHARK VIOLATED TIERRA VERDE'S BORDERS TO INFLICT PERSONAL PUNISHMENT ON YOUR BEHALF!

SO IT APPEARS, CARIDAD. YES, THE YOUNG LADY ATTACKED HAS RASHLY INTERFERED WITH MY FLORIDA OPERATIONS--

--BUT THIS IS STILL THE INTRICATE PART OF A GRANDER SCHEME. AND ALL THOSE INDIVIDUALS DUBBED SUPER HEROES WILL EVENTUALLY SUFFER.

THE LONG RANGE BENEFITS--EVEN IN OUR RELATIVELY UNCOMPLICATED DRUG TRANSACTIONS--SURELY DO NOT ESCAPE YOU, SIR!

AS TIGER SHARK'S TARGET ESCAPED HIM...? YOU MAY BE THE KINGPIN OF CRIME, WILSON FISK--

--BUT IT IS STILL PRESUMPTUOUS TO EXPECT A WORLD LEADER TO SHELTER YOUR ASSASSIN UNTIL--

GREATLY APPRECIATED, MR. PRESIDENT. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...I HAVE A MEETING THAT CANNOT WAIT.

KLIK

COMIC OPERA FOOL.

BUT HIS COCAINE TRADE IS A NECESSARY HEDGE AGAINST THE POWER OF THE COLUMBIA CARTEL--

--FOR NOW.

AH...! GENTLEMEN--

--EAGER FOR FURTHER ACTS OF VENGEANCE, I SEE.

GANGSTER PIG!

WAM!

THE ARROGANCE OF THAT SLAB OF PORK...! OF HIS SCHEME! DID YOU HEAR, GEIST...?

HE--AND WHATEVER MAD PARTNERS HE HAS--WOULD DESTROY THE WORLD'S HEROES! HOW, GEIST?!

YOU CANNOT! NO MATTER HOW MANY YOU DESTROY ...THE PEOPLE WILL ONLY CREATE NEW ONES!

THAT IS THE TRUTH, GEIST...AND WHY TIERRA VERDE WILL REMEMBER FELIX GUILLERMO CARIDAD! NOT BECAUSE I WAS A DRUG-TRAFFICKING DICTATOR--

--BUT BECAUSE I GAVE THEM THEIR OWN SYMBOL OF NATIONAL HONOR... A SUPER HERO! EQUAL TO ANY IN THE WORLD!

BUT WHEN I SHOULD CONCENTRATE MOST ON THIS...I HAVE TIGER SHARK! I HAVE LA BANDERA! I HAVE REBELLION AND... AND...

MIGRAINE! ANOTHER... SO SOON! MY WIFE, GEIST...! SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN--

SHE STILL REFUSES TO SEE YOU, MY PRESIDENT. BUT...A SUGGESTION, YES?

AS YOU'VE SAID IN THE PAST--

BARRING YOUR LADY'S AMAZING TOUCH--

--THERE'S NOTHING SO RELAXING AS A CLEAN, CLOSE SHAVE.

KNOWING THE *URGENCY* OF YOUR INTERESTS, SEÑOR PRESIDENT--

EH-KLIK!

--I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF SENDING FOR YOUR *RESEARCH TEAM*. AS I *SHAVE* YOU--

--THEIR LATEST *FINDINGS* CAN BE REPORTED.

AFTER... AH... *EXHAUSTIVE TESTS*, WE HAVE... AH... *ISOLATED* THE SO-CALLED... AH... *MIRACLE COCAINE* TO... AH...

THE COCAINE IS FROM *ONE FIELD* ONLY, PRESIDENT CARIDAD... *EL JARDÍN DEL REY*.

NOT ONLY ONE... AH... FIELD, BUT ONE PARTICULAR... AH... *CROP* WHICH ...AH... SINCE...

SINCE THAT CROP'S *HARVEST*, PRESIDENT CARIDAD,.. EL JARDÍN DEL REY HAS BEEN *BARREN*.

GIFTS FROM THE GODS ARE ALWAYS *RARE*... SELDOM *LIMITLESS*.

THE *IMPORTANT* THING IS THAT WE RECOGNIZE THEM FOR *WHAT* THEY ARE... AND USE THEM *WELL*.

I *KNOW*, EL JARDÍN DEL REY!

"A JUNGLE MOUNTAINSIDE... A PLACE OF MANY *LEGENDS*.

"SOME SAY THAT BACK IN PREHISTORY, THE SITE WAS BOMBARDED BY *FALLING STARS*...

"OTHER STORIES HAVE IT THAT IN THE MOST ANCIENT OF DAYS, MIGHTY GODS MADE WAR...

"...AND ONE SUCH GOD FOUGHT TO HIS DEATH ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE.

"WHATEVER.

"MANY CAME TO FEAR EL JARDÍN DEL REY AND MOST TRY TO AVOID IT.

"AN IDEAL PLACE THEN. FOR GROWING COCAINE... OR FINDING A MIRACLE."

BUT SUCH... AH... TALES CANNOT... AH... ACCOUNT, SENOR PRESIDENT, FOR... AH...

WHY THE COCAINE INDUCES HYPER-ABILITIES--

--OR HOW TO CONTROL THOSE EFFECTS SO THE TEST SUBJECT DOESN'T DIE!

SCIENTISTS ...HAH!

MY ADVISOR HERE HAS FOUND A MAN APPARENTLY STRONG ENOUGH TO SURVIVE NUMEROUS DOSES OF THE DRUG!

AND I HAVE REALIZED A MOST OBVIOUS MEANS FOR ASSURING CONTROL--

--MY WIFE.

SHE IS BLESSED WITH A TALENT FOR HEALING. SUCH A TALENT THAT SHE LEFT ME FOR THE CHURCH... AND SERVICE IN A JUNGLE MEDICAL MISSION.

NO MORE OF YOUR TESTS AND THEORIES...! I HAVE FREED SISTER SALVATION FROM HER DUTIES--

--SHE CAN NOW FREE US OF OUR MIRACLE DRUG'S DESTRUCTIVE SIDE EFFECTS.

WE WILL HAVE THE MEANS OF CREATING THE SUPER HERO I DESIRE FOR TIERRA VERDE!

I WONDER, MY PRESIDENT... THE MOUSTACHE? PERHAPS THAT SHOULD GO AS WELL.

HAH...! GEIST, A CLEAN, CLOSE SHAVE DOES MAKE ME FEEL BETTER!

YOU'VE THE REMARKABLE ABILITY TO INSPIRE TRUST IN THOSE YOU SERVE, GEIST. WHO ELSE WOULD I LET PUT A RAZOR TO MY THROAT?

BUT I THINK YOU WON'T BE HAPPY UNTIL EVERYONE IS SHAVED SMOOTH AS THAT ARMOR YOU WEAR.

IS IT TRUE YOU ONCE SHAVED ADOLF HITLER...?

DID HE HAVE TO FIGHT FOR HIS MOUSTACHE AS I DO, AMIGO?

I AM REVITALIZED, GEIST... DESPITE THE LATE HOUR. IT IS TIME TO FACE MY WIFE--

--TO MAKE PERFECTLY CLEAR WHY SHE MUST LEND HER GIFTS TO MY PROJECT.

GOOD LUCK, SEÑOR PRESI-DENT.

ALONE AT LAST.

TIME FOR A LITTLE PAYBACK--

HROK!

KRAASH!

--FOR OUR PREVIOUS MEETIN'!

BUT FROM WHAT I'VE LEARNED SINCE--

--WHEN IT COMES TO PAYIN' YOU BACK, GEIST, THERE'S LOTS'A OTHERS WITH BIGGER CLAIMS--

SNIKT!

--BUT NO ONE BETTER EQUIPPED FOR THE JOB!

AN' UNLESS YOU BEAT ME TO THAT MACHINE PISTOL--

--WE'RE GONNA TALK ABOUT MY MISSING SPARRING PARTNER--

HUNK!

"--ROUGHOUSE."

YAAAARRRGUHHH

SAD...YES, MY LOVE? HE GETS *STRONGER* WITH EACH DOSE OF THE COCAINE... BUT GROWS MORE UNCONTROLLABLY *VIOLENT* AS WELL.

THE SCARS ARE *OLD*--PERHAPS EVEN FROM CHILDHOOD--BUT THE *SORES*? A NEW DEVELOPMENT...

FELIX...

IF ANYTHING *EVER* REQUIRED THE TOUCH OF *SISTER SALVATION*...

FELIX...HOW *COULD* YOU?! TO *DO* THIS TO ANOTHER HUMAN BEING...!

TO IMAGINE I WOULD *AID* IN SUCH A *BLASPHEMY*... ESPECIALLY AFTER YOU RUTHLESSLY *DESTROYED* MY MISSION...!

ALL FOR *TIERRA VERDE*. ONLY MY *METHODS* ARE BRUTAL...MY *GOAL* IS GREAT. BUT IF *PATRIOTISM* DOESN'T MOVE YOU, MY ANGEL--

--WHAT ABOUT OUR *SON*?

FELIX...IN HEAVEN'S NAME! I--

KA-WHOOM!

ATTACK, COMPADRES!

YOU'VE FOUGHT AS SMALL, ISOLATED GROUPS IN THE SLUMS AND ON THE FARMLANDS--

TONIGHT... YOU ARE AN ARMY!

¡VIVA LA REVOLUCIÓN!

¡VIVA LA BANDERA!

WHERE ARE WE NOW, GEIST? ANY TRICKS... I'LL PUNCTURE MORE THAN YOUR MECHANICAL HAND.

WE'RE NEARING THE MEDICAL CENTER. YOU DEMANDED I TAKE YOU TO ROUGHOUSE--

FOR A MAN IN A WOLVERINE COSTUME ...A ROUTE WHERE ATTENTION IS UNLIKELY SEEMS BEST, YES?

BUT THE CAN OPENER'S READY... JUST IN CASE.

THESE THREATS... UNNECESSARY. I AM A MAN DEDICATED TO SURVIVING. MY CYBERNETIC ARMOR IS A VITAL-- AND EXPENSIVE--PART OF THAT.

REPLACING THIS HAND WILL EAT ANY PROFIT I MADE SETTING YOU UP FOR YOUR ENEMIES... GENERAL COY AND PRINCE BARAN.

THEIR DAY'LL COME...BUT YOU'RE LONG OVERDUE FOR SOME LOSSES.

WITH THE RIGHT COMPUTER...RIGHT SENSE OF WHAT INTELLIGENCE FILES TO TAP...I'VE COME TO KNOW YOU, TIN MAN.

WHAT A PACKAGE YOU ARE!

"UP TO YOUR ELBOWS IN BLOOD AS ONE OF THE FÜHRER'S INNER-CIRCLE...

"BARTERIN' GERMAN ROCKET SCIENTISTS TO THE AMERICAN OSS TO ESCAPE WAR CRIMES PROSECUTION...

"MAKIN' YOURSELF USEFUL IN QUESTIONABLE CIA OPERATIONS...

"--AND TO NEW WORLD FACISTS LIKE CARIDAD."

A LONG, PROUD TRADITION, GEIST.

THE NAZI GHOST WHO STILL HAUNTS THE FREE WORLD...AN EMBARRASSING CLICHE, YES? BUT WHY SUCH OUTRAGE?

THE NOTION THRILLS MOST PEOPLE. LOOK IN ANY BOOKSTORE... FROM ALL THE SWASTIKAS DECORATING THE COVERS, YOU'D THINK WE WON THE WAR.

SPEAKING OF WAR, THIS TUNNEL WAS BUILT IN CASE THE PRESIDENT EVER HAD TO FLEE THE PALACE--

BA-DUM!

ANNOYING! OUR ENEMIES ARE APPARENTLY ATTACKING... BUT AT THE WRONG END!

MUST BE USIN' ROCKETS!

THIS WAY!

TO SHAKE *THIS* SUB-LEVEL... THEY'VE GREATER *FIREPOWER* THAN I'D EXPECT. THE COMPLEX'S *FILTRATION SYSTEM* IS HOUSED HERE.

THE MEDICAL CENTER USES *REPROCESSED SEAWATER* FOR MOST OF ITS NEEDS... THAT'S WHAT ALL THESE *TANKS* ARE.

FORGET THE *INDUSTRIAL TOUR*, GEIST... WHY WOULD A *HOSPITAL* DRAW THIS KIND A ATTACK?

WORD MUST HAVE *LEAKED* THIS WING IS USED FOR *EXPERIMENTATION* ON POLITICAL PRISONERS--

--JUST THE SORT OF *NEWS* TO FIRE REBEL IDEALISTS INTO *ACTION*.

WHY *SO CHEERY* ABOUT IT, GEIST? WHAT DO *YOU* KNOW THAT I--

MY *ANSWER* COMES BEFORE I FINISH MY QUESTION.

:WUGHK:

THEN I'M TASTIN' SALTWATER AN' FACIN' DEATH.

HERO!

IN MY ELEMENT ...PLAYING TO MY STRENGTHS.

IF IT ISN'T SPORT... IT'LL STILL BE FUN.

SWIFTLY, TIGER SHARK! YOUR ORIGINAL TARGET--LA BANDERA --CAN'T BE FAR.

AFTER I CAREFULLY LEAKED WORD ABOUT THE POLITICAL PRISONER SITUATION TO LURE THE GIRL--

--YOU MUSN'T BE TOO PREOCCUPIED TO FINISH HER, YES?

HE EXPECTS ME TO FIGHT FOR THE SURFACE.

I TRY--

--KICKIN' FOR THE DEPTHS!

PUTS ME FREE OF TIGER SHARK...AN' INTO SOMETHIN' ELSE!

UNDERTOW!

HAULIN' ME LIKE A FREIGHT TRAIN--

GONNA BE SMASHED OR SHREDDED--

--IF MY CLAWS DON'T DO IT FIRST!

SNIKT!

ADAMANTIUM. WONDER STUFF.

'COURSE IT CAN'T SLICE AN UNDERTOW--

--OR CUT YOU EXTRA AIR.

I'M INTO THE PIPELINE. NO WORRIES BUT ONE.

WHICH ENDS FIRST?

ME OR--

--IT?

OCEAN. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS REACH THE SURFACE. THEN I CAN BREATHE. THEN I CAN WARN LA BANDERA.

EXCEPT--

--THAT'S NOT ALL I HAVE TO DO.

NEXT: BURIED AT SEA!

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STAN LEE PRESENTS

MIRACLES

HE CALLS HIMSELF *TIGER SHARK.*

HE'S GOT ALL THE POWERS THE NAME IMPLIES... AND THEN SOME.

ON LAND, I *MIGHT* BEAT 'IM. UNDERWATER...

...NOT A *HOPE.*

ARCHIE GOODWIN WRITER	JOHN BYRNE BREAKDOWN ARTIST	KLAUS JANSON FINISHING ARTIST	JIM NOVAK LETTERER	MIKE ROCKWITZ COLORIST	BOB HARRAS EDITOR	TOM DEFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

MY KIND OF ODDS.

HOPELESS DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN'T MAKE HIM *HURT.*

HIS REACTION TO THE *PAIN*...

...LETS ME REACT WITH A *KICK!*

HARD...

...FOR THE *SURFACE!* AND...

AIR!

BIG, TASTY *LUNG FULLS!* ENOUGH SO I CAN REACH *SHORE!* ENOUGH SO I CAN--

DON'T MAKE *PLANS*, HERO--

--WE'RE NOT *FINISHED!*

IT'S THE *SHARK* IN ME... IMPRINTED OVER MY HUMAN INSTINCTS.

WE *FIX* ON A CERTAIN PREY... WE JUST *CAN'T* LET IT GO.

ESPECIALLY NOT A *HERO*, LITTLE MAN... THE THING I HATE *MOST*.

HIS GRIP IS STEEL, STRENGTH INCREDIBLE.

WE PLUNGE AT TORPEDO SPEED.

HOW DEEP BEFORE MY EARDRUMS EXPLODE, MY LUNGS BURST?

NEED A *MIRACLE*.

GOTTA MAKE DO WITH...

...CLAWS!

GOTTA *HURT* HIM.

LIKE *BEFORE*.

HURT HIM *ENOUGH*, HE'LL--

THE CORAL SHELF!

WE'RE GONNA RAM I--

WE DO.

BUT NOT LIKE I EXPECT.

EVEN WITHOUT KNOWIN' ABOUT MY UNBREAKABLE, ADAMANTIUM-LACED SKELETON... TIGER SHARK HAS *MORE* IN MIND THAN PULPIN' ME AGAINST SOME ROCKS.

PROUD OF THOSE *CLAWS*, AREN'T YOU, HERO?

PRETTY *EFFECTIVE* AGAINST ME.

ONLY NOW... YOU'RE *STUCK* WITH 'EM!

EERIE, HEARIN' *SOMEONE* TALK WHERE IT SHOULDN'T BE POSSIBLE. WORSE, HEARIN' *WHAT* HE SAYS.

MY *REAL* BUSINESS IS UPSTAIRS, RUNT... THE LITTLE GIRL PLAYING REVOLUTIONARY. OTHERWISE...

--I'D STAY AND GIVE LESSONS HOW TO *BREATHE* UNDER-WATER.

GOOD LUCK LEARNING ON YOUR OWN!

AND HE'S *GONE*. LIKE *AIR* LEAVIN' MY BODY. ALL THAT AIR HE *LET* ME GULP. TO MAKE THIS *LAST* LONGER. TO--

DON'T *THINK* ABOUT IT!

FIGHT!

HEAVE!

KICK!

STRAIN!

NOTHING. CLAWS IMBEDDED TOO DEEP, TOO TIGHT. CAN'T RETRACT 'EM, CAN'T SLASH, CAN'T--

DON'T THINK ABOUT IT!

FIGHT!

MUTANT HEALING FACTOR CAN'T COUNTER DROWNING... WILL IT PROLONG THE EFFECTS...? EXTEND THE AGONY...? ADD TO THE--

DON'T THINK ABOUT IT!

DON'T THINK--

DON'T--

DON'T

...

KEEP FIGHTING, COMPADRES!

WE'RE CLOSE TO OUR GOAL!

THE TIERRA VERDE MEDICAL CENTER. ONE OF THE FINEST FACILITIES IN CENTRAL AMERICA, SOME SAY...

...AND PERHAPS, SAY OTHERS, THE MOST MISUSED.

LEAVE A *REAR GUARD* IN THE LOBBY! EVERYONE ELSE...STAY WITH *ME!* THE *POLITICAL PRISONERS* WARD SHOULD BE--

--HERE!

AMIGOS! WE'VE COME TO *FREE* YOU!

FREE YOU FROM THE *TORTURE* AND SICK *EXPERIMENTATION* OF...OF...

AMIGOS...?

OUR INFORMATION WAS OBVIOUSLY *CORRECT* THAT THE PRISONERS WERE *KEPT* HERE, BUT--

THEY WERE *MOVED*--

--JUST *BEFORE* YOUR ATTACK.

I AM *GEIST*, DEAR LADY. SPECIAL ADVISER TO *PRESIDENT CARIDAD*--

--AND THE ONE WHO *LEAKED* THE INFORMATION THAT *BROUGHT* YOU.

SOMETHING OF A *TRAP*, YES?

NO! I BECAME LA BANDERA TO INSPIRE WAR AGAINST DRUG LORDS LIKE CARIDAD.

WHILE I WIELD THIS STAFF, I CAN--

ITS POWER DEAR LADY--

--SEEMS TO FADE.

ALONG WITH HER FELLOW REBELS, GEIST.

COULD BE A CONNECTION. INTERESTING--

--IF SHE WERE SURVIVING THIS ENCOUNTER.

TIGER SHARK! STILL PLAYING ASSASSIN FOR THE DRUG INTERESTS I ATTACKED IN FLORIDA!

NO PLAY TO IT!

WROK!

THERE'S ONE BIG ACT OF VENGEANCE GOING DOWN AGAINST ALL SUPER HEROES--

--AND YOU POPPED UP WITH A FEW FEEBLE POWERS JUST IN TIME TO QUALIFY!

YOU'RE SMALL FISH, LA BANDERA, BUT HATING HEROES LIKE I DO--

--EVERY LITTLE BIT HEL--

=PAUGK!=

WHAT-EVER I AM OR YOU ARE--

--I WON'T BE PARALYZED, I WON'T JUST LIE HERE AND DIE!

TIGER SHARK... NO! SHE'S--

DEAD! YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD, GIRL! RUNNING WON'T CHANGE IT...NOT WITH ME BEHIND!

LONGER WE TAKE...THE MORE HORRIBLE IT'LL BE!

THE HELICOPTER WAITS *UPSTAIRS*, MY PRESIDENT... READY TO CARRY YOU *SAFELY* FROM THE MEDICAL CENTER.

THE *REBELS*, COLONEL...?

STILL CONFINED TO THE AREAS GEIST *PREDICTED* THEY WOULD HIT?

TO ALL *APPEARANCES* ...YES. BUT, AS A PRECAUTION--

AND THE *POLITICAL PRISONERS*...? ON THE ROOFTOP TO DISCOURAGE *SNIPING* AT OUR ESCAPE CRAFT...?

YES, MY PRESIDENT. THERE IS NO *IMMEDIATE* DANGER, BUT--

THAT IS GUARANTEE *ENOUGH*, COLONEL. RETURN TO YOUR *POST*--

WE MUST RETURN TO MAKING *HISTORY*--

--NOW THAT MY *WIFE* AT LAST REALIZES HER *DUTY* TO HER COUNTRY *AND* HER HUSBAND.

THE LAST DOSAGE OF THE... AH... *TAINTED COCAINE* WE ARE TESTING HAS MADE THE... AH... SUBJECT, *ROUGHOUSE*, PARTICULARLY *VIOLENT*, SEÑOR PRESIDENT.

SINCE *SISTER SALVATION* IS SUCH AN... AH... *UNPREDICTABLE* FACTOR, SOME... AH... *DELAY* IS JUSTIFIABLE... AH... PERHAPS.

NO DELAYS. PLEASE... NO MATTER HOW SCIENTIFICALLY QUESTIONABLE THIS SEEMS. MY ABILITY TO HEAL IS A MIRACLE I DON'T UNDERSTAND MYSELF.

I ACCEPT IT AND TRY TO USE IT UNSELFISHLY. EXCEPT TONIGHT. DON'T SAY THIS IS FOR TIERRA VERDE OR YOU, FELIX GUILLERMO CARIDAD--

TONIGHT... IT'S FOR MY SON.

TO SEE THE SON YOU'VE KEPT FROM ME SINCE I LEFT YOU TO JOIN THE CHURCH.

YOUR TERMS, FELIX... AND MY RISK.

DEAR HEAVEN...! FELIX... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

I'M READY IF HE BREAKS FREE, SISTER. WE DON'T KNOW THE LIMITS OF HIS STRENGTH ...OR HIS MADNESS.

OR HIS PAIN. HOW CAN YOU IGNORE THAT? THOSE TERRIBLE SORES... ALMOST AN EXPRESSION OF IT.

LIKE A DEMON INSIDE HIM... TRYING TO BURST OUT.

SEÑOR PRESIDENT, SHE SHOULDN'T... AH... TOUCH ROUGHOUSE. THAT--

HER TOUCH IS HER MIRACLE, FOOL! I KNOW... I HAVE FELT IT! WATCH, SCIENTIST... LEARN!

AS SHE CURES MY MIGRAINES ...SHE'LL PURGE THE COCAINE'S DEVASTATIONS, LEAVING ITS MUTAGENIC EFFECTS.

FROM THAT... WE'LL CREATE THE SUPER HERO I WANT. A SOURCE OF PRIDE FOR TIERRA VERDE... OF REDEMPTION FOR ME!

TIGER SHARK, HAVE YOU FOUND LA BANDERA...? TIGER SHARK?!

NO RESPONSE...? PERHAPS IT IS TIME THEN TO LEAVE WAR TO THE WARRIORS--

--AND REJOIN MY PRESIDENT, YES?

RIGHT, WHERE IT'S SAFE--

--AND YOU WON'T KEEP SHOUTING LIKE A SCHOOL GIRL, EXPECTING AN ANSWER--

--WHEN ANY SOUND COULD ONLY ALERT MY--

--MY PREY!

MY PREY!

NO. JUST LOOKS THAT WAY.

SNKT!

IN A REAL KILLIN' FRENZY, SHARK?

YOU FOUND THE RIGHT MAN.

KIND'A BERSERK MYSELF.

TOO LONG UNDER-WATER.

"BUT NOT AS LONG AS YOU FIGURED."

SEEMS YOU RAMMED ME INTO A THIN SECTION OF THE CORAL SHELF--

"--WITH SO MUCH FORCE, YOU CRACKED IT.

"AN' ALL MY KICKIN' AN' STRAININ'--"

--MADE IT GIVE!

"REAL MIRACLE FOR ME--"

--AN' REALLY THE END FOR YOU!

OUR BRAWL STARTED DOWN IN THOSE SUB-LEVELS WHERE THE HOSPITAL'S WATER FILTRATION SYSTEM IS--*

--GUESS THAT'S AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY FOR HIM T'WIND UP.

IT...IT WAS HORRIBLE.

ALL THIS HAS BEEN...! I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO YOU WHEN WE FIRST MET. I'VE HAD ENOUGH. WOLVERINE, I--

WOLVERINE--?

*LAST ISSUE-- BOB.

WASTED EFFORT *TALKIN'* TO ME, KID... BEIN' TRAPPED UNDERWATER *BLEW* SOMETHIN' IN MY *HEARING.*

TILL MY *HEALING FAC-TOR* SOLVES THE PROB-LEM... I NEED *EARS!* YOU'RE *ELECTED!* C'MON! *MOVE!*

MY *OTHER* ANIMAL SENSES ARE STILL KEEN...

...GOT A *SCENT.* MAN; MACHINE. *GEIST.* AND HIS TRAIL WILL LEAD TO WHAT I'M *REALLY* HERE FOR.

THEN I SEE LA BANDERA'S *PROBLEM.*

REAL DEADLY MUTANT POWER... *INSPIRATION.* CAN'T UNDO HAVIN' *USED* IT, KID. JUST *RUN* FROM THE RESULTS... OR TRY T'MAKE 'EM *MEAN* SOMETHIN'.

NOTHING MEANINGFUL CAN COME FROM THIS, DOCTOR. *WHATEVER* WORKED AT HER JUNGLE MISSION, THIS NUN ISN'T DOING ANYTHING *WE* HAVEN'T TRIED.

BUT SHE DOES IT SOME-WHAT MORE... AH... *HANDS ON,* DOCTOR.

AND THERE'S NO... AH... DENYING THAT SISTER SALVATION IS HAVING A... AH... *CALMING EFFECT* ON THE SUBJECT.

CALMING ISN'T *CURING,* DOCTOR.

HOWEVER EFFECTIVE WITH HYSTERICAL *SAVAGES*... PSEUDO-RELIGIOUS NONSENSE *CANNOT* COUNTER THE MADNESS THIS *COCAINE* UNLEASHES.

AND IF OUR COUNTRY'S LEADER BELIEVES IN *THIS--*

"--WHO KNOWS WHAT WILL INVADE OUR LABORATORY *NEXT*?"

SEÑOR PRESIDENT--!

LA BANDERA AND THE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF *WOLVERINE*...! THEY'RE HEADED *HERE*!

WHERE A *MIRACLE* IS UNDERWAY, GEIST! I WILL NOT *MISS* IT BECAUSE OF HYSTERIA--

"--WE HAVE *GUARDS* TO DEAL WITH *SUCH MATTERS*!"

NO MORE *DISTRACTIONS*! MY WIFE MUST BE ALLOWED TO--

FELIX--?

I'VE MINISTERED. I'VE PRAYED. I'VE DONE ALL I KNOW TO DO.

LET ME SEE MY SON.

LET ME SEE MY MIRACLE! LET ME--WHAT IS THIS?!

HE IS UNCHANGED! THE DOCTORS HAVE ACCOMPLISHED AS MUCH BY SHOOTING HIM FULL OF TRANQUILIZERS!

IS THIS HOW YOU REWARD MY FAITH, WOMAN? IS THIS--

HIS EYES...! AWAKE... BUT THE MADNESS DOESN'T BURN THERE!

THE TRUE TEST WILL BE HIS REACTION WHEN FREE!

SOMEONE GET RID OF HIS RESTRAINTS!

DON'T BOTHER COMPLAININ' YOU DIDN'T GESTURE FOR ME, BIG SHOT--

--I CAN'T HEAR.

BUT I SEE WHAT HAS TO BE DONE--

WRAAK!

--AN' WHAT HAS TO BE ANSWERED FOR!

WE'RE A LONG WAY FROM WHERE WE STARTED, ROUGHOUSE--

--BUT I'M TAKIN' YOU *HOME.*

LA BANDERA... GET A *VOLUNTEER* TO SHOW US THE SAFEST WAY *OUTTA* THIS HORROR SHOW.

ANYBODY'S UNCOOPERATIVE... *SWELL!* I'M IN THE MOOD T'DO SOME VERY *POINTED* REASONING!

YOUR PARTNER IS DEAF IN THE *BRAIN* AS WELL AS HIS EARS, GIRL! YOU WILL GO *NOWHERE*... NOT WITH *ROUGHOUSE.*

THAT ONE IS A *HUMAN TIME BOMB!* HE WILL *EXPLODE* THE MOMENT MY WIFE'S HEALING TOUCH WEARS OFF!

AS FOR HOW TO GET *OUT--*

COME UP TO THE *ROOF* AS I DID, DEAR LADY... WHEN IT BECAME *OBVIOUS* YOU WOULD BREACH THE GAP.

PLEASE DON'T *DELAY.* THE *LONGER* YOU TAKE FOR THIS SURRENDER--

--THE MORE *POLITICAL PRISONERS* WE WILL HAVE TO *EXECUTE,* YES?

SEÑOR GEIST...! THE REBEL GIRL AND HER COMPANION HOLD *PRESIDENT CARIDAD*...A STRONGER *BARGAINING CHIP* THAN OUR *THREATS!*

TRUE, COLONEL...BUT IT IS IMPORTANT TO GO THROUGH THE *MOTIONS!*

SECURE IN THE BELIEF THAT THEY HAVE *WON* THEIR DEMANDS, THEY WILL BE *UNPREPARED*--

--WHEN I USE *THIS!*

MY *DART GUN ATTACHMENT*... FROM THE LAB, YES? EACH DART LOADED WITH THE *TAINTED COCAINE* USED ON ROUGHOUSE. ONE SHOT--

"...AND INSTEAD OF A HELICOPTER ESCAPE, THEY WILL FACE *INSANE ATTACK* BY THE VERY *MONSTROSITY* THEY HOPE TO SAVE."

KEEP CARIDAD AND HIS LADY *CLOSE*, KID... 'TWEEN US AN' THE *GUARDS*. THEY LOOK *ANXIOUS*...

THIS PAIR...YOU THINK THEY PLAN TO INCLUDE SOME OF *US* IN THEIR ESCAPE, ENRIQUE?

MY BELIEF, AMIGO--

--IS THAT RATHER THAN *WONDER*--

--IT IS BETTER TO *ACT!*

BREAK FOR IT, COMPADRES ...*BREAK!*

GEIST... QUICKLY! THE WOLVERINE IS FLINGING THE BIG MAN ON BOARD!

NO CLEAR SHOT! BETWEEN THE PRISONERS AND THE PRESIDENT, I--

MAKE THE PILOT TAKE OFF NOW, LA BANDERA!

BYE, CARIDAD... WE DON'T NEED ANY EXTRA WEIGHT!

BUT YOU, SISTER...! CAN'T DESERT A PATIENT... NOT HALFWAY THROUGH THE CURE!

NO! WAIT... LISTEN! MY SON ...I'VE GOT TO STAY FOR MY SON!

TOO LATE FOR ARGUMENTS ...EVEN IF I COULD HEAR 'EM!

THIS BUS IS GONE!

MY WIFE... THEY HAVE MY WIFE!

NO ONE SHOOT ...UNLESS YOU ARE EXPERT ENOUGH TO PICK OFF THAT LITTLE ANIMAL RESPONSIBLE!

RESTRAINT, MY PRESIDENT. YOU MAY ALREADY HAVE WHAT YOU WISH.

DROPPIN' LIKE A ROCK WITH THIS LOAD...!

LA BANDERA, IF EVER YOU USED YOUR POWER TO INSPIRE--

"--WORK ON THE PILOT!"

DOING MY BEST, SEÑORITA!

OUR GOVERNMENT HAS FINE AIRCRAFT, SHODDY MAINTENANCE--

--NOT UP TO THIS STRAIN!

IT'S ALL COMIN' APART--

--'CEPT FOR SISTER SALVATION! SPITE'A BEIN' FORCED ALONG--

--SHE RADIATES A KIND'A PEACE. MAYBE SOME LUCK TOO... GAINED A LITTLE ALTITUDE. WE'RE--

WE'RE STILL NOT FINISHED, HERO!

KWOM!

MADE THE WORST *MISTAKE* OF YOUR LIFE, LITTLE MAN... YOU *ALMOST* KILLED ME.

BUT I CRAWLED TO THE *SEA*...AND THE SEA MADE ME *STRONG!*

KRAK!

STRONG ENOUGH TO HAUL US *DOWN!*

HE LAUGHS AT MY *KICKS*. CAN'T *REACH* 'IM WITH MY CLAWS.

KUD!

YOU'RE *BACK*, HERO... MY DOMAIN. AND NO MORE *MIRACLES* TO SAVE YOU.

TO THINK I TRIED TO BE *LIKE* YOU ONCE... WOUND UP *CRIPPLED* AND *WEAK* INSTEAD.

NOW I *HATE* YOUR KIND, *KILL* YOUR KIND...SO I'LL *NEVER* BE LIKE YOU AGAIN!

I *LIVE* FOR BEING A SHARK! YOU'LL *DIE* FOR BEING A HE--

RAAAHH

W-WHAT--?!

WITHOUT HIS GRIP, THE 'COPTER BUOYS UP, AND I *SEE*...

ONE MORE MIRACLE....!

SHARKS. STRONG AND DEADLY. BUT THEY FEED ON THEIR OWN.

BLOOD FROM THE *WOUNDS* I GAVE TIGER SHARK MUST'VE ATTRACTED THEM. PROBABLY CAN'T *FINISH* A GUY LIKE THAT...

...BUT THEY'LL STAY *BUSY.* AWAY FROM ANY *PRISONERS* WHO FELL OFF THE CHOPPER.

READY TO RIDE *INSIDE* FOR A CHANGE, COMPADRE...? WE CAN'T MAKE IT *TOO FAR*--

--BUT WE'LL PUT PRESIDENT CARIDAD'S *CITY* BEHIND US!

I GET THE IDEA IT'S *GOOD NEWS.*

AND IN THE HOLD... I FIND *BETTER.*

ROUGHOUSE...! HIS *FACE...!* THOSE WEIRD SORES, GROWTHS ...*FADED!*

YOUR HUSBAND HAD IT *RIGHT*...YOU'RE A *MIRACLE WORKER,* LADY.

I HAVE A *GIFT.* PERHAPS WE SHOULDN'T BE TOO SWIFT TO LABEL *ANY-THING* A MIRACLE--

--UNTIL WE KNOW THE *SACRIFICE* INVOLVED.

HEY, WE SHOULDN'T BE SWIFT TO *DISCOUNT* 'EM EITHER.

LONG WITH EVERYTHING *ELSE* TODAY... MY *HEARING'S* COMIN' BACK!

NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON. THING LIKE *THAT*--

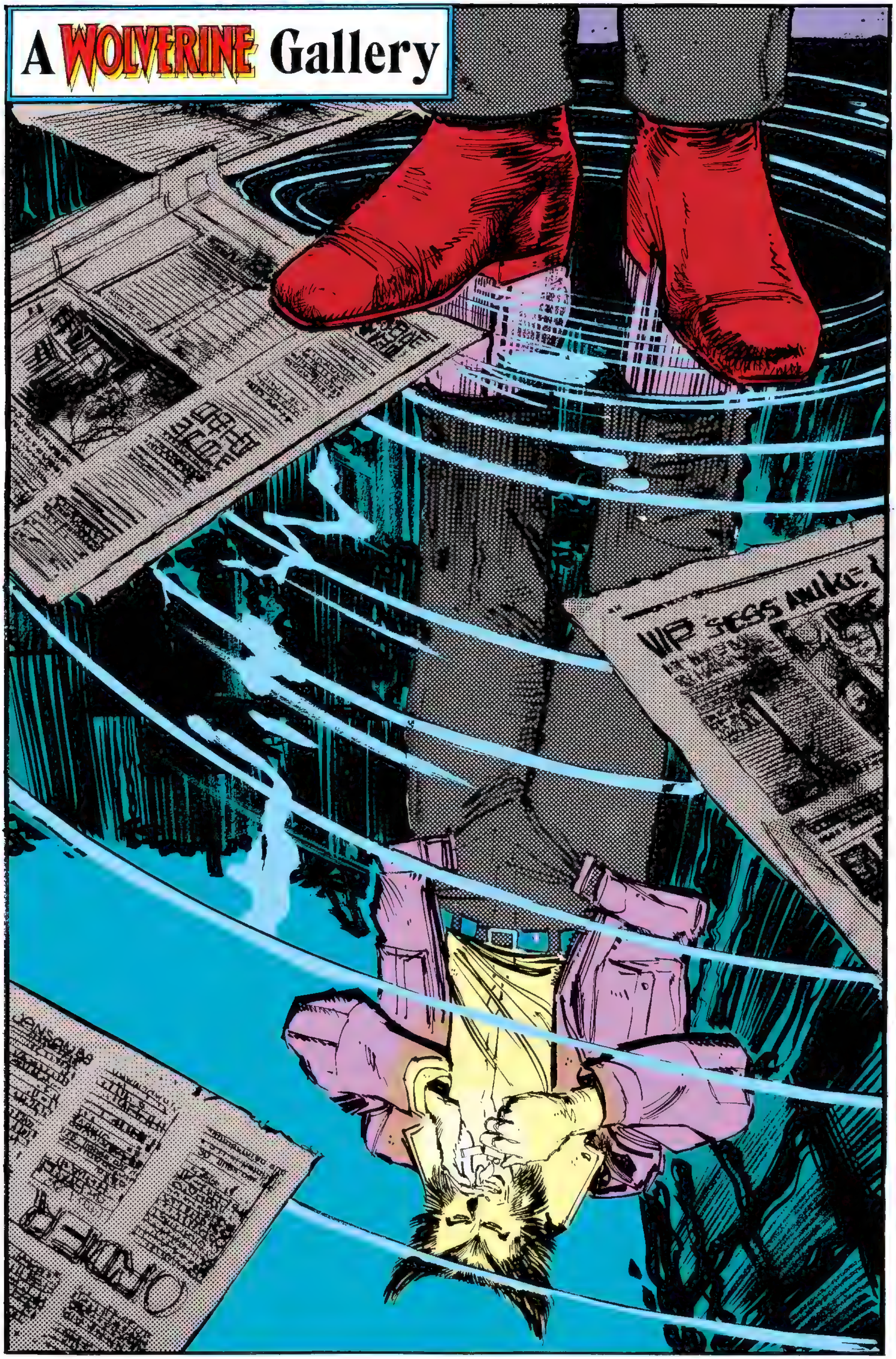
--CAN THROW *ALL* YOUR SENSES OFF!

NEXT ISSUE:

BATTLE GROUND

THE SECRET OF CARIDAD'S COCAINE

A WOLVERINE Gallery



Excerpt from *New Mutants #84*

Writer: Louise Simonson • Penciler: Terry Shoemaker • Inker: Al Milgrom • Colorist: Glynis Oliver • Letterer: Ken Bruzenak • Assistant Editor: Daryl Edelman • Editor: Bob Harras

MEANWHILE, IN A FEDERAL PRISON IN NEW YORK STATE, WHERE THE MUTANT, RUSTY COLLINS, IS BEING HELD...

THE FOOD STINKS! THE SERVICE IS LOUSH! THE SECOND I GET THE CHANCE I'M OUT OF HERE! I HAVE A PLAN--!

WE ALL GOT PLANS, VULTURE. ME, I PLAN TA WIN THE LOTTO AN' BE DONE WITH LISTENIN' TA BELLYACHIN' SCUM LIKE YOU!

PLAN! HA! YOU'RE A HAS-BEEN, VULTURE! YOU AIN'T NOTHIN' WITHOUT YOUR WINGS.

AND THEY SURE AIN'T GIVIN' 'EM BACK TA YOU.

BEEN READIN' THE PAPERS? EVEN REAL LAMEOID SUPER-DUDES ARE GETTIN' IN ON THE SUPER HERO BASH-UP*...

...BUT YOU AIN'T BEEN ASKED TA PLAY IN THEIR ALL-STAR GAME.

*OTHERWISE KNOWN AS ACTS OF VENGEANCE.

YOU'LL SEE. ALL OF YOU IMBECILES WILL SEE! I'LL SHOW YOU..

EH?

SO...THEY DON'T WANT ME INVOLVED IN THEIR LITTLE ESCAPADE, DO THEY?

THEN WHY SEND ME THIS LITTLE GIFT?

IT'S MY DESIGN... IT USES MY UNPATENTED MAGNETIC FLIGHT SYSTEM.

BUT THESE ARE NOT MY WINGS. SOMEONE HAS STOLEN MY DESIGN...HAS TAKEN LIBERTIES... BUT WHO--?

THIS IS THE TINKERER'S WORK... AS OBVIOUSLY AS IF HE HAD SIGNED IT!

THE SET OF THE HINGES! THE COMPLEXITY OF THE FASTENINGS!

I'LL SHOW HIM WHAT HAPPENS TO THOSE WHO STEAL *MY* DESIGNS.

I'LL SHOW YOU *ALL!*

I'LL SHOW HIM WHAT IT MEANS TO *MOCK* THE VULTURE.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

EVEN DRESSED LIKE THAT, YOU CAN'T *ESCAPE!*

OH, *CAN'T I*, YOU *MUTANT* FOOL! JUST WATCH ME!

MY BENEFACTOR ENCLOSED AN *EXPLOSIVE* DEVICE...

...FOR JUST SUCH A CONTIN-GENCY!

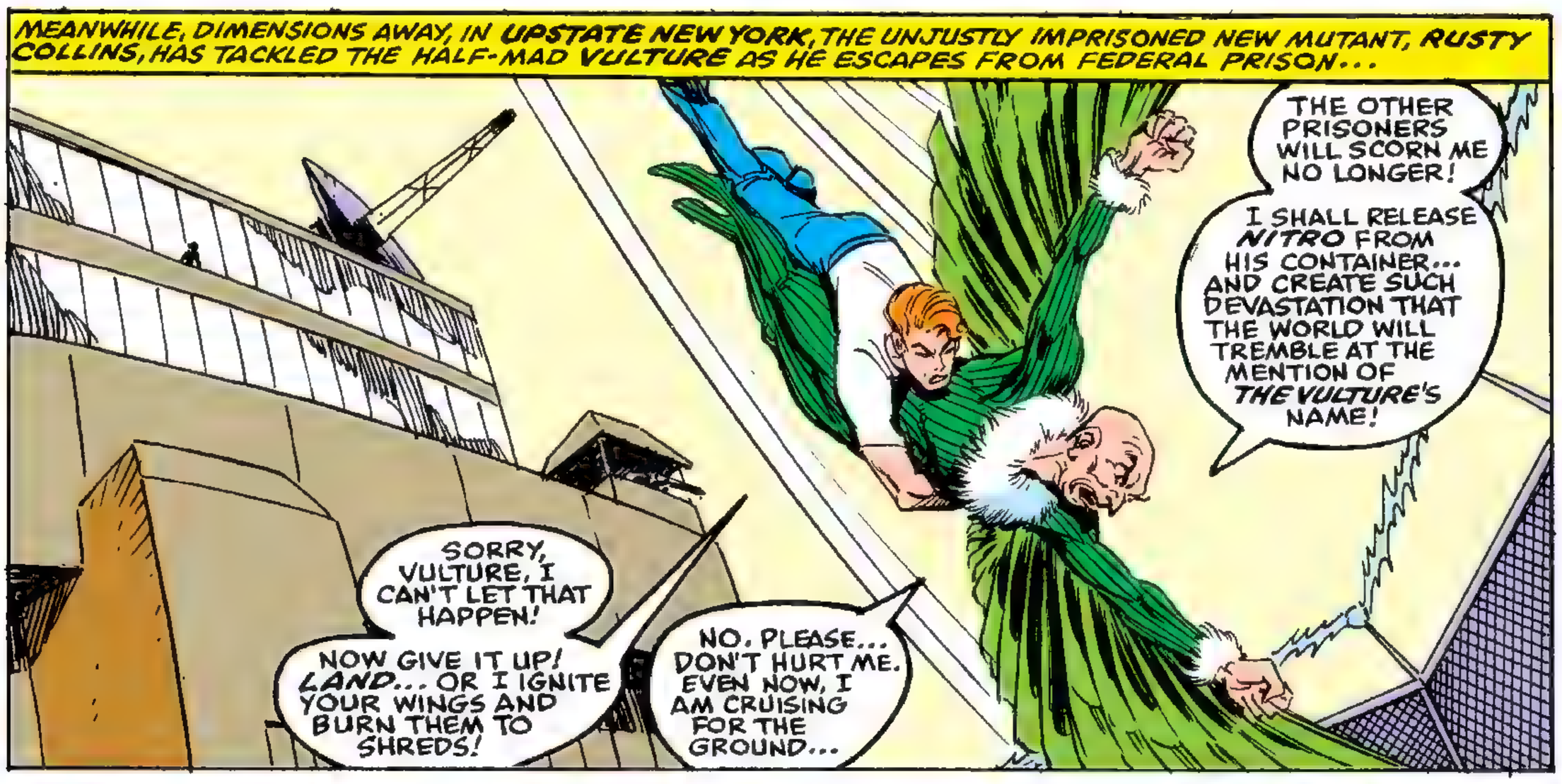
LET GO OF MY *LEG*, YOU IDIOT!

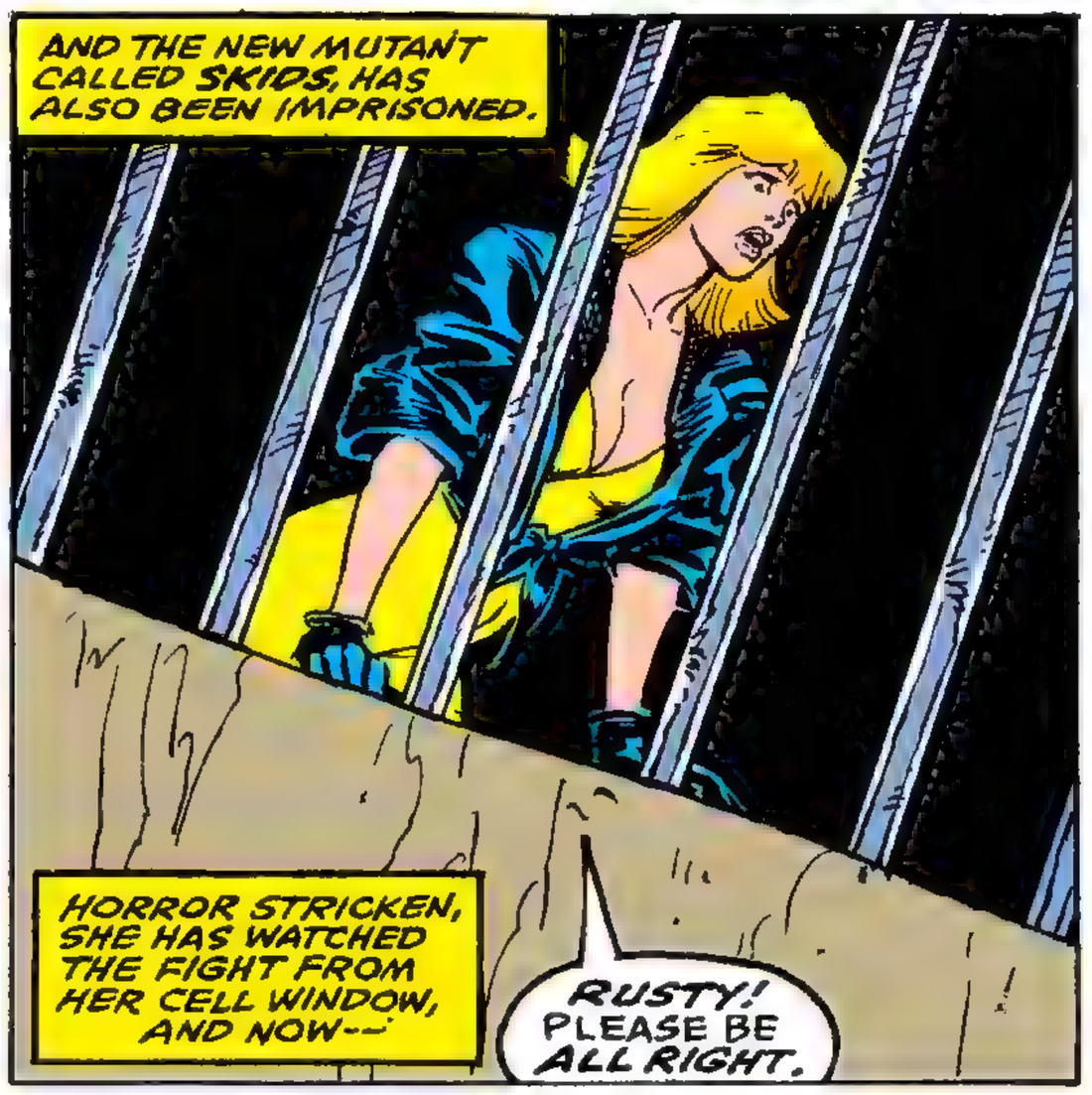
LET GO...!

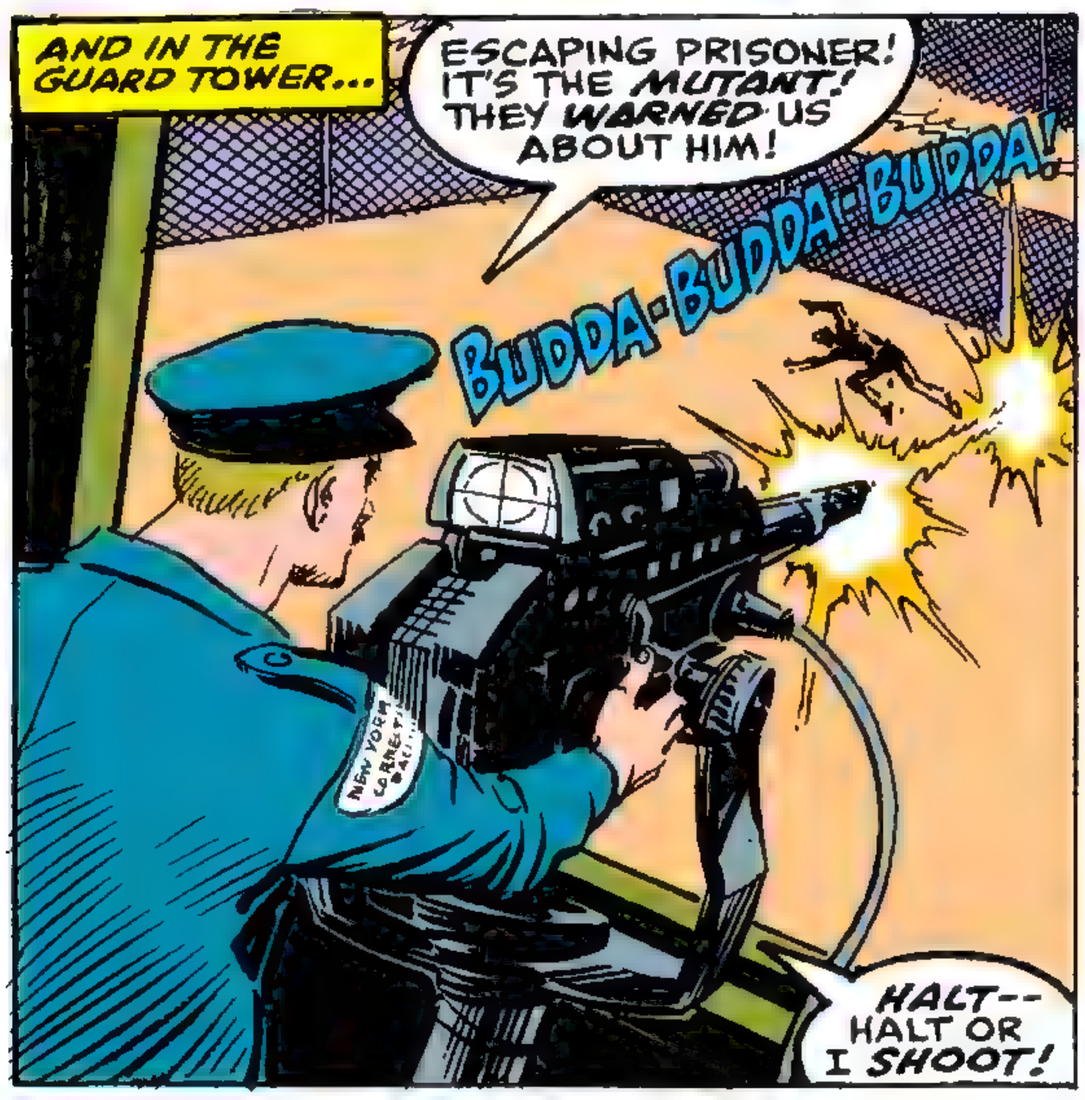
BOOM!

Excerpt from *New Mutants #85*

Writer: Louise Simonson • Penciler: Geof Isherwood • Inker: Bret Blevins • Colorist: Glynis Oliver • Letterer: Joe Rosen • Assistant Editor: Daryl Edelman • Editor: Bob Harras







RUSTY BARELY GESTURES AND SOLID STEEL **BARS** IGNITE. SKIDS, HURLS HERSELP PAST THE FLAMES AND OUT THE WINDOW...

WHAT THE HECK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING--?

DON'T WORRY, SILLY. MY DEFLECTOR FIELD IS UNDER ME... LIKE A CUSHION! I WON'T BE HURT!

AND SOON IT WILL SURROUND US... PROTECTING US BOTH!

BUT, RUSTY, WHAT'S ALL THIS *ABOUT*? WHY DO YOU *CARE* IF THE VULTURE ESCAPES?

WHY HELP THE *HUMANS* ANYWAY? THEY'RE THE ONES WHO *JAILED* US!

B-DOW!

BLAM!

BAM!

BECAUSE THE *VULTURE* IS GOING TO FREE *NITRO!*

HE'S SOME TYPE OF MADMAN WITH THE POWER TO CAUSE INCREDIBLE EXPLOSIONS. HE'S BEEN KEPT IN A RESTRAINING CANISTER THAT KEEPS HIM FROM *EXPLODING.*

WHO--?

HE'S ON *TRIAL* IN HIS CANISTER... UNABLE TO PARTICIPATE IN HIS OWN DEFENSE.

THERE ARE REPORTERS, PICKETERS FOR CIVIL LIBERTY, LOTS OF INNOCENT CIVILIANS, IN AND AROUND THE *COURTHOUSE.*

AND UNLESS WE CAN *STOP* IT, THE VULTURE WILL *RELEASE* HIM... AND NITRO WILL *EXPLODE!*

AND HUNDREDS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE WILL DIE!

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AND RUSTY COLLINS™ IS HIS PREY!

LIEFELD McFARLANE | after DITKO

AND SO, APPLYING THE ELECTROMAGNETIC ELEMENTS THAT HAD LONG FASCINATED HIM, TOOMES BUILT HIMSELF A SET OF WINGS.

HE DISCOVERED THAT, NOT ONLY COULD HE FLY, BUT EXPOSURE TO THE WINGS' HARNESS GAVE HIM SUPER HUMAN STRENGTH.

HE BECAME A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF, AND SOON DISCOVERED THAT HE PREFERRED A LIFE OUTSIDE THE LAW.

HE WAS IN FEDERAL PRISON, NOW HE IS FREE...

JUSTICE! HA! THERE IS NO JUSTICE! HA! HA!

THERE IS NO JUSTICE! BUT THERE IS JUST DESERTS, TINKERER, AS YOU WILL SOON DISCOVER!

YOU DARED TO DUPLICATE THE DESIGN OF MY WINGS!

ONCE HE WAS ADRIAN TOOMES, INVENTOR AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEER, BUT HIS PARTNER STOLE THE PROFITS FROM THEIR COMPANY AND THE LAW, BLOCKED BY A TECHNICALITY, COULD DO NOTHING.

COME OUT, TINKERER! COME OUT AND FACE THE WRATH OF THE VULTURE!

STAN LEE PRESENTS

BANG! YOU'RE DEAD!

LOUISE SIMONSON
WRITER

ROB LIEFELD
PENCILER

BOB WIACEK
INKER

JOE ROSEN
LETTERER

GLYNIS OLIVER
COLORIST

BOB HARRAS
EDITOR

TOM DEFALCO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

SPROING!

NEVER, YOU WINGED FOOL! I'VE BEEN EXPECT- YOU, YOU SEE!

ELECTRONIC BOLAS!

YOU THINK THESE ARCHAIC WEAPONS CAN HALT THE VULTURE?

PERHAPS NOT... BUT THIS *CONCUSSIVE GRENADE* MIGHT!

DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A *FOOL?*

AN EXPLOSION HERE WOULD DAMAGE YOUR BELOVED WORK- SHOP... AND *THAT* YOU WOULD NEVER DO!

AND I COULD CRACK YOUR NECK BEFORE YOU COULD ACTIVATE THE GRENADE, IN ANY CASE.

WHAT-- WHAT DO YOU *WANT?*

IN MY PRISON CELL, I FOUND A PACKAGE, CONTAIN- ING AN ERSATZ VERSION OF MY WINGS.

I RECOGNIZED THE HAND OF THE CRAFTER INSTANTLY! YOU MADE THEM, TINKERER.

WHY DID YOU STEAL MY DE- SIGN? AND THEN, WHY SEND IT *TO* ME?

STEAL--? THE *TINKERER* IS NO THIEF!

BOLAS... *RELEASE* HIM!

PLONK!

I WAS *HIRED* TO DUPLICATE YOUR WINGS. A *FACE* APPEARED ON MY COMPUTER SCREEN...*THERE*...AND *ORDERED* ME TO MAKE THEM.

THE NEXT DAY, AN EXTREMELY HANDSOME *PAYMENT* ARRIVED IN THE MAIL. IN *FULL*. IN *ADVANCE*.

WITH PLANS FOR THE WINGS AND INSTRUCTIONS, WHICH I FOLLOWED TO THE LETTER.

AND INSTRUCTIONS, IT SAID, TO BE GIVEN TO *YOU*, UPON YOUR ARRIVAL HERE. IT SAYS YOU'RE TO ATTACK A HERO CALLED *SPEEDBALL*--!

A *FACE*--? WHY, YOU SENILE OLD DOTARD...!

THERE YOU ARE WRONG, VULTURE! I TOLD THE STRANGER I AM A *PROFESSIONAL*. I WORK FOR *MONEY*.

WHAT?!? THAT YOUTHFUL CRETIN? HE'S WORSE THAN *SPIDER-MAN*!

PERHAPS. BUT PERHAPS YOUR BENEFACTOR FEELS YOU *OWE* HIM, VULTURE. HE DID ARRANGE TO RELEASE YOU!

THEN HE IS A *FOOL*! I FOLLOW MY *OWN* AGENDA, TINKERER.

HAVE YOU READ THE PAPERS LATELY? THE MURDEROUS VILLAIN CALLED *NITRO* IS TO STAND TRIAL TODAY. I SHALL RELEASE THE EXPLOSIVE MADMAN FROM HIS HIGH-TECH CANISTER PRISON...

...AND *YOU* ARE GOING TO *HELP* ME.

THE NEW MUTANTS, RUSTY COLLINS AND THE GIRL CALLED SKIDS HAVE BEEN UNJUSTLY IMPRISONED BY THE FEDERAL MUTANT WATCHDOGS, FREEDOM FORCE.

AFTER A FAILED ATTEMPT TO BLOCK THE VULTURE'S ESCAPE...

...RUSTY HAS FREED SKIDS AND NOW PLANS TO RECAPTURE THE VULTURE. THE AUTHORITIES HAVE OTHER IDEAS...

BULLETS WON'T STOP THEM! THEY BOUNCE OFF THE BIMBO'S DEFLECTION FIELD.

BLAM!

YOU CAN'T GET AT US, BUT WE CAN GET YOU!

BACK OFF-- OR RUSTY FRIES YOU!

QUIT THREATENING THESE JERKS, SKIDS, AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

LOVE TO, RUSTY, WHERE'RE WE GOING--?

ALBANY-- NITRO'S TRIAL. THE VULTURE IS PLANNING TO RELEASE NITRO. WE HAVE TO STOP HIM.

BLAM BLAM!

STOP HIM? WHY?

LET THE VULTURE PREY ON OTHER HUMANS AND GOOD RIDDANCE.

WE'VE SAVED HUMANS, TIME AND AGAIN, AND HOW DO THEY REPAY US? THEY IMPRISON US, THEY KIDNAP US--!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BA-ROOM!

WHAT WAS THAT--?!?

A ROCKET!

THAT BARRAGE WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT NITRO WILL DO.

HE HAS THE POWER TO CREATE CONCUSSIVE EXPLOSIONS FROM HIS OWN BODY, SKIDS. HUNDREDS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE WILL DIE...

BLAM!

BAM!

BAM!

...PEOPLE WHO AREN'T LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE BORN WITH A PROTECTIVE FIELD.

THERE'S A TRUCK! MOTOR'S STILL RUNNING. DRIVER MUST'VE ABANDONED IT WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTED!

COME ON!

OOPS! IT'S NOT *COMPLETELY* ABANDONED. YET.

OUT OF THE WAY, GUY, AND KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN! THE BULLETS ARE FLYING!

I'VE *HAD* IT WITH HUMANS. I SAY OUR *REAL* DUTY IS TO OUR OWN KIND!

BLAM!

LOOK, STOPPING THE VULTURE WILL SAVE HUMANS *AND* ADVANCE THE MUTANT CAUSE!

THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO TRY ME FOR DESERTION AND WRECKING NAVAL PROPERTY... AND YOU FOR AIDING ME, RIGHT?

BUT THEY'RE HOLDING US WITHOUT BAIL. AND THEY HAVEN'T EVEN SET A DATE FOR A HEARING.

IF FREEDOM FORCE ... AND WHOEVER'S BEHIND THEM... HAS THEIR WAY, THEY'LL *NEVER* SET A DATE.

SO... *WE* CAPTURE THE VULTURE, *SKIDS*, AND STOP HIM FROM RELEASING NITRO.

VROOM!

AND WHEN THE *REPORTERS* DESCEND AND POINT THEIR *CAMERAS* IN OUR FACES AND CALL US *HEROES* ...*WE* SHOUT OUT THE *TRUTH!*

THAT *SOMEONE* IN OUR GOVERNMENT HAS KIDNAPPED MUTANT CHILDREN, AND THEY'RE TRAINING THEM FOR COMBAT.

BLAM!

BANG!

BAM!

RUSTY! THERE'S A *GATE!*

AND *GUARDS!*

THE *GATE* I CAN *BURN!* BUT THE *GUARD--!*

MOVE OUT OF THE WAY, YOU IDIOT!

BLAM!

SSSSSSS

SO WE'LL BE *HEROES*... DELIVERING A HEROIC MESSAGE OF *LIBERATION*...? IT'S A LONG SHOT, RUSTY, BUT IT MIGHT WORK.

JUST LET *FREEDOM FORCE* TRY TO COVER *THAT* UP!

WHUMPH!

ALL RIGHT! WE'RE *OUTTA HERE!* *ALBANY*, HERE WE *COME!*

THE STREET BEFORE THE ALBANY COURTHOUSE IS A MOB SCENE. REPORTERS AND NEWS CREWS JOSTLE FOR PICTURES, AS THRONGS OF IRATE PICKETERS, CONCERNED ABOUT POSSIBLE INFRINGEMENT OF NITRO'S CIVIL RIGHTS, CONFRONT ACTIVISTS CONCERNED WITH THE RIGHTS OF NITRO'S VICTIMS.

THE POLICE, TRYING TO QUELL A POTENTIAL RIOT, HAVE LITTLE TIME TO GLANCE SKYWARD... AND IF THEY DID, THEY WOULD SEE NOTHING UNUSUAL.

YOUR PRESENCE WILL *INSURE* THAT YOUR 'GIZMO' WORKS, TINKERER. BECAUSE IF IT *DOESN'T*... THEN *YOU* WILL *DIE!*

FOR THE VULTURE HAS ESCHEWED THE SKIES. HE HAS SOARED DOWN ALLEYWAYS, SKIMMED THE ROOFTOPS, TO APPROACH THE COURTHOUSE FROM BEHIND ...A STEALTH CRAFT BEARING A POTENTIALLY LETHAL LOAD.

I WANT NO PART OF THIS, VULTURE. THE GIZMO YOU FORCED ME TO MAKE WILL RELEASE NITRO WELL ENOUGH. A CHILD COULD OPERATE IT!

THERE... THROUGH THE *SKYLIGHT!* DO YOU *SEE* HIM, TINKERER?

NITRO... LOCKED INSIDE A *CANISTER* FILLED WITH *NAUSEA GAS.*

KEPT *INCOHERENT* ...UNABLE TO *SPEAK*...TO *TESTIFY* IN HIS OWN DEFENSE!

BUT, VULTURE... THEY *HAVE* TO SEDATE HIM. IF HE COULD CONCENTRATE, HE'D ACTIVATE HIS POWER AND *DETONATE!*

THE FOOL WILL *DIE* ANYWAY... DIE WITH THEM *ALL*... AND THE SECRET OF MY WINGS WILL DIE WITH HIM...

...IN AN *EXPLOSION* THAT WILL REDUCE THIS TEMPLE OF SUPPOSED JUSTICE TO *RUBBLE!*

AS HE DID *BEFORE*, SEVERAL TIMES. AND HE'LL DO IT AGAIN... AS SOON AS HE'S RELEASED, MARK MY WORD!

WITHOUT A *CARE* FOR WHAT *DAMAGE* HE DOES OR WHO HE *INJURES*.

INDEED HE *WILL*! DON'T YOU SEE, TINKERER?

THE FOOL WHO *PAID* YOU TO FREE ME FROM PRISON WAS PART OF THE SUPER-VILLAINOUS *ACTS OF VENGEANCE!*

AND HE *INSULTED* US! INSULTED US *BOTH!*

HE KNOWS WE'RE *OLD*, AND HE THINKS *BECAUSE* WE'RE OLD, THAT WE ARE *WEAK!* UNFIT FOR ANY *REAL* PARTICIPATION!

HE THINKS THAT I HAVE NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN FIGHT A BOUNCING NEOPHYTE LIKE *SPEEDBALL!*

WHERE'S THE VILLAINY IN THAT? WHERE'S THE *PRESTIGE?* WHERE'S THE *VENGEANCE?*

THE *VULTURE!*

BUT HE'LL LEARN! YOU CAN'T JUDGE A MAN'S POTENTIAL FOR DESTRUCTION BY THE COLOR OF HIS HAIR... OR THE LACK OF IT.

I'LL SHOW HIM *VENGEANCE* AND *VILLAINY* BEYOND HIS WILDEST DREAMS!

CRASH!

I AM THE *VULTURE!* I PREY ON THE *DEAD!*

HE HAS *NITRO!*

STOP HIM!

YOU SEE, TINKERER, HOW *RAPIDLY* I ACCOMPLISHED NITRO'S RESCUE--

TINKERER--?!?

RAPIDLY. YES. YES, *INDEED.*

MORE RAPIDLY THAN *YOU* HAD THOUGHT POSSIBLE, EH, TINKERER?

IT ALLOWED YOU NO TIME TO *ESCAPE!*

SKREECH!

DID YOU HEAR, RUSTY? THE *RADIO* SAID THE *VULTURE* HAS *NITRO* HERE--

LOOK! THE *PICKETERS* MUST HAVE HEARD IT, TOO! THEY'RE *PANICKING.* RUNNING *THIS WAY!*

STOP! SWERVE! OR YOU'LL *HIT* THEM!

TIRE BLEW!

BLAM!

BRAKES LOCKED! I'VE LOST CONTROL! THROW UP YOUR *DEFLECTOR FIELD,* SKIDS! WE'RE GOING TO--

CRASH!

HE'S HAULING THE CANISTER THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT!

HE'S HEADING FOR THE ROOF!

GUARDS-- *AFTER* HIM!

WHEW! TRUCK'S STOPPED. PEOPLE ARE *SAFE!* WE'RE *OKAY!*

BUT WHERE'S *NITRO?* COME ON...

WHAT WAS THAT?

A FALLING GARGOYLE! OUR IMPACT MUST HAVE KNOCKED IT LOOSE!

CRASH!

NO, SKIDS, UP THERE! THEY DID IT! THE VULTURE...AND SOMEONE ELSE...!

NITRO--?

I DON'T THINK SO!

THERE'S A FIRE ESCAPE! COME ON!

YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME, TINKERER!

WERE YOU OF LESS POTENTIAL LISE TO ME, I WOULD HURL YOU TO YOUR DEATH!

NO. DON'T, I'LL OPEN THE CANISTER, GLADLY! JUST DON'T DROP ME.

HURRY THEN! WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO WASTE!

FZZZ

THE DEVICE IS ACTIVATED.

IT WILL BURN THROUGH THE CONTAINER, ALLOWING THE NAUSEA-GAS TO ESCAPE AND FRESH AIR TO ENTER.

AND THEN--

NITRO'S HEAD WILL CLEAR...AND HIS ESCAPE WILL BE A MERE DETONATION AWAY!

HALT, VULTURE! HALT OR WE SHOOT!

TOO LATE, YOU BLUE-GARBED IMBECILES! YOU HAVE ARRIVED--

FZZ --TOO LATE! ZZZZZZZZZZZZ

YOU SEE, TINKERER! YOUR CONCUSSIVE GRENADES ARE OF *SOME* USE, AFTER ALL!

YOU HEAR THAT, YOU FOOLS? *THAT* IS THE SIZZLING SWEET SOUND OF THE *VULTURE'S VICTORY*--

SHOOOMPH!

ZZZ --WHICH WILL CULMINATE IN A *MORE DEADLY* BLAST THAN THIS...BY FAR! *HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!*

ZZZZZZZZZZZZ

WHATEVER YOU'RE UP TO, VULTURE, YOU CAN STOP IT NOW!

AH, THE JAILBIRD *MUTANT!*

DID YOU LEARN *NOTHING* FROM OUR LAST ENCOUNTER?

FZZZ

FIZZZZZZ

OH, NO...

VENGEANCE! I WILL HAVE *VENGEANCE* ON THOSE WHO TRAPPED ME.

SOON YOU WILL FEEL THE *EXPLOSIVE* FURY OF *NITRO!*

SEE, YOU YOUNG IMBECILE? IT *WORKED!* AND THE *BEST* IS YET TO COME!

NITRO IS *FREE!* AND WHEN HE *COALESCES*, HE'LL BE *HIM-SELF*, AGAIN!

KABOOM

THE *CANISTER* EXPLODES WITH A ROAR LIKE THUNDER. SHARDS OF TWISTED METAL HURTLE THROUGH THE AIR.

INSTINCTIVELY, SKIDS ACTIVATES HER DEFLECTOR FIELD, PROTECTING HERSELF AND THE TINKERER...

IT WAS THE *JUDGES*, NITRO... IN THE COURT-HOUSE *BELOW*, *THEY* TRAPPED YOU...

BUT I-- *THE VULTURE*, YOUR FRIEND AND BENEFACTOR, HAVE SET YOU FREE!

WHY ARE YOU *DOING* THIS? HE'LL - BLOW UP THE *COURTHOUSE*... AND EVERYONE *IN* IT!

THAT, BOY, IS WHAT I HAVE *IN MIND!*

I'LL SHOW THEM ALL THAT, DESPITE HIS BALD DOME, THE *VULTURE* IS A *POWER* TO BE RECKONED WITH!

THERE WILL BE *DESTRUCTION* AS THE WORLD HAS SELDOM SEEN...

...AND THEN I'LL *FLY AWAY!*

YEAH? WELL, I HAVE A *POWER* TO BE RECKONED WITH, TOO, JERK!

WE'RE TOO HIGH! YOU *WOULDN'T--!*

HUMPH!

OH, WOULDN'T I--?

WHRAM!

MEDDLING MUTANT FOOL!

STOP CHOKING HIM! HE WAS ON THE BOTTOM WHEN YOU HIT! HE'S HURT! UNCONSCIOUS!

AND SOON, MY DEAR, HE'LL BE DEAD!

WE'LL ALL BE DEAD, VULTURE! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE NOW, ANY MORE THAN WE!

YOU'RE ALL FOOLS. AND NOW YOU'RE GONNA DIE LIKE FOOLS.

LISTEN, NITRO. THE COPS ARE CLOSING IN. MAYBE WE SHOULD RETHINK THIS PLAN?

LET 'EM! THERE'LL BE NUTHIN' LEFT FOR 'EM TO CART AWAY!

YOU'LL BE GONE AND I'LL REFORM SOMEWHERE ELSE!

NITRO, THE VULTURE AND THE TINKERER FREED YOU. SO WHY DON'T YOU GIVE THEM A BREAK?

WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO TO KILL THEM ALONG WITH A LOT OF INNOCENT PEOPLE?

LEARN THIS, MUTIE, AND LEARN IT WELL! GRATITUDE HAS NO PLACE IN MODERN VILLAINY!

USE YOUR SHIELD! PROTECT YOURSELF! PROTECT THEM TOO IF YOU CHOOSE!

BUT DON'T EXPECT THEM TO THANK YOU MORE THAN I THANK THEM!

NITRO BLAZES WHITE HOT...BUILDING TOWARD THE MOMENT WHEN HE WILL EXPLODE IN INCANDESCENT FURY...

NO! DON'T!

SKIDS LEAPS TOWARD HIM, HER DEFLECTION FIELD FULLY EXTENDED.

THROWING HERSELF ONTO NITRO, EVEN AS HE BEGINS TO DISCORPORATE...

...DESPERATELY WRAPPING HER FIELD AROUND HIM, SKIDS COVERS THE MADMAN, HOPING AGAINST HOPE TO PREVENT DISASTER.

SHE BECOMES, IN EFFECT, A HUMAN CONTAINMENT VESSEL. BUT NITRO'S FURY CANNOT BE CONTAINED...

BOOM!

HE STILL DETONATES WITH ENOUGH FORCE TO DESTROY A CITY BLOCK.

SOMEHOW... YOU STOPPED MY *BLAST*... ONCE. I THINK YOU CANNOT *MOVE* ENOUGH TO TRY AGAIN...

HOW... HOW CAN I HURT SO MUCH... AND STILL BE ALIVE...?

...WHILE I HAVE BUT TO RE-*FORM*... AND RE-*DETONATE*...WHENEVER ...WHEREVER... I CHOOSE...

WHAT IS HAPPEN-ING?

WHY CAN I NOT...

...REFORM...?

HE'S TURNED TO DUST!... WHAT...WHAT HAPPENED...?

THE RESULT, I SUSPECT, OF EXPLODING WITHIN THE EXTREMELY CONFINED SPACE OF THE MUTANT'S WITHHOLDING FIELD.

THE CONCUSSION SO SHATTERED HIS MOLECULAR BONDS THAT HE WAS *UNABLE* TO REFORM.

WE DID IT, RUSTY... JUST LIKE YOU SAID.

SAVED THE HUMANS.

GAVE MUTANTS A GOOD NAME.

SHOWED 'EM WE'RE REAL HEROES...

MEANWHILE, THE REST OF THE NEW MUTANTS ARE IN ASGARD, THE DIMENSION RULED BY THE NORSE GODS, WHERE AN INVASION HAS BEEN REPELLED. BUT AT A TERRIBLE COST...

WHAT HO, MORTALS? WARLOCK, ART THOU AND THY FRIENDS ALIVE AND WELL?

SELF AND FRIEND-BOOM-BOOM ARE AT LEAST ALIVE! HOW FARES THE WOLF-PRINCE HRIMHARI--?

HE'S STILL BREATHING, WARLOCK. BUT UNCONSCIOUS. AND OTHER NEW MUTANTS HAVE ALSO FALLEN, PAPA.

THEY LIE GRAVELY WOUNDED IN LORD ODIN'S PALACE!

MIGHT WE NOT TAKE THESE THREE THERE, SO THEY CAN BE TOGETHER.

AND SOON...

THE WARRIORS THREE BRING THEE MORE INVALIDS!

BOOM-BOOM!

WARLOCK!

MY WOLF PRINCE! THANK HEAVEN, THEY'RE ALIVE!

BUT HURT...TERRIBLY! OH, RAHNE, WHY WASN'T I STRONG ENOUGH TO RESIST HELA'S MAGICS?

DANI, LOVE, YE MUST NA BLAME YUIRSELF!

HELA TOOK EVER SO LONG TO CREATE THAT SPELL. NO VALKYRIE WAS ABLE TO RESIST IT...

BUT DON'T YOU SEE? I'M NOT JUST ANY VALKYRIE. I'M A MUTANT!

SO, DWARF-LORD, IS THIS THE CHAMPION WHO DESTROYED THE DEATH-SWORD?

IT IS, GRIM HOGUN. BUT SAM GUTHRIE IS FEELING THE BITTER EFFECTS OF HIS HEROISM!

I HAVE HERE, YOUNGSTER, IN THIS FLASK, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE...

...A RESTORATIVE POTION OF IMMENSE POWER! DRINK...

...AND BE *HEALED!*

YEAH. AH CAN FEEL IT WORKIN'! AH'M BETTER A'READY.

BUT SOME OF THE OTHERS WERE PRETTY HARD HIT, TOO.

CAN... CAN YOU SPARE SOME OF THAT STUFF FOR *THEM*...?

AND...

LOOK AT THAT HAND-- GOOD AS NEW!

IT'S LIKE A MIRACLE.

'TIS A MIRACLE.

AND NO LESS THAN THE HEROES OF ASGARD'S DEFENSE DESERVE.

IN THE NAME OF ODIN AND ALL OF ASGARD, I THANK YOU ALL!

IT WAS NOTHIN', LORD BALDER.

THOR'S RISKED HIS LIFE FOR FOLKS ON... ON MIDGARD* TIME AN' AGAIN.

IT WAS TIME US HUMANS RETURNED THE FAVOR.

YOU KNOW, THIS IS GONNA SOUND WEIRD, COMING FROM *ME*, BUT REALLY, IT'S NOT SO BAD HERE IN ASGARD, AFTER ALL.

I'LL *ALMOST* BE SORRY TO GO HOME.

HOME... TO MIDGARD? BUT... I THOUGHT YOU KNEW...!

THE *RAINBOW BRIDGE* THAT LINKS OUR DIMENSIONS HAS BEEN SEVERED AND ASGARD NOW FLOATS OUT IN THE *NEGATIVE ZONE.*

NO ONE DOTH KNOW HOW YOU *CAME* HERE... NOR IS THERE ANY WAY THAT WE CAN SEND YOU *HOME.*

*ASGARDIAN FOR EARTH. --BOB

WHILE BACK HOME, ON THE NOW-CROWDED COURTHOUSE ROOF, THE VULTURE AND THE TINKERER ARE IN POLICE CUSTODY.

A SEVERELY-CONCUSSED RUSTY KNEELS BESIDE SKIDS AS THE ROAR OF A HELICOPTER POUNDS IN HIS BRAIN.

KEEP BACK. I'M THE CRIMSON COMMANDO OF FREEDOM FORCE, THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT'S SPECIAL MUTANT TASK FORCE. WE'LL TAKE OVER NOW.

WAIT A MINUTE, WE'RE MEDICS. THE GIRL'S IN BAD SHAPE. AND THE BOY'S NOT MUCH BETTER.

YO! THEY'RE ESCAPEES FROM A FEDERAL PRISON. THEY DON'T NEED MEDICS.

THEY'RE A DANGER TA SOCIETY... AN' THE BLOB'S COME TA TAKE 'EM WHERE THEY CAN'T HURT ANY-BODY ELSE!

AS A FAVOR TA THE LO-CAL COPS, WE'LL TAKE CHARGE O' THE VULTURE, TOO.

I DON'T CARE IF SHE'S SISTER TERESA, GENTLEMEN. IF SHE DOESN'T REACH A HOSPITAL, SOON... I WON'T ANSWER FOR HER LIFE.

WE'LL TAKE THAT RESPONSI-BILITY.

LOAD HER ONTO THE CHOPPER. SHE AND THE BOY WILL BE CARED FOR IN A GOVERNMENT FACILITY FROM WHICH THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE.

NO! YOU CAN'T!

YOU HEARD THEM! SHE HAS TO GET TO A HOSPITAL. NOW!

WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT, US HURTING PEOPLE? SKIDS NEVER HARMED ANYBODY! SHE STOPPED NITRO! SHE SAVED HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE!

DO AS YOU'RE TOLD, MY FRIEND...

...OR FACE A *WARRANT* FOR INTERFERING WITH FEDERAL OFFICERS.

NO! YOU *CAN'T!* DON'T LISTEN TO THEM!

YOU'RE AFRAID SHE'LL TELL, AREN'T YOU, COMMANDO? YOU'RE TERRIFIED SHE'LL SPILL FREEDOM FORCE'S DIRTY LITTLE SECRET.

OR YOU'LL WHAT--?

YOU FORGET, BOY, THAT *PYRO* CONTROLS *FLAME!*

AN' THE *BLOB* HAS *HAD* IT, LISTENING TO LYIN', BELLYACHIN' SCUM WHO GIVE HONEST MUTIES A BAD NAME!

CRACK!

AAAK--

BUT SHE ISN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS WHAT YOU'RE UP TO!

TAKE HER TO THE HOSPITAL OR I'LL--

WHAT WAS THE BOY SAYING, *COMMANDO?*

IS IT TRUE THAT YOU DON'T WANT US GETTING *THEIR* SIDE OF THE STORY?

THE *BOY* SAID WHAT YOU'D EXPECT ANY CRIMINAL TO SAY-- THAT HE WAS INNOCENT! AND IN HIS DESPERATION, HE SOUGHT TO SULLY *OUR* NAME THROUGH BASELESS ACCUSATIONS.

LET ME SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT ON THIS CASE ONCE AND FOR ALL...

THEIR ESCAPE... WITH THE VULTURE... FROM A FEDERAL FACILITY IS A MATTER OF RECORD.

THEY TEAMED UP WITH *THE VULTURE* TO FREE *NITRO* FROM HIS SPECIALLY-DESIGNED CANISTER, AND WERE INJURED WHEN HE IGNITED.

BECAUSE OF THEM, HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE COULD HAVE DIED.

THEY MAY *LOOK* YOUNG, BUT DON'T FOOL YOURSELVES THAT THEY'RE HARMLESS. BECAUSE OF THEM, *NITRO* IS *FREE* OUT THERE SOMEWHERE!

THEY'RE *EVIL MUTANTS.* AND WE IN *FREEDOM FORCE* HAVE LEARNED, TO OUR GREAT SORROW, THE POWER OF EVIL.

OUR OWN *TEAM-MATES*, DESTINY AND STONEWALL, HAVE JUST FALLEN TRAGICALLY TO SCUM LIKE THEM.

BUT *DANGER*...EVEN *DEATH*...IS THE PRICE OF *FREEDOM FORCE'S* VIGILANCE. AND FREEDOM FORCE WILL PAY IT GLADLY.

BECAUSE *WE* ARE AMERICA'S *HEROES*...AND WE SERVE YOU *ALL!*

ELSEWHERE AND HOURS LATER, FORMS DARK AND MYSTERIOUS ENTER A MAJOR FEDERAL ENERGY RESEARCH FACILITY NEAR DARK HOLE, WYOMING.

THERE ARE SIX OF THEM... FLESH AND BLOOD CREATURES... AND YET THEY DISARM SOPHISTICATED SENSORS AND SLIP INTO THE HIGH SECURITY BUILDING LIKE WRAITHS.

THEY ARE THE LAST SIGHT THE BUILDING'S GUARDS WILL EVER SEE.

READY, WILDSIDE?

READY, STROBE.

GET US OUT OF HERE, ZERO...

TICK TICK

TICK TICK TI

"...IT'S ALMOST DAWN..."

TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK

BA-RROOMMM!

LATER...

...WHAT ABOUT THE POSSIBILITY OF *ARSON*?

GENTLEMEN, I STRESS THAT THIS WAS A *RESEARCH FACILITY* SPECIALIZING IN PASSIVE ENERGY ACQUISITION. THERE'S NO REASON TO SUSPECT--

A *MESSAGE*, SIR. ON THE *MOBILE PHONE*. FOR *YOU*, SIR.

YOUR SUSPICIONS OF ARSON ARE CORRECT, MR. PHILLIPS.

WE ARE RESPONSIBLE! WE CLAIM CREDIT FOR THE EVENT YOU ARE NOW WITNESSING!

WHO... WHO *ARE* YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WE ARE THE *MUTANT LIBERATION FRONT*. OUR DEMANDS ARE SIMPLE...

...FREE THE CAPTIVE MUTANTS KNOWN IN THE PRESS AS *RUSTY* AND *SKIDS*!

FOR EVERY DAY THEY REMAIN IN CAPTIVITY ANOTHER FALSE SYMBOL OF HUMANITY'S PROSPERITY AND LIBERTY WILL BE DESTROYED!

NEXT ISSUE.

*THE **NEW MUTANTS** ESCAPE FROM **ASGARD** AND ONE MAN STANDS AGAINST THE **MUTANT TERRORISTS**. MEET HIM-- **NEXT ISSUE!***

*THE **NEW MUTANTS'** LIVES WILL NEVER BE THE SAME!*

Excerpt from *X-Factor #49*

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MEANWHILE ON **EARTH**, **APOCALYPSE** PONDERS THE SCREENS AND TRIES TO FIND SOME MEANING IN THE VARIOUS AND BIZARRE IMAGERY OF AN EARTHLY VILLAINOUS UPRISING...

MOST OF THESE EVIL MASTERMINDS WOULD NOT, OF THEIR OWN WILLS, **ASSOCIATE** WITH EACH OTHER.

THEY BEHAVE ODDLY, SO MUCH OUT OF CHARACTER-- IN SOME CASES AS TO BE BAFFLING!

SOMEONE **ELSE** IS **BEHIND** THIS CONSPIRACY...

SOMEONE WHOSE **MOTIVES** ARE QUIXOTIC AND STRANGE... BUT WHOSE WILL...AND POWERS... ARE OVERWHELMINGLY STRONG.

THERE ON THE SCREEN! **ONE MAN**-- A LINK BETWEEN THEM. UNOBTRUSIVE. DIFFIDENT. WHO APPEARS TO BE NO MORE THAN A SERVANT.

YET, HIS IS THE MANTLE OF **POWER** AND HIS **AURA** BRANDS HIM AS ONE NOT OF THIS EARTH.

A BEING WHO FORCES **MAN** TO PLAY THE FOOL...

...HAS NO BUSINESS **MEDDLING** IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN.

INDEED, MY FRIEND! **EARTH** CAN GO TO THE DEVIL FOR ALL I CARE!

INTERESTING... YOU CAN SPEAK...!

AND **YOU**--**YOU** ARE A MAN OF **INSIGHT!** THAT RARE BEING OF POWER WHO KNOWS A GOD WHEN YOU SEE ONE!

AND SO, APOCALYPSE...

...BECAUSE OF YOUR INSIGHT...

...BECAUSE OF YOUR POWER...

...BECAUSE OF YOUR NEARLY GODLIKE POTENTIAL FOR **DESTRUCTION**...

...I, OFFER **YOU** THE OPPORTUNITY TO JOIN **WITH** ME... TO LEAD MY ACTS OF VENGEANCE HERE ON EARTH.

NEXT--THE DOUBLE-SIZED 50TH ISSUE! THE GRAND FINALE OF **THE JUDGEMENT WAR!**

SEE--X-FACTOR RESTORED! THE CLASH IN THE ARENA! THE JUDGEMENT OF THE CELESTIALS! THE FATE OF PHOENIX! AND ON EARTH, APOCALYPSE AND THE TRANSFORMATION OF CALIBAN!

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ACTS of VENGEANCE!™

JUDGEMENT WAR™ finale

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ON THE BORDER BETWEEN INDIA AND TIBET, IN NEPAL, LIES A MOUNTAIN RANGE CALLED THE HIMALAYAS. ITS HIGHEST PEAK, MT. EVEREST, IS THE TALLEST MOUNTAIN ON EARTH AND ONE OF THIS PLANET'S GREAT NATURAL WONDERS.

FAR BELOW, LIES AN UNNATURAL WONDER -- THE SECRET CITADEL OF X-FACTOR'S MOST PRIMAL ENEMY, ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL AND DEADLY OF MUTANTS...

MEANWHILE, ON EARTH...

IT IS WITHIN THE VAST CENTRAL KEEP, GIRDLED BY MASSIVE SPY-SCREENS AND OTHER ESOTERIC PARAPHERNALIA, THAT A GRAY-FLANNELED, MYSTERIOUS FIGURE HAS MATERIALIZED WITH A SURPRISING MESSAGE FOR THE MASTER OF THIS PLACE OF DARKNESS...

I OFFER YOU THE CHANCE TO JOIN ME -- TO SPEARHEAD MY ACTS OF VENGEANCE HERE ON EARTH!

I AM APOCALYPSE, LITTLE MAN.

WHO ARE YOU TO OFFER ME ANYTHING?

LOUISE SIMONSON
WRITER
TERRY SHOEMAKER
PENCILER
HILARY BARTA
INKER
MICHAEL HEISLER
LETTERER
TOM VINCENT
COLORIST
BOB HARRAS
EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

I HAVE *WATCHED* YOU IN SECRET... PLAYING AT BEING A HUMAN *SERVANT* TO VILLAINS.*

*SEE *ACTS OF VENGEANCE* CROSSOVERS.--BOB

BUT, IN FACT, THESE VILLAINS REALLY SERVE *YOU.* YOU HAVE *MANIPULATED*--

PERSUADED... I ASSURE YOU!

--*MANIPULATED* THEM INTO JOINING YOUR VILLAINOUS *UPRISING.* INTO BATTLING HEROES AGAINST WHOM THEY HAVE NO *PERSONAL GRUDGE.*

AGAIN I ASK, WHO *ARE* YOU? WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO *GAIN* FROM THIS...ABSURD-ITY?

WITH A SNAP OF ENERGY, THE GRAY-GARBED FIGURE TRANSFORMS...

THOU DISAPPOINTEST ME, APOCALYPSE. I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT *THOU* WOULDST GUESS MY TRUE IDENTITY.

LOKI OF ASGARD! THE NORSE GOD OF *LIES* AND *MISCHIEF!*

BY WHAT RIGHT DO YOU *ANNOY* THE HEROES OF EARTH?

BY WHAT *IDIOCY* DOST THOU, A MUTANT *MORTAL,* HOPE TO IMPRISON A *GOD?*

SNAP!

THE *MORTALS* OF *MIDGARD** HAVE LONG ANNOYED *ME.* PARTICULARLY, THE *AVENGERS.*

WHOM YOU, BY YOUR MISGUIDED ACTIONS, FORCED INTO BEING!

CRAKKLE!

THE *AVENGERS* HAVE *FELT* THE POWER OF *LOKI'S* DISPLEASURE...

...WHILE THE OTHER *SO-CALLED HEROES* OF EARTH HAVE BEEN DISTRACTED FROM COMING TO THEIR AID.

NOW I WOULD HAVE *OTHERS* FEEL LOKI'S LASH, AS WELL.

**ASGARDIAN FOR EARTH.*

OTHERS--?

THE X-MEN! CYCLOPS, LEADER OF X-FACTOR... AND THE YOUNG NEW MUTANTS, WHO WILL SOON RETURN TO MIDGARD FROM ...ELSEWHERE!

THEY, TOO, HAVE OFTTIMES ANNOYED ME AND MINE.*

DEFEAT THEM... DESTROY THEM... AND IN DOING SO THOU WILST PROVE THYSELF WORTHY TO JOIN ME.

YOUR SO-CALLED ACTS OF VENGEANCE IS ALREADY A FAILURE.

*DURING THEIR ASGARDIAN ADVENTURES. --BOB

NO! I HAVE CAUSED THE AVENGERS ANGUISH. THEY HAVE FELT PAIN. I WOULD HAVE DESTROYED THEM, HAD NOT MY SERVANTS, MY SO-CALLED MASTER VILLAINS...

...CONTINUED TO PURSUE THEIR OWN PETTY INTERESTS... IN PLACE OF MINE...AND HAVE THUS BEEN HUMILIATINGLY DEFEATED.

COURAGE--?! I COULD CRUSH THEM--!

COULD YOU?

WHRAMM!

NO WONDER THE HUMANS HAVE CEASED TO WORSHIP YOU, LOKI! HOW LITTLE YOU UNDERSTAND THE HUMAN HEART!

HUMANS ARE NOT IMMORTAL ...AND HAVE LITTLE ENOUGH TIME TO ACCOMPLISH THEIR OWN GOALS.

REMEMBER, LOKI, THAT APOCALYPSE IS NOT ONE OF YOUR PETTY VILLAINS.

I, LIKE YOU, HAVE BEEN A GOD.

KRAKOOG!

BA-BOOOM!

HUMANS ARE NOT THE WEAKLINGS YOU TAKE THEM FOR. EACH, BE HE HERO OR VILLAIN, IS DYING FROM THE DAY HE IS BORN.

EACH BREATH...EACH EFFORT... IS AN ACT OF COURAGE AGAINST INEVITABLE DOOM...

...SUCH COURAGE WE IMMORTALS ONLY DREAM OF.

I KNOW THE ABILITY OF FAITH TO EMPOWER THOSE WHO ARE WORSHIPPED.

AND TO TRANSFORM THE WORSHIPPER!

SMASH!

AAK!

WHO ARE YOU, CREATURE, TO INTERRUPT YOUR BETTERS?

I AM CALIBAN. APOCALYPSE HAS MADE CALIBAN WHAT HE IS, AND CALIBAN IS HIS SERVANT.

SKRJUMPT!

THEN YOUR MASTER SHOULD TRAIN HIS SERVANTS BETTER. SHALL I SHOW HIM HOW?

WHAPT!

WHAPT!

WHAT IS THIS? WHAT ENERGY HAS GRABBED HOLD OF ME? BY WHAT MAGIC HAVE YOU TRAPPED ME?

BY KNOWLEDGE GLEANED FROM A CELESTIAL ARTIFACT THAT KNEW NOT ITS OWN POWER...

...AND BY THE LOYALTY OF MY SERVANT, WHO RISKED HIS LIFE TO DISTRACT YOU WHILE I SPRANG MY TRAP.

YOU WORSHIP ME, DON'T YOU, CALIBAN? MY WILL IS YOUR OWN.

YES, MASTER.

HE IS MY MASTERPIECE. MY FAITHFUL HELL HOUND ...WHOM I HAVE TRANSFORMED.

THROUGH HIM, IN PART, I WILL TEST AND STRENGTHEN HUMANITY. I WILL WINNOW OUT THE UNFIT AND TEMPER THE STRONG.

EVEN AS MY *MACHINES* DRAIN YOU OF *POWER* AND *OVERWHELM* YOU...

...SO, TOO, THE TIME IS COMING WHEN EVIL FORCES WILL OVERWHELM THE EARTH.

...OR BE *DESTROYED*, UTTERLY.

AS YOU STRUGGLE, *NOW*-- SO THE *DENIZENS* OF THE EARTH WILL BE FORCED TO FIGHT WITH RENEWED VIGOR...

THEIR EFFORT WILL BE TERRIBLE, BUT THOSE WHO SURVIVE WILL EMERGE WITH POWERS UNDREAMT OF.

NO. I WILL NOT BE *MANIPULATED* BY YOU, LOKI, AS SO MANY OTHERS WERE.

I AM *WISER*... *STRONGER*, PERHAPS, THAN THEY, AND CAN SEE YOUR FEEBLE LIES AND TRICKS FOR WHAT THEY ARE.

BUT I, THOUGH *IMMORTAL*, STILL *CLING* TO MY *HUMAN* ROOTS.

I, LIKE THEM, HAVE MY *OWN* AGENDA... MY *OWN* GOALS. THE STRONG MUST *GROW* AND *SURVIVE* TO BE-COME THE *NORM*.

SO THAT THOSE WHO RISE FROM THAT FERTILE SOIL, WILL BE STRONGER STILL.

STRONG ENOUGH, ONE DAY, TO CHALLENGE THE GODS THEMSELVES.

NOT ONLY DO I *REFUSE* TO JOIN YOU, LOKI, I WILL *OPPOSE* YOU WHEN AND WHEREVER I CAN.

FROM HENCEFORTH, I AM YOUR *ENEMY*... AS YOU ARE AN ENEMY OF *HUMANKIND*.

THREATS FROM SUCH AS YOU DO NOT FRIGHTEN LOKI...

...NOR CAN YOUR ALIEN MACHINERIES HOLD ME FOR LONG!

CRAK!

I AM SIMPLY ENDING A DISCUSSION THAT HAD BECOME TEDIOUS...AND POINTLESS.

AND SO YOU HAVE RETREATED TO THE SCREEN AGAIN!

YOUR HUMANS WILL NOT **SURVIVE** LONG ENOUGH TO CHALLENGE THE GODS, APOCALYPSE. AND YOU, SO PROUD OF YOUR OWN WISDOM, ARE A FOOL.

DARE TO OPPOSE ME... OR MY PLANS... AND YOU WILL JOIN YOUR HUMAN RACE IN DEATH.

IT IS WELL TO KNOW WHERE WE BOTH STAND. OUR PATHS, CERTAINLY, SHALL CROSS AGAIN.

I HAVE FOR YOU ONE LAST PARTING GIFT...!

SKRASH

HE SHATTERED THE SCREEN!

MASTER, HE IS POWERFUL... AND A GOD. IF HE CHOOSES TO DESTROY US, HOW CAN HUMANITY STAND AGAINST HIM?

MUCH OF WHAT HE SAYS ARE LIES. BUT HIS HOSTILITY TOWARD HUMANKIND IS GENUINE.

AND HE IS NOT ALONE IN HIS HATRED OF OUR KIND.

HUMANITY MUST GROW STRONG ...AND QUICKLY, CALIBAN.

SOON YOU WILL BE READY TO BEGIN YOUR MISSION ON EARTH...TO FIND AND TEST THE WORTHY.

TO DESTROY THE WEAK THAT THE STRONG HAVE ROOM TO GROW.

COME, MY HOUND. WE MUST BEGIN.

NEXT: X-FACTOR--ON EARTH! THE SHIP--TRANSFORMED! AND CALIBAN COMES OF AGE! IT'S A BRAND NEW BEGINNING!

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X-MEN

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MANDARIN™ HAS A NEW ASSASSIN-- AND PSYLOCKE™ IS HER NAME!

LEE ⊙ WILLIAMS

HONG KONG.

ON THE **PEAK**, OVERLOOKING THE HARBOR, IS WHERE THE **TAI-PANS** LIVE-- THE CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY, THE MASTER TRADERS, THE **LORDS** OF THIS MERCANTILE CITY.

MEN OF SUCH WEALTH AND POWER...

...THEY BELIEVE THEY HAVE **NOTHING** TO FEAR.

The KEY that BREAKS the LOCKE

< YOU HAVE SLAIN THOSE WHO SWORE FAITH TO ME... > *

<... THOSE WHO ACTED FOR ME AS MY HANDS.>

< WHY, PRAY TELL, SHOULD NOT YOUR MISERABLE LIFE STAND FORFEIT FOR THEIRS?>

<LORD MANDARIN-->

<--I AM MATSUO TSURAYABA.>

< AND I STRIPPED YOU OF THOSE LESSER HANDS...>

<... THAT I MIGHT OFFER YOU THE SERVICES OF THE TRUE HAND.>

A STAN LEE PRESENTATION STARRING THE UNCANNY X-MEN

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BOB HARRAS, EDITOR | TOM DeFALCO, TAI-PAN

*TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE.-- Bob

〈I AM TOLD THE HAND IS **NO MORE.**〉

〈OR ARE YOU LIKE **HYDRA**--〉

〈--VAINGLORIOUSLY BOASTING THAT SHOULD ONE LIMB BE SEVERED, A SCORE MORE WILL GROW TO TAKE ITS PLACE?〉

〈WHATEVER THE FATE OF ONE HAND, LORD... 〉

〈... A MAN MAY STILL RELY ON THE OTHER.〉

〈I SEE.〉

〈ARE YOU JONIN, OR COMMON GENIN?〉

〈I AM AN EMISSARY.〉

〈WHAT NEED HAVE I FOR YOU, "EMISSARY"...〉

〈...OR YOUR FABLED ORDER OF **ASSASSINS**?〉

〈THE LEAST OF THESE **RINGS** IS SUFFICIENT TO REDUCE YOU TO DUST WITH BUT A **THOUGHT**!〉

〈YET THE TRUEST MEASURE OF A WEAPON...〉

〈...IS THE SKILL OF WHOMEVER WIELDS IT.〉

〈I STAND BEFORE YOU, LORD.〉

〈YOUR PRECIOUS "HANDS" DO NOT.〉

〈AND SHOULD I WISH TO LAY THE PROUD MANDARIN LOW...〉

〈... IT'S SAID ALL I NEED DO... 〉

〈...IS SUMMON THE AMERICAN AVENGER...〉

〈... IRON MAN.〉

〈YOU YET LIVE, ISLANDER.〉

〈MAKE USE OF YOUR BOUNTY.〉

〈BEFORE THE CENTURY IS DONE, LORD, HONG KONG WILL REVERT TO CHINESE SOVEREIGNTY.〉

〈YET EVEN NOW, WINDS OF CHANGE BLOW FROM THE GOBI TO THE SOUTH CHINA SEA.〉

〈THE MIDDLE KINGDOM IS IN FERMENT, THE OLD MEN IN BEIJING HAVE BROKEN FAITH WITH THE PEOPLE, THEIR WORLD WILL END WITH THEIR LIVES.

〈NOT IN ALL HISTORY HAS THERE BEEN SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY, FOR THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE...〉

〈...TO CARVE HIMSELF AN **EMPIRE**, THE LIKES OF WHICH THIS WORLD HAS **NEVER** KNOWN!〉

〈YOU TELL ME **NOTHING** I DO NOT ALREADY KNOW.〉

〈BUT WHO WILL FOLLOW A MAN WHO CAN BE BEATEN BY THE MOST COMMON YANKEE "SUPER HERO"?〉

〈EVEN A MANDARIN CAN LOSE ONLY SO MUCH "**FACE**," LORD, BEFORE EVEN THE MOST FEARSOME POWER IS RENDERED IMPOTENT AND USELESS.〉

〈AND HIS ONCE-NOBLE NAME BECOMES LITTLE BETTER THAN A JOKE.〉

〈YOU, I ASSUME, OFFER A SOLUTION?〉

〈A MEANS, LORD, TO STRIKE AT YOUR FOES WITH IMPUNITY.〉

〈TO KNOW THEIR MINDS' MOST INTIMATE SECRETS...〉

〈...THAT YOU MAY CUT OUT THEIR HEARTS.〉

〈LI FONG--〉

〈-- MY GUEST AND I WILL TAKE TEA...〉

〈...WHILE WE DISCUSS THIS MATTER... FURTHER.〉

ELSEWHERE...
BRATTA-RATTA-TATATAT!
TAKE THAT, YOU LUFTWAFFE SWINE--
--YOU'LL DROP NO MORE NAZI BOMBS ON DEAR OLD ENGLAND!
TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA!
IZZOOM-- THE POWERFUL ROLLS-ROYCE MERLIN ENGINE ROARS...
...AS IT PULLS THE SLEEK SPITFIRE INTO A GRACEFUL CLIMB...
...WHILE ROYAL AIR FORCE ACE BETSY BRADDOCK SCANS THE SKY FOR HER DEADLY FOE!
DON'T WORRY, BRIAN, I'LL PROTECT YOU!
WONDERFUL.
THAT SISTER O' YOUR'N, MASTER BRADDOCK, SHE'S 'AVIN' 'ERSELF QUITE A TIME.
Sigh! WHY CAN'T SHE PLAY WITH DOLLS--OR RIDE HORSES--
--LIKE ANY OTHER SELF-RESPECTING GIRL.
OR AT LEAST LEAVE ME OUT OF HER FANTASIES.
"SOME DAYS, MR. MOJO, HER IMAGINATION CAN BE A BIT TOO MUCH."
TAKKA
TAKKA
WHUA--?!?
WHERE'D THE CAROUSEL GO?
THIS IS A REAL SPITFIRE, I'M REALLY FLYING!
THOSE MESSERSCHMITTS-- THEY'RE FIRING REAL BULLETS!
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING, IT HAS TO BE A DREAM--
--WHAT'S THAT UP AHEAD?!
"A MONSTER-- A DEMON--
"--NO--
"COMING TO CLAIM ME--
"NO NO--
" BODY AND SOUL--
"NO NO NO--
"--GO AWAY GO AWAY...
"LEAVE ME ALONE!"
WISH I COULD, LOVEY, SINCE YOU'RE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME.
BUT THE RIDE'S OVER.
TIME TO CLOSE THE SHOW.

IT ISN'T FAIR, BRIAN. WE ALWAYS HAVE TO LEAVE, JUST WHEN THINGS GET REALLY EXCITING.

BETTER BE CAREFUL, BETSY. WON'T DO TO GET FANTASY MIXED WITH REALITY.

I S'POSE.

BUT WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN REALITY'S NOTHING BUT A BIG *BORE*?

MISS ELISABETH!

FOUND THIS IN THE COCKPIT.

YOU MUST'VE DROPPED IT.

I COULDN'T HAVE, I WASN'T WEARING--!

WELL, IT CERTAINLY CAN'T BE BRIAN'S, RIGHT?

IT'S *BEAU*TIFUL!

SOMEONE ELSE'S LOSS, YOUR GAIN. WAY O' THE WORLD.

YOU THINK SO?

WHERE'S THE HARM?

TAKE IT, CHILD.

LOOKS LIKE IT WAS MADE FOR YOU, ANYWAY!

IT REALLY *IS* LOVELY.

TAKE THAT!

A LOT NICER THAN ANYTHING I HAVE AT HOME.

AND THAT!

SOMETIMES, I THINK MUMMY AND DADDY AREN'T EVEN AWARE WE'RE THERE.

AND THAT AND THAT!

IT'S LIKE THEY LIVE IN A WHOLE DIFFERENT WORLD.

Baaa

SAME AS BRIAN AND HIS SILLY BOOKS!

AT LEAST *I* READ *ADVENTURE* STORIES--

--ALL YOU EVER DO IS *STUDY!*

HEY!

PHYSICS

GIVE ME BACK MY BOOK!

COME AND TAKE IT!

THIS ISN'T FUNNY, BETSY!

WHAT'RE YOU AFRAID OF, I'M JUST A *GIRL!*

WHO'S ABOUT TO GET A LONG-OVERDUE, WELL-DESERVED...

...THUMPING!

***BRIAN BRADDOCK** LUNGES FOR HIS TWIN SISTER, A FIERCE CRY ON HIS LIPS...*

...AND SUDDENLY, HE ISN'T BRIAN ANYMORE, NOR SHE BETSY.

ONE ENGLAND'S GIVEN WAY TO ANOTHER...

...AND A STRUGGLE THAT MIGHT HAVE STARTED AS PLAY...

TYNG!

...BECOMES SOMETHING DEADLY SERIOUS.

WHA--?!?

WOW!?!

WHAT WAS THAT?!!?

SOMETHING SEEMED TO GO "SPDOING" INSIDE MY HEAD. THAT'S WHEN THE WORLD TURNED ALL FUNNY.

YOU MEAN--YOU DID THAT??

BRIAN, I'M SORRY I TOOK YOUR BOOK.

I'M SORRY I GOT SO CROSS.

I ONLY WANTED YOU TO PLAY WITH ME, JUST A LITTLE.

PHYSICS AN INTRODUCTION IN 72 CHAPTERS

THIS FAR OUT IN THE COUNTRY, THERE ISN'T ANYONE ELSE. ESPECIALLY WHEN EVERYBODY BELIEVES OUR HOUSE IS HAUNTED. IT'S SO AWFULLY LONELY--AND NOBODY AT HOME REALLY SEEMS TO NOTICE. OR CARE.

I CARE.

BUT YOU'RE ALWAYS IN THE LIBRARY.

I GUESS I GOT ALL THE ACADEMIC GENES...

...AND YOU, THE ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE ONES.

HEY, BETSY--COME SEE WHAT I FOUND!

IT'S WONDER-FUL!

A MATCH FOR THE FIRST.

PERHAPS YOU CAN START A COLLECTION!

EIGHT MORE, YOU'LL HAVE A FULL SET!

BEEP buh-BEEP

PHYSIC AN INTRODUC IN 72 CHAPT

JAMIE!

H'LO, SIS, BRIAN!

I SAW YOU WIN THE WORLD DRIVING CHAMPIONSHIP, YOU WERE *MAGNIFICENT!*

OF COURSE, COULD A BRADDOCK BE ANYTHING ELSE?

LIKE MY NEW TOY?

SHE'S ALL RIGHT. YOU'VE DONE BETTER.

HUMPH!

BUT I *LOVE* YOUR CAR!

A *FERRARI TESTAROSSA*-- *WOW!*

GOT IT FROM OLD ENZO HIMSELF, A TOKEN OF HIS ESTEEM.

CARE TO TAKE HER FOR A SPIN?

Oh CAN I, JAMIE, CAN I, PLEASE, *CAN I?*

JAMIE-- *DEAR*EST-- YOU *MUST* BE JOKING.

THIS LITTLE *SLIP* OF A BABY-- ISN'T SHE THE *CUTEST* THING--

--HOW CAN SHE *POSSIBLY* HANDLE SUCH A BRUTE OF A CAR?

I'LL WORK THE PEDALS AND GEAR SHIFT, YOU STEER.

RIGHT-O!

JAMIE-- THIS ISN'T FUNNY.

NO OFFENSE, BUT I THINK I'LL WALK.

PITY. YOU COULD'VE ENJOYED THE *OTHER.* LAP.

FACTORY SPECS SAY 0-60 IN 5.4 SECONDS. FIGURE YOU CAN TOP THAT?

HIT IT!

VVV

VROOOMMMMMMM...

Baa?

FASTER, JAMIE--

--FASTER!

OKAY, SIS-- NOW'S THE TIME TO LEARN...

...WHAT WE'RE ALL *REALLY* MADE OF!

VRRRKKR

NO

Oh NO

STOP

PLEASE

HELP

DON'T

YAIEEEEEEKK!

YAY!

THIS IS *GREAT!*

HELP

HELP

HELP

I CAN'T STAND ANY-MORE

PLEASE

I *BEG* YOU

STOP!

Ohhh

ALL RIGHT.

WHAT A *POOP!*

SKREEEEEEEE

SEE? SATISFIED?
NO HARM DONE, THE CAR ISN'T EVEN SCRATCHED.
WE'VE ARRIVED, SAFE AND SOUND.
YOU DRIVE LIKE A *MANIAC!*
WE COULD'VE BEEN *KILLED!*

BUT WE *WEREN'T!*
BESIDES, LIFE'S NO FUN...
...WITHOUT ANY RISKS.
RISKS ARE ONE THING--
--THAT WAS *CRAZY!*
WHY'D YOU DO IT, BETSY-- IT ISN'T LIKE YOU AT ALL!

DON'T SAY THAT, DOUG.
YOU... IT... I...

IF YOU BELIEVE THAT, *DOUG RAMSEY*...
...THEN YOU DON'T *KNOW* ME.
AND WHY I EVER BOTHERED...
...TO CARE ABOUT SUCH A CONSUMMATE CHILD...

MOJO AND THE SPIRIT
TONIGHT ONLY
...I'LL *NEVER* KNOW!
WELCOME BACK TO THE *BODY SHOPPE*, MISS BETSY.

WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.

YOUR FRIENDS HAVE ALREADY ARRIVED.
THANKS, MOJO.
HAVE A NICE STAY.
BETSY!
HULLO, *STORM!*
RAVISHING AS EVER!
NO LESS THAN YOU.
TRY THIS, MISS?
VERY SNAZZY.
SO MANY CLOTHES...
...SO LITTLE TIME.
THIS, PERHAPS?
THERE YOU ARE, MY NAUGHTY, *NAUGHTY* TOY!
'BYE, NOW!
LET GO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
YOU'VE LOOKED LIKE THIS YOUR WHOLE LIFE.
TIME FOR A *CHANGE!*
OUT WITH THE OLD, IN WITH THE *NEW!*
THE *MEDIUM* IS THE MESSAGE, AFTER ALL.
AND WE CAN'T HAVE A WESTERNER...
...RUNNING THE HONG KONG UNDER-WORLD.
GLOOPA GLOOP
ART AS LIFE...
...I DO *LOVE* IT SO!
FZZRIPP!
WHO-EVER YOU WERE, MY PET...

"...IT'S NO LONGER WHO YOU ARE!"

AND YET, FOR ALL THAT'S CHANGED...

...THE OLDEST HURTS REMAIN.

WHY, ORORO?

WHY WAS BRIAN CHOSEN TO BECOME CAPTAIN BRITAIN, AND NOT ME?

HE NEVER WANTED THAT KIND OF LIFE-- IT WAS ALL I EVER DREAMED OF-- I'D HAVE GIVEN ANYTHING FOR THE CHANCE.

WHAT IS WRONG, ELISABETH?

YOU LOOK SO STRANGE...

I DON'T KNOW, I FEEL-- NO!

"--WATCHING!"

WHO IS SHE, EMISSARY?

WE BELIEVE, LORD, THE X-MAN, PSYLOCKE.

WEREN'T THOSE MUTANTS REPORTED SLAIN, SOME WHILE AGO?

EVIDENTLY, THEY ARE AS PRACTICED AT DECEPTION AS WE.

THAT'S JUST IT, ORORO, I CAN'T FEEL, INSIDE OR OUT!

IT'S LIKE I'M SCREAMING WITHOUT MAKING A SOUND.

I TOUCH, BUT THERE'S NO SENSATION. I'M SOLID--

--YET I DON'T EXIST.

ALIVE.

A GHOST.

WHICH?

SOMEONE'S OUT THERE, ORORO, IN THE DARK--

SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM, HOWEVER, FOR WHEN WE FOUND THE WOMAN, SHE WAS IN SHOCK, HER MIND AND MEMORIES TOTALLY FRAGMENTED.

WE ARE IN THE PROCESS NOW OF ISOLATING APPROPRIATE ELEMENTS OF HER PSYCHE AND FOCUSING THEM TOWARDS OUR DESIRED END. WE PROVIDE THE *GOAL*, BUT SHE HERSELF THE PATH TO REACH IT.

IN EFFECT, *SHE* DEFINES THE TERMS OF HER NEW REALITY...

...AND, CONSEQUENTLY, ACCEPTS IT AS NATURALLY AS SHE DID THE OLD.

OUR *SENSITIVE* IS IN PSYCHIC RAPPORT WITH HER-- PARTLY TO MONITOR HER PROGRESS, SINCE SHE APPEARS "INVISIBLE" TO OUR SENSORS, MOSTLY TO PREVENT HER TELEPATHY FROM DETECTING US.

HE IS AWARE OF WHAT SHE'S EXPERIENCING, BUT WE DARE NOT DISTURB HIM AT THIS JUNCTURE WITHOUT PLACING THE ENTIRE PROCEDURE AT RISK.

BY COMBINING THE HAND'S SPIRITUAL RESOURCES, LORD, WITH YOUR UNPARALLELED SKILLS...

...IN THE FIELD OF SENSORY DEPRIVATION AND CONDITIONING...

...OUR AMBITION IS TO RECONFIGURE HER MENTAL MOSAIC INTO A MORE... USEFUL PATTERN.

IMAGINE, IF YOU WILL, AN OPERATIVE WHO CAN "READ" MINDS. CONTROL THEM. SLAY LITERALLY WITH BUT A THOUGHT. CONSIDER WHAT MIGHT BE ACCOMPLISHED.

FORGIVE ME, EMISSARY, BUT THE HAND HAS NEVER BEEN NOTED FOR ITS ALTRUISM. WHY MAKE ME THIS *GIFT*?

A GUILD OF ASSASSINS NEEDS EMPLOYMENT.

JUST AS A GREAT LORD, MANDARIN, NEEDS SPIES TO SEEK OUT HIS ENEMIES.

AND EXECUTIONERS TO DEAL WITH THEM.

"IN PSYLOCKE, YOU HAVE *BOTH*."

"IF WE CAN *TURN* HER, LORD--SUCCEED WHERE WE FAILED WITH *ELEKTRA*--THEN TRULY *NOTHING* IS BEYOND OUR POWER!"

I HAD MY CHANCE, Y'KNOW.

TO BE A HERO.

CAPTAIN BRITAIN.

FOR A DAY.

POOR LITTLE *MAYFLY* HERO-GIRL.

BUT I WASN'T *GOOD* ENOUGH!

I WAS TOO SOFT, TOO SENTIMENTAL, TOO *WEAK!*

NO LONGER!

I WANT YOUR RING, STORM.

BETSY, DO *NOT*--!

YOU HAVE NO WILL BUT *MINE.*

THE *MENTO-INTENSIFIER* RING...

...IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO RESIST WHEN WIELDED BY A *NORMAL* MIND.

AMPLIFYING A *TELEPATH'S* POWER--

--THAT'S MY GIRL, GIVE IT HERE.

YOU'VE NO MORE NEED OF IT.

AND I, EVEN LESS OF YOU.

A MOST IMPRESSIVE *FLAME BLAST.*

FITTING, IN A WAY, THAT I TEST ITS MIGHT...

...ON MY *BEST FRIEND.*

BUT WHAT ARE FRIENDS, COMPARED TO *POWER?*

TEN RINGS FOR MY TEN FINGERS.

I SHALL NOT REST...

...UNTIL I HAVE THEM *ALL!*

INTRIGUING.

IT'S AS THOUGH *I* WAS CONSUMED BY THOSE FLAMES.

ALL THE OLD TIES, OLD LOYALTIES-- *RIPPED* AWAY...

...AS EASILY AS WAS MY *SKIN!*

I WANT YOUR RING, *COLOSSUS.*

PSYLOCKE?

CAN YOU BE SO... CHANGED?

THE NATURE OF LIFE IS CHANGE, *TOVARISCH.*

ESPECIALLY WHEN ONE PASSES THROUGH THE *SIEGE PERILOUS.*

YOU'VE FOUND YOUR *HEART'S DESIRE.* AND I SEEK MINE.

THIS RING IS NOT FOR YOU, ELISABETH-- IT WILL *DESTROY* YOU!

WRONG. IT'S MY *SALVATION!*

AND THE *DOOM* OF ALL WHO TRY TO KEEP IT FROM ME!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS, *PIOTR NIKOLIEVITCH,* WHEN A *METAL FORM* SUCH AS YOURS...

...IS SUBJECTED TO THE *ABSOLUTE ZERO* COLD OF MY *ICE BLAST?*

IT GROWS VERY, VERY *BRITTLE.*

PLINK

Humph!
COLOSSUS PAINTING IN NEW YORK'S *SOHO* ART COLONY...
...*DAZZLER* WORKING AT A HOLLYWOOD DANCE CLUB--
--WHAT "FASCINATING" VENUES TO FIND MY TEAMMATES IN.
BETTER WATCH YOURSELF, BRIGHT-EYES.
IT'S *YOU* SHE'S AFTER NOW.
NOT WITHOUT A *FIGHT!*
YOUR RINGS DON'T MEAN SQUAT, TURNCOAT...
... AGAINST MY *LASER.*
AM I GREAT, OR WHAT?
WRONG.
GASP!
SILLY GIRL.
SO SIMPLE FOR THE "*MENTO-INTENSIFIER*" RING TO CREATE THE ILLUSION I WAS OVER THERE-- MASKING MY PRESENCE AS I WALKED RIGHT UP BESIDE YOU--
--AND THEN FINISH YOU WITH THE "*ELECTRO-BLAST.*"
ZZZRAK
THE "*BLACK LIGHT*" RING...
...MAKES *SIX!*

"GENOSHA.

GIVE IT UP, *MUTANT*, THERE'S NO PLACE FOR YOU TO RUN!

"WITH *HAVOK* FLEEING FROM THE PRESS GANG'S STRONG-WOMAN, *PUNCHOUT*, AND A SQUAD OF MAGISTRATES."

I'M RUNNING-- AND FIGHTING, LADY--

--TILL MY PEOPLE ARE *FREE!*

AND THIS STINKING SOCIETY OF YOURS-- THAT MAKES MUTANTS *SLAVES*--

--IS SMASHED TO *DUST!*

ONLY THING LIKELY TO BE *SMASHED*, LOVER...

...APPEARS TO BE *YOU.*

Ungnh!

SOME SORT OF BLACK LIGHT BEAM--

--MAGISTRATES SOUND LIKE THEY'RE BLINDED--

--BUT WHO?!!

ME.

NO!

YOU'RE HARDLY IN A POSITION TO REFUSE, ALEX.

GIVE ME THE "*DISINTEGRATOR*" RING.

I GIVE MY WORD I *WON'T* DROP YOU.

THAT'S MY BRIGHT, BRAVE BOY.

TRUSTING TO THE END.

BUT I'M A WOMAN OF MY WORD.

I WON'T *DROP* YOU.

ARRGH!

HOW "CONSIDERATE" OF *CAROL DANVERS* AND *ROGUE* TO SLAUGHTER THEMSELVES, AND SAVE ME THE TROUBLE.

STRANGE...

...HOW *EASY* THIS ALL IS.

SHOULDN'T IT *HURT* MORE?

WHY IS IT I FEEL ONLY...

...*SATISFACTION?*

FROM THEIR FACES, THESE TWO *HATED* EACH OTHER.

DO I HATE THE X-MEN--

--AND THE LIFE I LED WITH THEM?

WHY ELSE WOULD *DESTROYING* THEM...

...COME SO NATURALLY-- *EH?!*

Ahh, WOMAN... THOU ART *BETRAYAL* INCARNATE.

BY THE BY, IF YOU SEEK THE NINTH RING...

...YOUR *BROTHER* HAD IT.

BUT *CAPTAIN BRITAIN* WON'T BE NEEDING IT ANY LONGER.

THE "*IMPACT BEAM*" IS MINE, PSYLOCKE--

OWHW!

--AND SO NOW, MY PRETTY, AT LONG LAST, ARE *YOU!*

NNNOOOO!

IT *CAN'T* BE!

SLAYMASTER!

BUT YOU'RE--!

DEAD?

TELL ME, FOOLISH CHILD...

...DID YOU SEE THE BODY?

HA HA HA HA HA HA

I'M A MATCH FOR YOU!

I'M NOT JUST A TELEPATH ANYMORE! I'VE GOT REAL POWER!

AS A WISE MAN ONCE SAID...

...IT IS NOT THE WEAPON THAT MATTERS...

...BUT THE WARRIOR WHO WIELDS IT!

AIEAGH!

TELL ME, EMISSARY...

...IS THIS PART OF YOUR SCENARIO?

THE SENSITIVE'S PHYSICAL TELEMETRY-- FLUCTUATING WILDLY-- AS THOUGH HE'S IN AN ACTUAL FIGHT!

IS SHE RESISTING YOUR INFLUENCE?

IMPOSSIBLE!

SHE SHOULD BE WELL ALONG THE WAY TO ELIMINATING ALL THE CRITICAL ELEMENTS AND RELATIONSHIPS OF HER PAST.

CULMINATING IN THE PERSONAL EXECUTION OF THOSE SHE LOVES-- AND ULTIMATELY, HER "HEROIC" SELF.

AN ONGOING, SPIRALING CIRCLE OF DECEPTION AND BETRAYAL THAT WILL BIND HER IRREVOCABLY TO THE HAND!

"BUT SOMETHING'S GOING WRONG.

"A RANDOM ELEMENT HAS ENTERED THE EQUATION.

"AND IT'S THREATENING TO KILL HER!"

DO YOU THINK, BECAUSE YOU DON THE GARB OF A WARRIOR, TAKE ON THE AIRS OF A WARRIOR, THAT-- HEY-- PRESTO--

--YOU *BECOME* A WARRIOR?

HOW FRAIL THE GIRLISH *DREAM*-- THE *GIRL* HERSELF-- BEFORE THE TRUE, TERRIBLE REALITY!

NO, NOT MY RINGS!

THEY'RE *MINE!*

I WON'T LET YOU TAKE THEM!!

THAT, PSYLOCKE...

...IS THE VERY *LEAST*...

...I SHALL TAKE FROM YOU!

Oooo, NASTY!

THEY'RE ONLY HER *EYES*.

WHAT'S THAT TO COMPLAIN ABOUT?

AAIEEE

NOT AS THOUGH SHE *NEEDS* THEM OR ANYTHING.

RUN TO GROUND AT LAST--THE POOR LITTLE *RABBIT* WHO PLAYED AT BEING A TIGER, TREMBLING NOW WITH TERROR TO DISCOVER SHE'S BEEN FOUND OUT.

YOU WERE *DOOMED* FROM THE START, DID YOU KNOW THAT?

IT WAS SO EASY TO *BETRAY* YOUR FRIENDS--BECAUSE YOU'D LONG AGO BETRAYED YOURSELF!

FAILING EVERYONE WHO EVER COUNTED ON YOU, UNABLE TO PROTECT THOSE YOU PROFESSED TO LOVE.

HOW COULD YOU? YOU CAN'T EVEN DEFEND *YOUR-SELF!*

NOT MY KIND OF ENDING AT ALL.

SO TWIST UP A REWRITE.

LIAR!

SKASH!

YOU WILL *REGRET* THIS FOLLY, GIRL.

YOU WILL SUFFER. AND KNOW SUCH *PAIN--!*

PERHAPS.

BUT I GUARANTEE, YOU'LL KNOW *WORSE!*

YOU'RE PARTLY RIGHT, SLAY-MASTER...

KHUD!

...I'LL GRANT YOU THAT.

I MAY EVEN BE *GRATEFUL* FOR IT.

SHAM!

IN MY WHOLE LIFE...

...I WAS NEVER REALLY--TRULY--*TESTED!*

I NEVER FOUGHT FOR MY LIFE-- AND *WON!*

WELL WELL WELL, WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

THERE'S *MORE* TO SLAYMASTER THAN IT SEEMS.

THAK!

THE "BLACK LIGHT" RING.

AN INGENIOUS STRATAGEM.

TOTALLY *WASTED* ON A BLIND TELEPATH.

I SEE WITH MY *MIND*, SILLY MAN, NOT MY EYES.

SHUGK!

YOU'RE *DONE!*

NEVER!

WHILE THE MANDARIN WEARS THESE SACRED RINGS, HE IS *UNBEATABLE!*

MY WILL-- AMPLIFIED A *THOUSAND-FOLD* BY MY *"MENTO-INTENSI-FIER"* BEAM--IS MORE THAN SUFFICIENT TO BRING EVEN *YOU* TO HEEL!

CAST ASIDE YOUR BOULDER, PSYLOCKE.

AND ACKNOWLEDGE THE *MANDARIN...*

...AS YOUR LORD AND *MASTER.*

NO.

YOUR MIND MAY CONTROL THE RING...

...BUT MINE-- THROUGH MY *TELEPATHY...*

...CONTROLS YOUR *THOUGHTS.*

ZARRGH!

WICKED WEE PSYLOCKE...

...HER DANCE IS ALMOST AS TWISTY-TURVY, SPIRAL, AS YOURS.

I'LL TAKE THAT AS A COMPLIMENT.

BUT NOW OUR GIRL'S WON THE DAY...

...WHAT COMES NEXT?

WHY, WE GIVE HER *INNER* EYES TO MATCH THE OUTER ONES WE GAVE HER LONG AGO...

... SO SHE CAN SEE-- AND ACT-- AS CLEARLY AS WE!

CAN'T WALK THE *WILDWAYS*, AFTER ALL...

"...WITHOUT *MOJO-EYES* TO SHOW THE WAY!"

THE OLD MAN IS DEAD.

SCUBA TEAM AS WELL!

UNFORTUNATE LOSSES, LORD...

...BUT, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, ALTOGETHER ACCEPTABLE ONES.

I RETURN THESE RINGS--

--WON IN FAIR COMBAT--

--TO THEIR RIGHTFUL LORD AND MASTER..

...WHO HAS FOR NOW AND FOR ALL TIME...

...BECOME *MINE*.

WE *HAVE* HER, LORD.

AND THROUGH HER...

...WHO KNOWS, *eh*, EMISSARY?

WHO KNOWS, INDEED?!

NEXT:
LADY MANDARIN!

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AUTHORITY

THE UNCANNY X-MEN

ACTS of VENGEANCE! ™

JIM LEE

A STAN LEE PRESENTATION
I AM
LADY MAN
DARIN
CHRIS CLAREMONT, WRITER
JIM LEE, PENCILER
JOSEF RUBINSTEIN, INKER
ALL AVAILABLE, LETTERERS
GLYNIS OLIVER, COLORIST
BOB HARRAS, EDITOR
TOM DeFALCO, EDITOR IN CHIEF
AN ACT OF VENGEANCE, STARRING THE UNCANNY X-MEN

IN THE NAME OF MY ***MASTER***, I BID YOU WELCOME...

...***LORDS*** OF THE ***HONG KONG UNDERWORLD***.

IT IS TIME FOR OLD ALLEGIANCES TO BE REMEMBERED...

...AND PLEDGES OF ***FEALTY*** REAFFIRMED.

YOU GOTTA BE ***JOKING!***

ONCE, THE ***MANDARIN*** WAS A NAME TO BE ***FEARED***.

BUT HE HAS SQUANDERED HIS POWER, LAID WASTE TO HIS REPUTATION.

WHY, PRAY TELL, SHOULD WE EVEN RESPECT, MUCH LESS FOLLOW, ONE WHO HAS CONSISTENTLY PROVED UNABLE TO DEFEAT THE ***LOWLIEST*** OF AMERICA'S SO-CALLED "SUPER HEROES"?

THOSE DAYS ARE ***DONE***.

GOT ***THAT*** RIGHT, BABE.

WE'RE IN, HE'S ***OUT***!

IT'LL TAKE MORE'N AN ARROGANT ACT AND SOME FANCY THREADS TO CONVINCE US OTHERWISE. THE MANDARIN HAS NO ***CREDIBILITY*** HERE. YOU HAVE ***LESS***.

GO HOME, YOUNG WOMAN.

SEEK EMPLOYMENT ELSEWHERE, AND NEVER TROUBLE YOUR BETTERS AGAIN.

LEST YOU BE TAUGHT A LESSON YOU'LL NOT SOON FORGET.

HOW AMUSING.

I WAS ABOUT TO SAY THE SAME TO ***YOU***.

SO BE IT.

KILL HER.

TO GIVE THEM CREDIT...

...THE HENCHMEN TRY THEIR VERY BEST.

ZARM

KRAK

AUGH!

KIAI!

KNUD

SOK!

BRAAP

FAZSH!

RAKOW!

<GUN HER!>*

<BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR GUYS--?!>

<IT'S THEM OR US, MAN-- DO IT!>

*TRANSLATED FROM THE CANTONESE DIALECT -- BH.

VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM

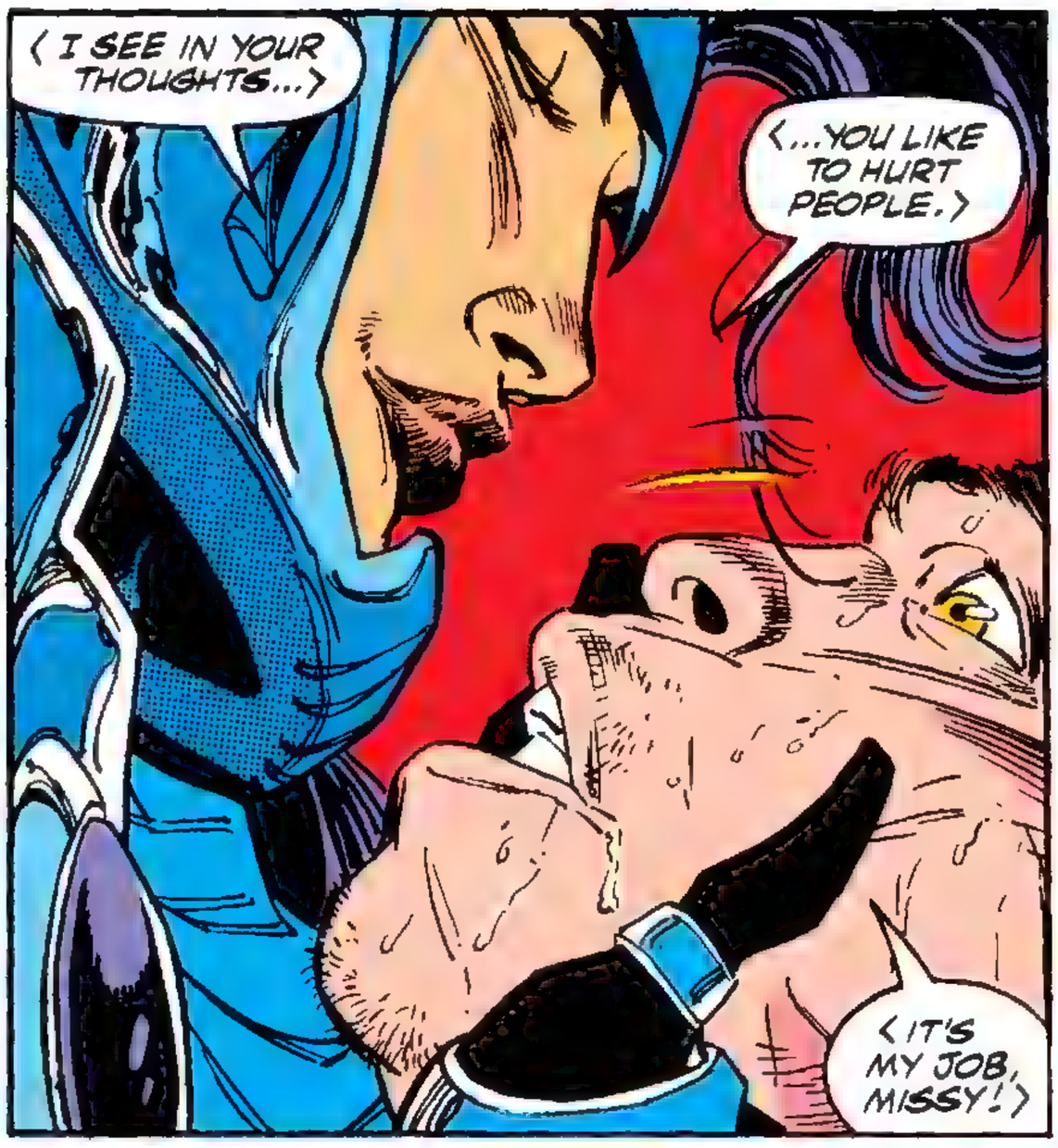
<A REGRETTABLE SACRIFICE-- BUT NECESSARY.>

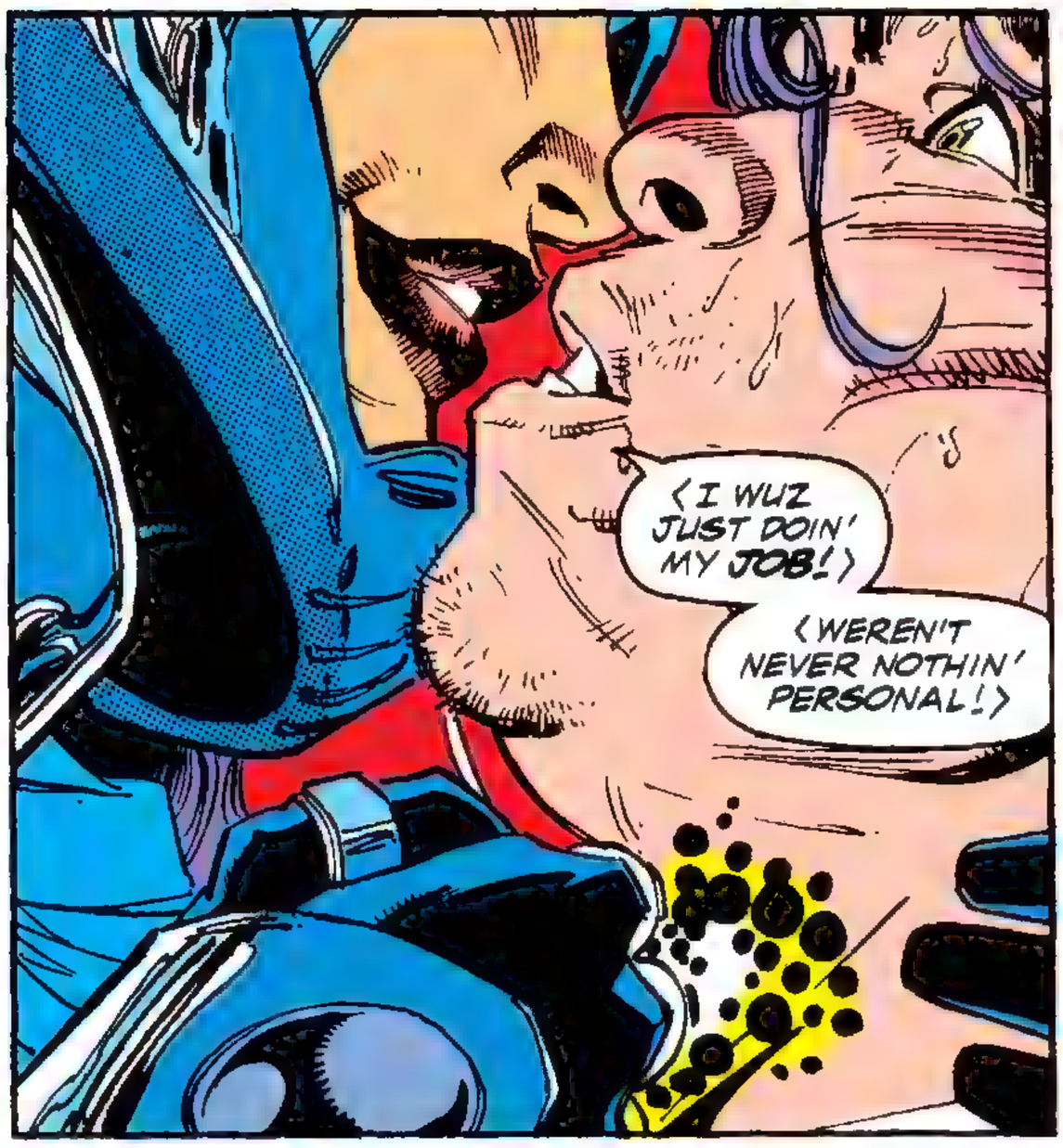
<BETTER MAKE SURE.

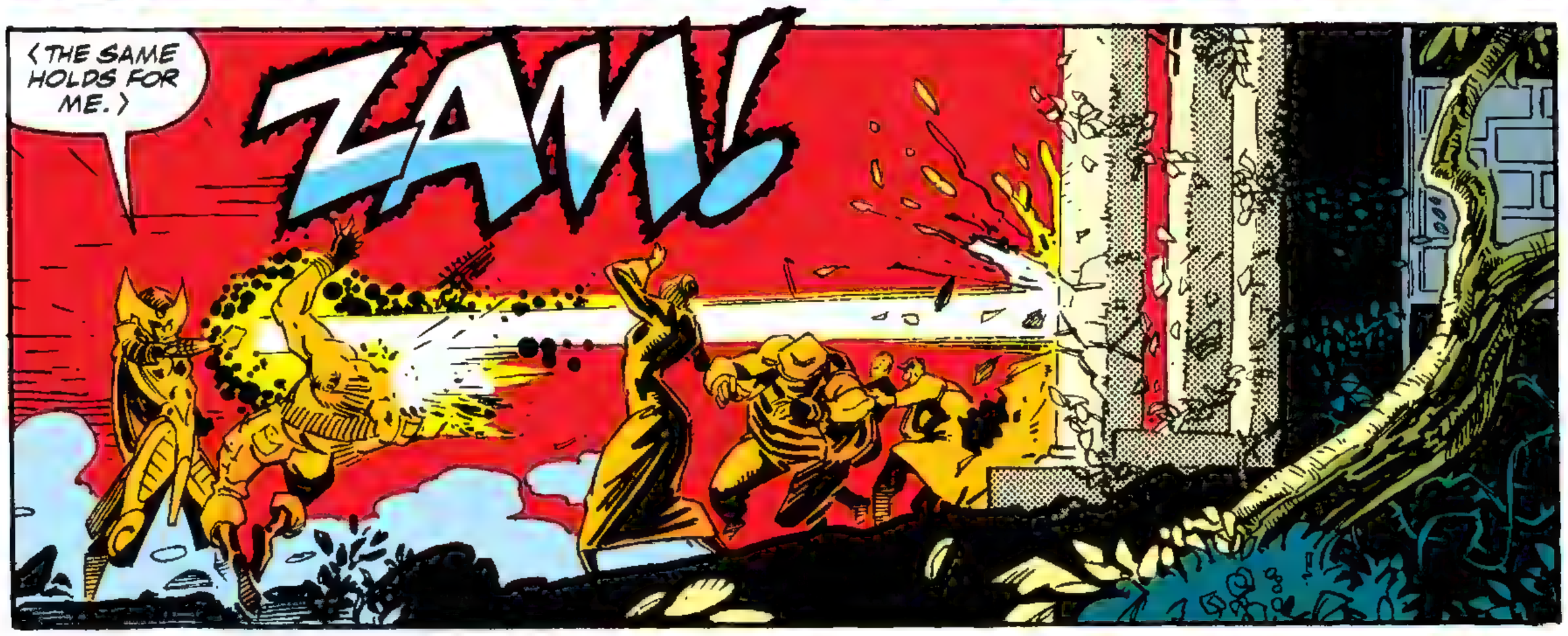
<YOU KIDDIN'? I POPPED A WHOLE BOX'A CAPS. NO **WAY** SHE COULD'A--!>

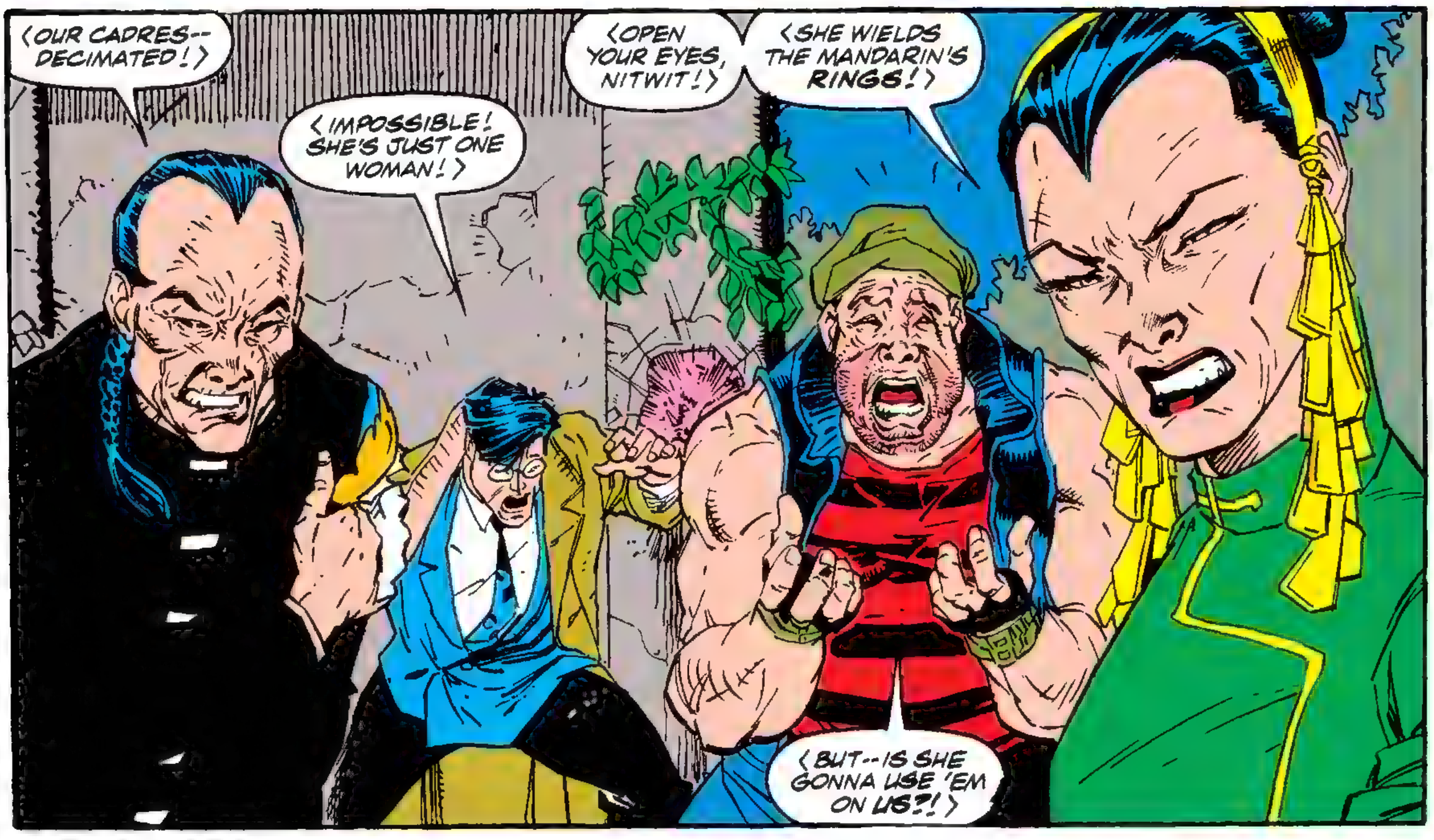
<THAT WASN'T VERY NICE, WHAT YOU DID.>

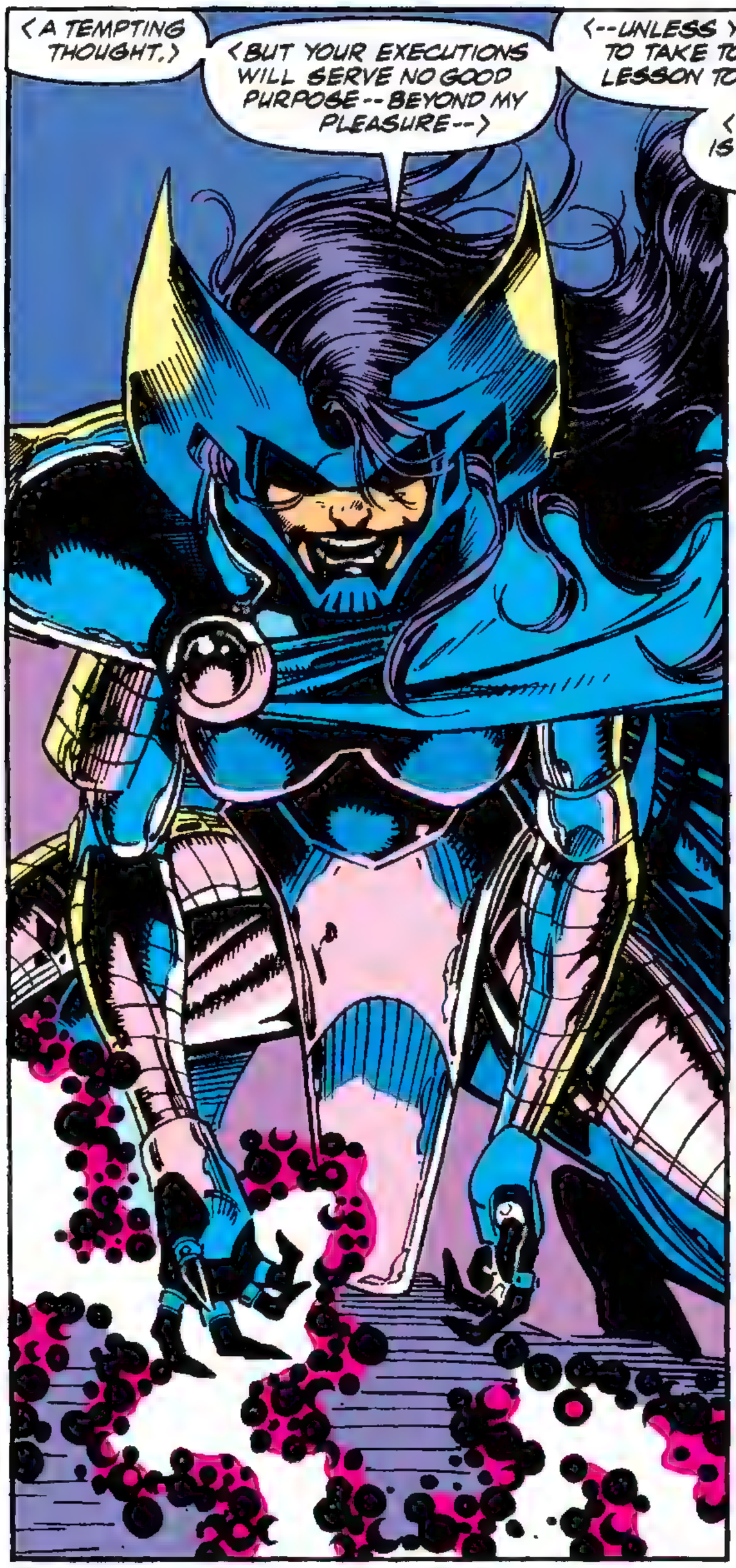
GUH- IT WAS JUST AN ILLUSION SHE WAS DOWN. GWUH-GUH!

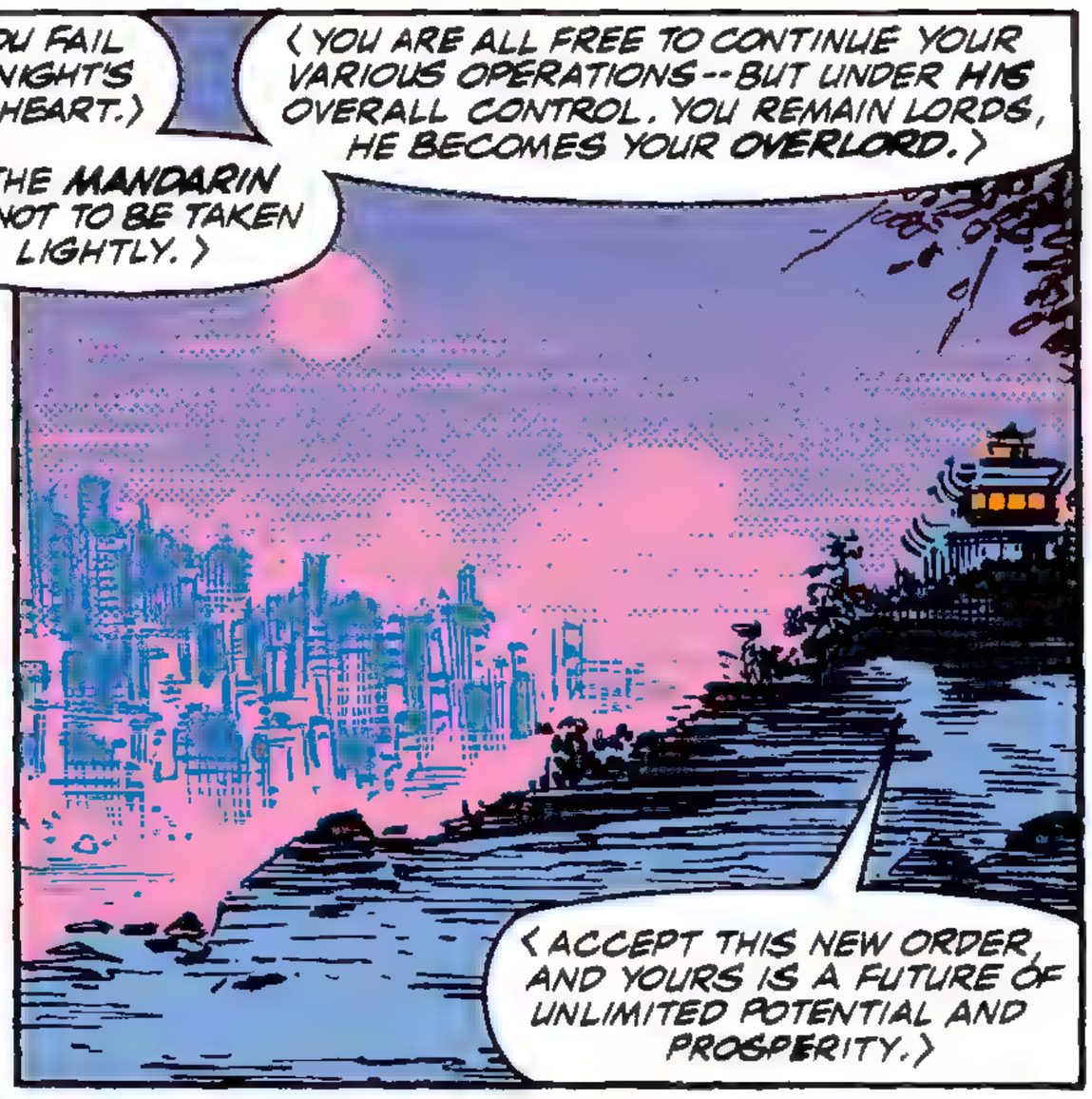

〈I SEE IN YOUR THOUGHTS...〉
〈...YOU LIKE TO HURT PEOPLE.〉
〈IT'S MY JOB, MISSY!〉


〈I WUZ JUST DOIN' MY JOB!〉
〈WEREN'T NEVER NOTHIN' PERSONAL!〉

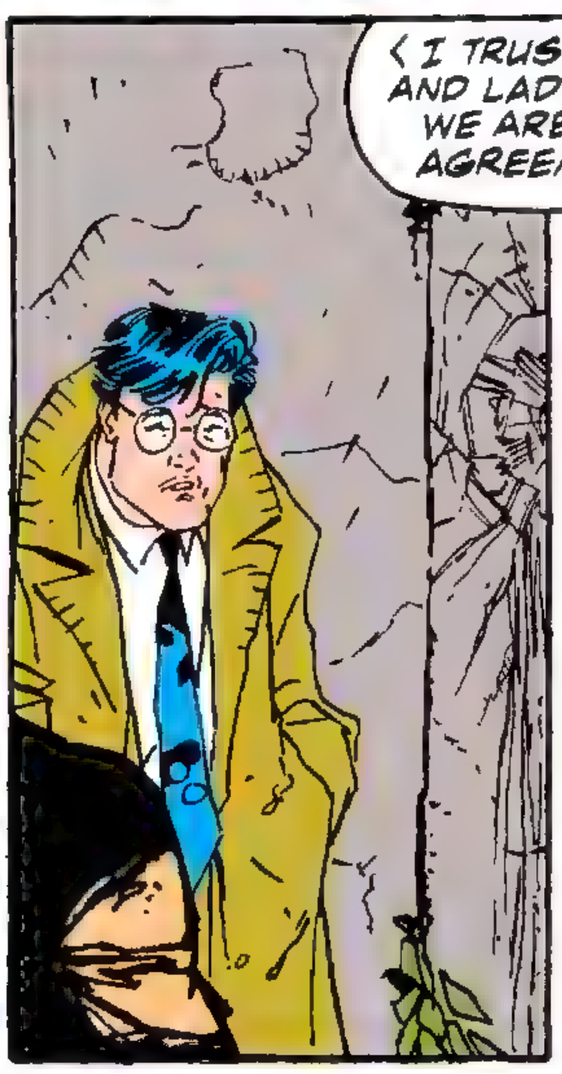

〈THE SAME HOLDS FOR ME.〉
ZAM!

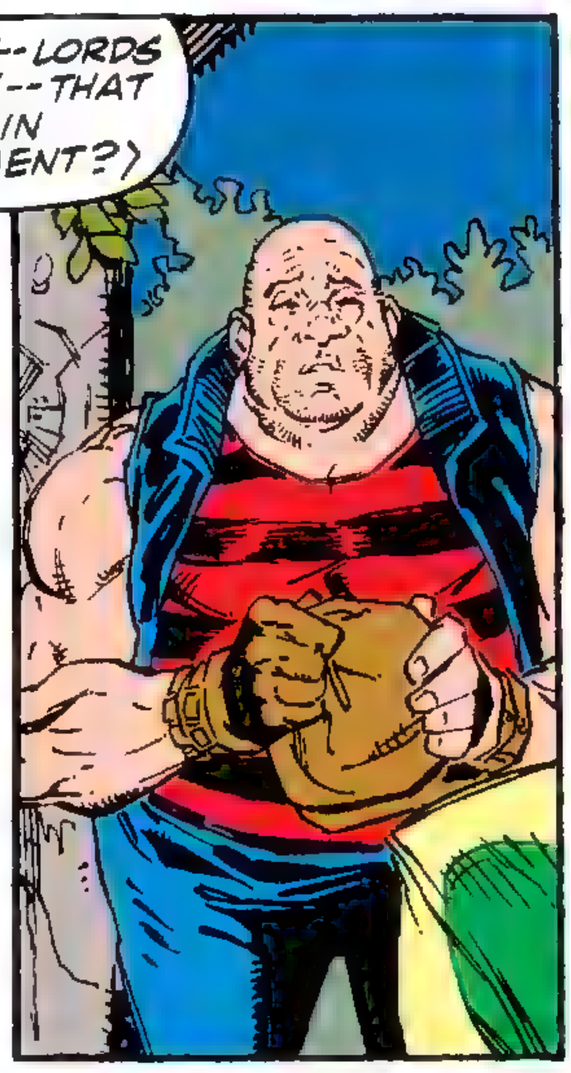

〈OUR CADRES-- DECIMATED!〉
〈IMPOSSIBLE! SHE'S JUST ONE WOMAN!〉
〈OPEN YOUR EYES, NITWIT!〉
〈SHE WIELDS THE MANDARIN'S RINGS!〉
〈BUT--IS SHE GONNA USE 'EM ON US?!〉

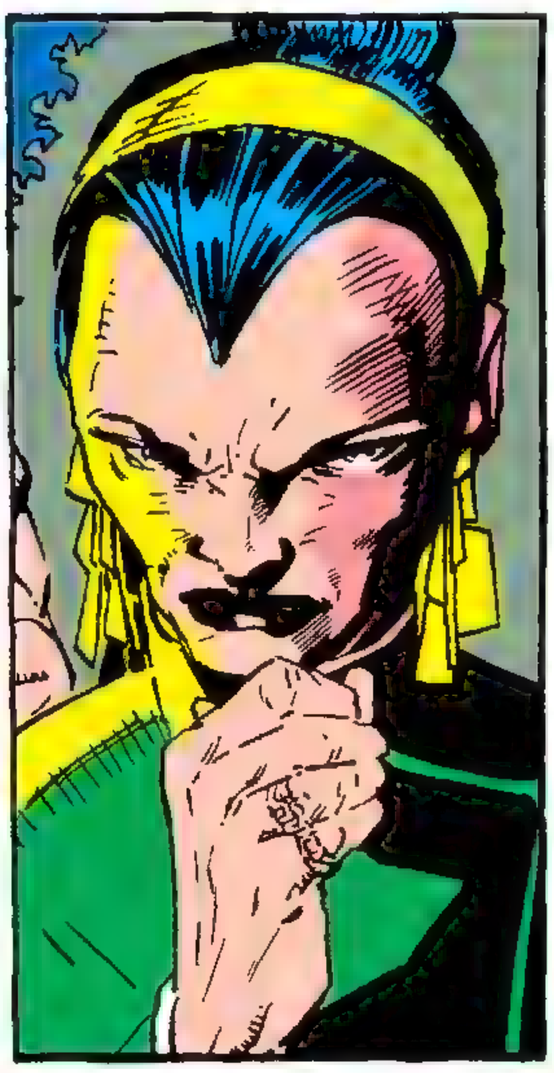

〈A TEMPTING THOUGHT.〉
〈BUT YOUR EXECUTIONS WILL SERVE NO GOOD PURPOSE--BEYOND MY PLEASURE--〉
〈--UNLESS YOU FAIL TO TAKE TONIGHT'S LESSON TO HEART.〉
〈THE MANDARIN IS NOT TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY.〉

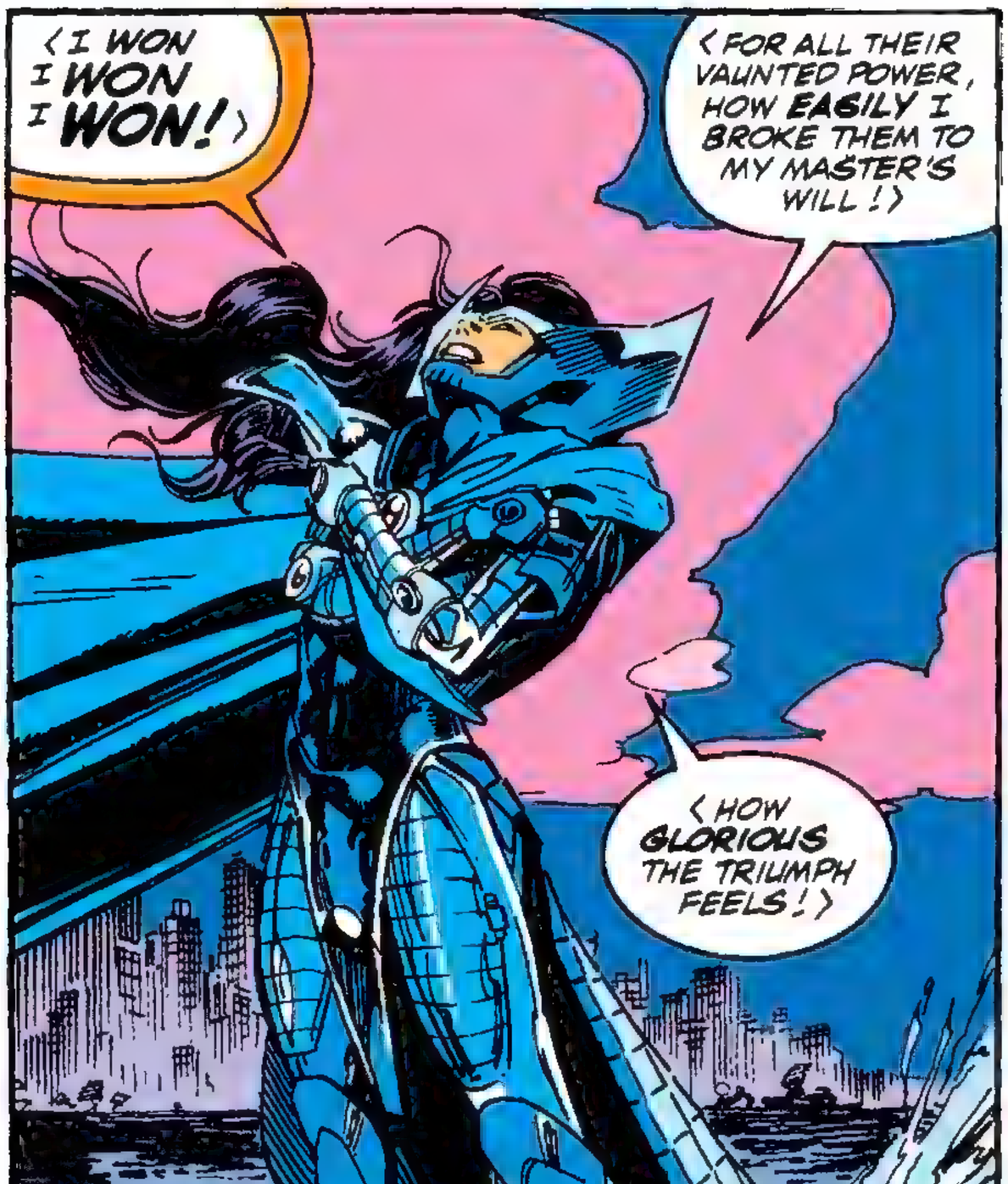

〈YOU ARE ALL FREE TO CONTINUE YOUR VARIOUS OPERATIONS--BUT UNDER HIS OVERALL CONTROL. YOU REMAIN LORDS, HE BECOMES YOUR OVERLORD.〉
〈ACCEPT THIS NEW ORDER, AND YOURS IS A FUTURE OF UNLIMITED POTENTIAL AND PROSPERITY.〉

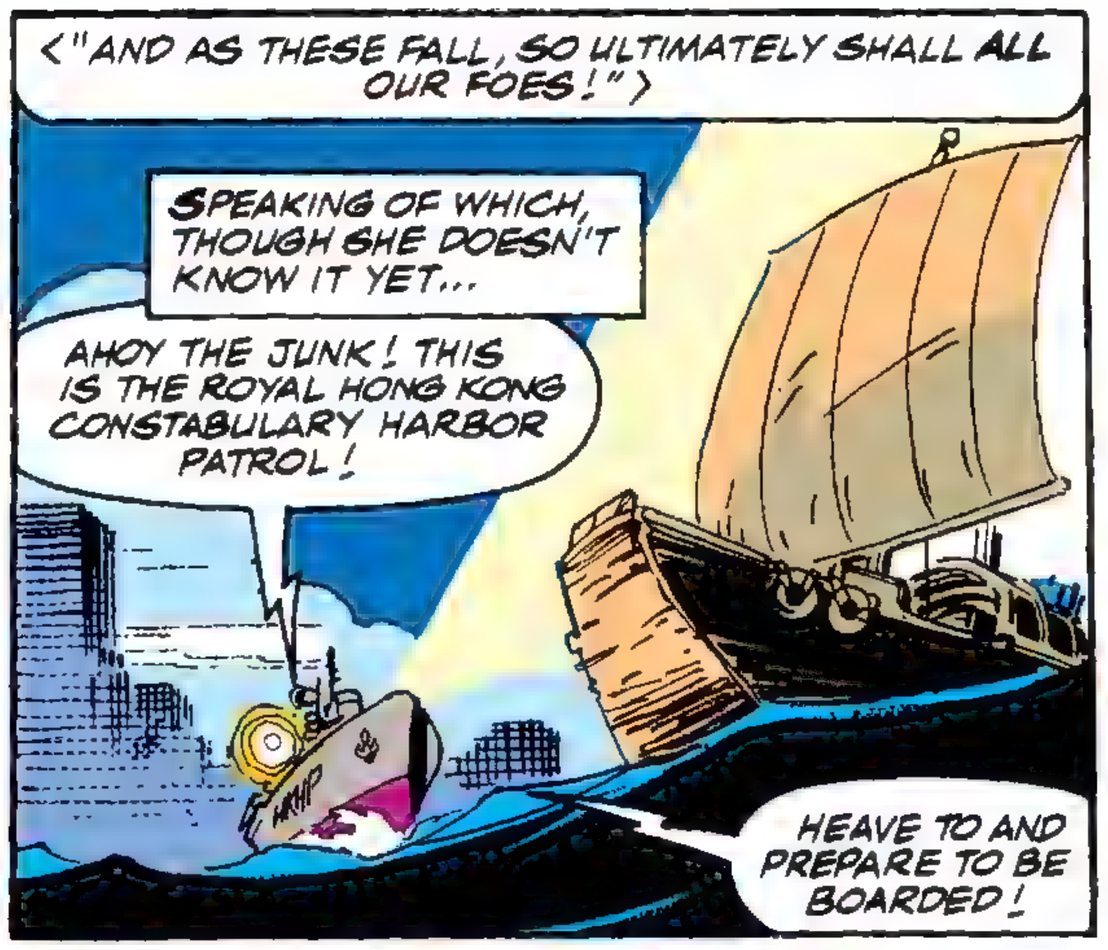
〈THE ALTERNATIVE IS SIMPLY NO FUTURE AT ALL.〉


〈I TRUST--LORDS AND LADY--THAT WE ARE IN AGREEMENT?〉






〈I WON I WON I WON!〉
〈FOR ALL THEIR VAUNTED POWER, HOW EASILY I BROKE THEM TO MY MASTER'S WILL!〉
〈HOW GLORIOUS THE TRIUMPH FEELS!〉


〈"AND AS THESE FALL, SO ULTIMATELY SHALL ALL OUR FOES!"〉
SPEAKING OF WHICH, THOUGH SHE DOESN'T KNOW IT YET...
AHOY THE JUNK! THIS IS THE ROYAL HONG KONG CONSTABULARY HARBOR PATROL!
HEAVE TO AND PREPARE TO BE BOARDED!

SO LIKE IS THIS A PROBLEM, GUYS?
AMERICAN, ARE YOU?
YOU BETCHA! BORN AN' BRED 'AN' PROUD OF IT!
AWFULLY YOUNG.
APPEARANCES ARE DECEIVING, Y'KNOW.
THIS IS YOUR BOAT, GIRL?

ACTUALLY, CONSTABLE, IT'S MINE.
SHE'S CREW.
ANY OBJECTIONS?
LU--THAT EYEPATCH!
IT'S--!!
WE ahem JUST NEED TO EXAMINE YOUR PAPERS, SIR.
ROUTINE, SIR, MERELY A FORMALITY.
HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE IN THE VICINITY.

I DON'T ADVERTISE MY MOVEMENTS, CONSTABLE.
AND I CAN'T ABIDE FORMALITIES.
QUITE SO. WE UNDERSTAND. OUR MISTAKE. WON'T BOTHER YOU FURTHER. WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.
I'M OBLIGED.

WHAT IS THIS *WHAT IS THIS* **HUH?!?**

I COOK I CLEAN I SCROUNGE FOR FOOD AN' CASH AN' MEDICINE I TAKE CARE'A YOU I SAIL THIS STUPID BOAT *ALL* THE WAY HERE AN' LIKE ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU FIGURE I CAN'T HANDLE A COUPLE OF HICK-CITY COPS GIMME A *BREAK!*

AN' WHAT'S WITH YOUR EYE?

DISGUISE.

WHOA! AN *EYEPATCH!* I'M IMPRESSED!

WORKS FOR ME.

YOU TELL HER, WOLVIE.

STAY OUTTA THIS, ACE.

WILL YOU STOP DOIN' THAT?! YOU TALK TO ME, YOU *LOOK* AT ME, I JUST HAAAAY!

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS.

CANUCKLEHEAD HAS MORE BRASS'N BRAINS.

WHUMP!

THAT'S HIS CHARM.

GEEZ OH *GEEZ*-- YOU'RE BLEEDING AGAIN!

THIS IS NOT GOOD.

NO ARGUMENT THERE.

I'M SERIOUS, YOU NEED A *DOCTOR!*

I'LL BE FINE.

YOU'LL BE *DEAD*, YOU KEEP THIS UP!

YOU GO AN' DRAG ME ALL ACROSS THE WORLD, MISTER--

--YOU BETTER MAKE SURE YOU SURVIVE TO BRING ME *HOME!*

YES, MA'AM!

SO MUCH FOR YOUR MUTANT *HEALING FACTOR.*

ALWAYS WONDERED IF IT HAD A LIMIT, ACE.

JUBILEE

?

YOU'RE RUNNING ON THE EDGE, *WOLVERINE.* YOU GOT NO MARGINS LEFT.

WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?!

OLD FRIENDS O'MINE, CAROL DANVERS AN' NICK FURY.

MEET JUBILEE.

THERE'S JUST THE TWO OF US, WOLVERINE! OKAY? AM I GETTING THROUGH TO YOU? READ MY LIPS, OKAY?!!

THERE'S NOBODY ELSE HERE!!

UH-HUH?

UH-HUH.

YOUR MADRIPOOR REP AS "PATCH" MAY CUT SOME SLACK WITH THOSE WATER-RATS, CHUM, BUT DON'T COUNT ON IT WITH THE MAJOR-LEAGUERS ASHORE.

HE--HE LOOKED AT ME LIKE I WAS THE ONE WHO WAS NUTS!

TRUST ME, ACE. I GOT A PLAN.

"TRUST" HIM? YEAH. RIGHT. SURE. ABSOLUTELY.

MAN HASN'T SLEPT A WINK SINCE WE HITCHED UP TOGETHER. I'VE NEVER SEEN A BODY SO WIRED. HE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS. SOMETHING'S GONNA SNAP.

UNLESS--IT ALREADY HAS.

WANTED FOR MURDER

CAIRO, ILLINOIS...

THIS IS A POLICE SKETCH...

...OF THE YOUNG GIRL--

--BELIEVED TO BE A MUTANT--

--WANTED BY LOCAL AUTHORITIES FOR THE BRUTAL SLAYING AT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL OF DR. STUART HAYDN.

HIS SUPERVISOR, DR. LIAN SHEN, WAS REPORTEDLY AN EYE-WITNESS TO THE KILLING AND IS COOPERATING WITH THE OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION...

...HEADED BY FBI INSPECTOR JACOB REISZ.

THE BOX LIES!

I DID NOT SLAY THE PHYSICIAN.

IT WAS THE *EVIL ONE* --MASQUERADING AS THAT POLICEMAN!

LAIRD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

HE WANTS ME, TO CLAIM MY SOUL --AND MAKE ME HIS *SLAVE*--

--AS HE HAS WITH DR. SHEN.

510

CAIRO HAS CHANGED, NONE OF THE STREETS OR PEOPLE MATCH MY MEMORIES. AND IT HAS GROWN SO *COLD*.

MORE OF THE EVIL ONE'S *SORCERY*? IS EVEN HE SO POWERFUL?

GASP!

YOU THERE-- *FREEZE!*

THREE-MARY-NINE TO CENTRAL DISPATCH-- POSSIBLE SIGHTING, HOSPITAL MURDER SUSPECT, ON MAIN BETWEEN CHURCH AND SUMTER.

PUNCH IT, LOU, SHE'S *RABBITING!*

NO SWEAT, FRANK, THAT ALLEY'S A DEAD END.

SLOW AND CAREFUL, PARTNER, BY THE NUMBERS.

SHE'S JUST A KID, LOU, SAME AS MY OWN.

YOU WANT 'EM ORPHANED, CAUSE O' YOUR BLEEDIN' HEART?

FED WANTS HER ALIVE.

KLIK-KLAKOH!

THEN HE CAN COME GET HER.

I SAW THE DOC'S BODY.

THAT AIN'T HAPPENIN' TO ME.

I SEE HER, I *POP* HER, END OF STORY.

SO WHERE IS SHE?

DOORS ARE ALL LOCKED...

...NO FIRE ESCAPES...

...WHERE THE DEVIL DID SHE *GO*?

ROOF, MAYBE?

ONLY IF SHE CAN FLY.

GET UP!

I'M CALLIN' IN THAT FED, REISZ. IT'S *HIS* CASE, LET HIM PLAY "*PREDATOR*".

HE IS COMING, *GET UP!*

FLEE, WHILE YOU CAN!

SO SCARED

SCARED

WHY BOTHER? SOONER OR LATER, NO MATTER WHAT I DO...

ALL ALONE

...HE WILL *CATCH* ME.

HONG KONG

WE'RE HERE.

YAAYYY, TEAM!

I'M LIKE TOTALLY LOST, WHERE'S "HERE"?

LANDAU, LUCKMAN & LAKE

CAN'T MAKE A MOVE, WITHOUT KNOWIN' THE FIELD AN' THE PLAYERS.

AN' WHEN YOU WANT INFORMATION, THIS IS THE PLACE TO GO.

THINK WE WERE FOLLOWED?

WAY YOU'VE BEEN WATCHIN' MY BACK?

LOGAN!

BEEN AN AGE, *ROSE*.

YOU'VE SOME NERVE--

--DROPPING IN OUT OF THE BLUE AFTER ALL THIS TIME...

...WITHOUT A CALL, WITHOUT A LETTER, NOT EVEN A POSTAL CARD!

IS THIS HOW YOU TREAT OLD FRIENDS, *SHAME* ON YOU!

WHAT CAN I SAY, ROSE, I'VE BEEN DEAD.

THAT'S AN EXCUSE?

I MUST CONFESS, THOUGH, YOU HAVE LOOKED BETTER.

HOW BAD?

BAD AS IT GETS, ACROSS THE BOARD.

YOUNGSTER?

LIFELINE.

WITHOUT HER, I WOULDN'T BE HERE. WITHOUT HER...

...I WON'T BE GOIN' ON.

YOU'LL FILL ME IN?

PARTLY WHY I'M HERE.

CALLING IN MARKERS?

NOT THAT KIND. NOT YET. TOO DANGEROUS.

BUT YOU'LL PLACE THE GIRL AT HAZARD?

I CAN COVER HER.

RUTHIE-DEAR, HOW THOUGHTFUL OF YOU TO BRING TEA.

THAT PHOTOGRAPH--

--HMNPFH-- ROSIE LOOKED PRETTY SPIFF BEFORE SHE BLIMPED.

BUT THAT "*BLADERUNNER*" CITY INNA BACKGROUND--

--WHERE THE HECK *WERE* THEY?!

JUBILEE--WHAT A DELIGHTFUL NAME--WHILE LOGAN AND I DISCUSS BUSINESS, PERHAPS MY GRANDDAUGHTER *RUTH* CAN SHOW YOU THE LOCAL SIGHTS...

SURE. WHY NOT. (I CAN TAKE A HINT.)

S'OKAY, I DON'T MIND STAY--!

nudge!

GOT ANY MALLS?

THIS WHOLE *TOWN'S* A MALL! SHOPPER'S PARADISE!

WHAT JOY!

THIS IT, THEN?

SAYONARA, SUCKER? YOUR WAY OF DITCHIN' ME, WOLVIE?

HEY, I'M A BIG GIRL, I CAN HANDLE REJECTION.

CREEP.

SIT, LOGAN, PLEASE, BEFORE YOU DROP.

I BELIEVE THERE'S *AHEM* ROOM ON MY COUCH FOR *TWO*.

THANKS. DON'T MIND IF I DO. SLIDE, ACE.

WHAT THE DEVIL HAS *HAPPENED?!*

MAJOR VILLAINS, CYBORGS. RENEGADE HELLFIRE CLUB, WITH A HARD HATE FOR MUTANTS IN GENERAL, *X-MEN* IN PARTICULAR.

CATCH ME AGAIN, I'M DONE. MAYBE ALREADY, SIMPLY TOO STUBBORN-STUPID TO ADMIT IT.

GOTTA FIND THE OTHERS, ASSUMING THEY'RE ALIVE.

FIGURED HERE WAS THE PLACE TO START LOOKING.

ARST FLJ

REGRETTABLE TIMING, I'M AFRAID.

MANDARIN'S CONSOLIDATING CONTROL OVER THE LOCAL UNDERWORLD. SO FAR HE'S WINNING, BUT THE NATIVES ARE *VERY* RESTLESS. THE WHOLE TOWN COULD BLOW WIDE OPEN ANY MOMENT.

YOU DON'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE.

NO FEAR, ROSIE.

SOON AS I HAVE WHAT I NEED, I'M GONE.

THE SOUTH CHINA SEA--

--AN ISLAND CHAIN ONCE OWNED BY CRIMELORD EMIL VACHON...

...NOW RULED BY THE HAND.

WLIGH!

THE PRIMARY SEAMOUNT IS HOLLOW...

...WITH A CENTRAL CORE NEARLY A THOUSAND FEET TALL.

CROWNED BY A NETWORK OF FLOATING PLATFORMS...

...THE FINEST EXAMPLE OF SUSTAINED ANTI-GRAVITY ON THE PLANET.

ONE SLIP, THE SLIGHTEST MISSTEP, MEANS DISASTER.

OWHW!

KIA!!

FOOLISH GENIN...

...DID YOU THINK ME SO TIRED FROM THE DUEL...

...IS YOURS!

THE MISTAKE, ASSASSIN...

SWOOSH!!

...I'D MADE A FATAL MISTAKE?

KTANG!

MY PSYCHIC KNIFE--

--THE ULTIMATE FOCUS OF MY PSIONIC POWERS--

--SHORT-CIRCUITED HIS CEREBRAL NEURONS.

A PITY ITS REACH...

...IS ONLY AS LONG...

...AS MY AR-AGKH!

CARELESS, PSYLOCKE.

FOR ALL YOUR *TELEPATHIC* PROWESS, YOU FAILED TO NOTE MY PRESENCE.

WERE THIS TRUE BATTLE, INSTEAD OF A TRAINING EXERCISE...

I... UNDERSTAND, LORD *JONIN*.

FORGIVE ME.

I SHALL DO BETTER.

YOU ACQUITTED YOURSELF WELL IN HONG KONG, AS LADY MANDARIN.

I FACED ONLY COMMON STREET TRASH, NO MATCH FOR EVEN THE MEREST *O-GENIN*.

IT WAS ALMOST TOO EASY.

PERHAPS, THEN, I HAVE A TASK MORE... CHALLENGING.

A MAN NAMED "*PATCH*" HAS ARRIVED, POSSIBLY AS AN EMISSARY FOR *TYGER TIGER*, A MAJOR CRIMELORD ON THE ISLAND OF MADRIPOOR.

WE NEED TO DETERMINE HIS PURPOSE.

AS YOU COMMAND, *MATSUO TSURAYABA*.

AH WELL, THAT IS NOT OUR CONCERN.

THE HAND IS SWORN TO *SERVE* HIM--

--AS YOU ARE, TO SERVE THE *HAND*--

--WITH ALL OUR HEARTS.

WITH ALL MY HEART.

THOUGH I CONFESS, I BEGIN TO WONDER WHY WE BOTHER...

...SINCE THE MANDARIN HAS ABANDONED HIS AFFAIRS AT HOME, TO GO GALLIVANTING ACROSS THE GLOBE, PICKING GRATUITOUS FIGHTS WITH AMERICAN SUPER HEROES.

HAS THE MAN NO NOTION OF HOW ANOTHER PUBLIC DEFEAT WILL DESTROY HIS NEWLY RE-ESTABLISHED CREDIBILITY?

HONG KONG

GAWWWDD!

IF THIS IS WHAT HOME...

...AND THE HOME-FOLKS ARE LIKE...

...NO WONDER THE PARENTALS SKIPPED!

(WOO-WOO-- CHECK OUT THE TALENT!)

(WANNA PARTY, SWEETIE?)

HANDS OFF THE SHADES, SLICK.

Aaah-SO-- YOU SOME UPPITY TOURISTA "YANKEE-BANANA," GIRL--

--YELLOW ON THE OUTSIDE, WHITE ON THE IN?

JUST TRY AN' "PEEL" ME, SLICK...

...YOU'LL SEE SOME FIREWORKS--!

YANK!

JUBILEE--HAVE YOU LOST YOUR WITS?!?

YOU DON'T-- EVER-- FLASH A GANG OF TOUGHBOYS ON THEIR OWN TURF!

GIMME A BREAK, RUTHIE, I'VE SEEN HAIRIER MARSHMALLOWS!

I MEAN, GEEZ, YOU WENT AN' LOST OUR BAGS, TOO!

I SUPPOSE THAT MEANS giggle WE'LL HAVE TO SHOP SOME MORE...

AWLLL RIGHT!

IF YOU'RE HUNGRY...

STARVING!

...I KNOW THIS BRILLIANT PLACE FOR LUNCH...

NOTHING THAT WIGGLES, OKAY?

--GIMME A McBURGER'S ANYDAA

YAIEEE!

THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE WORLD-- MUIR ISLE, OFF THE NORTH COAST OF SCOTLAND...

...HOME OF DR. MOIRA MACTAGGERT'S MUTANT RESEARCH CENTER...

COUPLE MORE DAYS, DEFENSIVE SYSTEM'LL BE IN PLACE, DOC.

THEN WE BEGIN OPERATIONAL TESTING.

AN' THIS'LL SECURE THE ISLAND AGAINST ANY FURTHER ATTACKS, FORGE?

SHOULD DO, BANSHEE.

MUST DO, FORGE.

IF THE REAVERS -- OR ANY LIKE THEM -- COME FOR US AGAIN, WE HAVE TO BE READY.

YOU'RE A LUCKY MAN, CASSIDY.

MOIRA'S ONE FINE-LOOKING LADY.

AYE, THAT SHE IS.

THOUGH NEVER SO WILD-- IN DRESS OR MANNER-- AS SHE'S BECOME LATELY.

CAN YOU DESIGN A "BACK DOOR" INTO YOUR SYSTEM, FORGE, THAT'LL ADMIT US TWO AND WHICH NONE BUT US'LL KNOW OF?

SURE. BUT WHY?

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN WHILE WE'RE ON THE ROAD SEARCHIN' FOR THE X-MEN.

I'D FEEL BETTER IS ALL, KNOWIN' WE COULD GET IN HERE NO MATTER WHAT, SHOULD SOMETHIN' GO WRONG.

ASK ME, IRISH, YOU'RE TALKIN' LIKE YOU FIGURE SOMETHING ALREADY HAS.

AND I THINK IT'S MY FAULT.

EVER SINCE I LOST MY MAGNETIC POWERS...

...EVERYWHERE I'VE GONE...

...PEOPLE AROUND ME HAVE STARTED BEHAVING MORE AND MORE NEGATIVEL--

--YEEP!

THAT'S RIGHT, SWEETIE!

HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY SEIZING CONTROL OF YOUR BRAIN, LORNA DANE--

--'CAUSE, Y'SEE, WITH YOUR HELP, THIS ROCK AN' EVERYONE ON IT IS GONNA BECOME LEGION'S...

...PERSONAL, PRIVATE PLAYGROUND!

HONG KONG

NO SIGN OF JUBILEE, OR RUTH.

BAD JOSS.

ROSE HAS LINES OUT TO THE TONGS AND TRIADS, DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THEY'RE RESPONSIBLE. BESIDES, SHE'S TOO VALUABLE--AN' DANGEROUS--FOR THEM TO RISK CROSSIN'.

SO WHO THEN?

KOFF CHOKE KAFF ACK KOFF GASP KAFF WHEEZE KOFF

SO MUCH ...FOR SMOKING.

HEALING FACTOR CAN'T COPE... WITH TOBACCO... WAY IT USED TO.

WONDER IF IT EVER WILL AGAIN.

PLINK!

ALL MY LIFE, NO MATTER HOW BADLY I WAS HURT, I ALWAYS GOT BETTER.

SUPPOSE THAT'S CHANGED?

SNIFF

ALWAYS LAUGHED AT DEATH, 'CAUSE I NEVER TOOK IT SERIOUSLY.

MAYBE IT'S TIME I DID.

〈WHAT'S GOING ON?〉

〈SHUT UP, FOOL!〉

〈THEY'LL HEAR!〉

〈WHO?〉

〈THE HAND!〉

〈THAT POOR MAN!〉

〈HE'S ALL ALONE!〉

〈SHOULDN'T WE WARN〉

〈HELP〉

〈CALL THE POLICE〉

〈DO ANY-THING, YOU'LL SIGN ALL OUR DEATH WARRANTS!〉

〈THOSE ASSASSINS NEVER FORGET AND NEVER FORGIVE!〉

〈GONE!〉*

〈IMPOSSIBLE!〉

〈HE WAS JUST HERE!〉

〈WE'D HAVE SURELY SEEN HIM MOVE, HEARD HIS SLIGHTEST SOUND!〉

* TRANSLATED FROM THE JAPANESE--BOB.

〈HE MUST STILL BE ABOARD, SEARCH THE BOAT, BROTHERS!〉

〈AND REMEMBER, THE ORDERS ARE TO TAKE HIM ALIVE!〉

SNIKT!

LOOKIN' FOR *ME*, FELLAS?

WELL-- *HERE I AM!*

BEEN WONDERIN' IF WE'D EVER TANGLE AGAIN, *GENIN*.

I CAN USE THE EXERCISE.

CAN'T SAY AS I'M SORRY, EITHER.

〈THE GAIJIN MADMAN TALKS AS ONE WHO *KNOWS* US.〉

〈WHOEVER HE IS, THOUGH, MY SWORD WILL SPEEDILY SEND HIM TO HIS...〉

〈...ANCESTORS.〉

BAD MOVE, BUB.

ADAMANTIUM-LACED BONES. CAN'T BE BROKE.

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I MUCH LIKE BEING *CUT!*

PRELIM'S OVER, SHOWBOAT!

TIME TO INTRO THE *MAIN EVENT!*

FIREWORKS!

JUBILEE-- USIN' HER MUTANT POWER...

...TO GET EVERYONE'S ATTENTION!

THIS IS WRONG-- KID DOESN'T SOUND QUITE HERSELF.

I AM LADY MANDARIN.

DO TELL.

BLAST-- SOMEHOW SHE NAILED THE KID.

YIELD, WARRIOR--

--OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES!

IF THESE ARE YOUR TROOPS, LADY, YOU'RE WELCOME TO JOIN 'EM.

FOOL, I AM NO COMMON GENIN!

DO I KNOW HER?

PIECES DON'T FIT--

--BUT SOMEHOW THEY RING TRUE?

WITH MY TELEPATHY, I KNOW YOUR MOVES BEFORE YOU MAKE THEM.

SO HOW COME YOU JUST MISSED?

WHAT'S THE MATTER, LADY?

NEVER FOUGHT A BODY TO WHOM THOUGHT AND ACTION ARE ONE?

LIVE AND LEARN.

WHAT--?!

THE FACE--

TRUE DOG!

AND LET MY NAME BE YOUR *LAST* THOUGHT...

...AS MY *PSYCHIC KNIFE* CASTS YOU HEADLONG INTO THE ABYSS OF *OBLIVION!*

PSYLOCKE?!?

THE CHILD HID YOUR SECRET WELL FROM MY PSI-PROBES--

--HER THOUGHTS ARE AS SLIPPERY AND HARD-TO-HOLD AS SHE HERSELF--

--BUT YOUR FACE, YOUR *CLAWS*--

--THE MOMENTARY *RAPPORT* FORGED BETWEEN US BY MY MENTAL BLADE...

...HAVE *BETRAYED* YOUR SECRET.

NOW--AT LONG LAST--SHALL THE HAND BE *REVENGED* ON ONE OF ITS GREATEST FOES:

WOLVERINE!

NEXT: *BROKEN CHAINS!*

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THE UNCANNY X-MEN®

ACTS of VENGEANCE!™

WILLIAMS

broken chains

A *STAN LEE* PRESENTATION, STARRING THE UNCANNY *X-MEN*

MY BODY IS AT REST.

IN HARMONY WITH NATURE, WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

MY SPIRIT, AT PEACE.

NEITHER SIGHT NOR SOUND NOR TASTE NOR TOUCH NOR SMELL -- NOT EVEN THE SMALLEST SENSATION--

--TO DISTURB THIS ALL-EMBRACING STILLNESS.

ALL I'M LEFT WITH ARE MY THOUGHTS--

CHRIS CLAREMONT WRITER	*JIM LEE* PENCILER	*SCOTT WILLIAMS* INKER	*TOM ORZECHOWSKI* LETTERER	*GLYNIS OLIVER* COLORIST	*BOB HARRAS* EDITOR	*TOM DeFALCO* EDITOR IN CHIEF

--AND THEY...

... ARE MAD!

HE *SCREAMS!*

--BUT STILL THE *SHADOW* OVERWHELMS HIM!

EATING THROUGH FLESH AND BONE TO THE VERY PIT OF HIS SOUL!

HE *FIGHTS*--

--WITH ALL HIS ANIMAL STRENGTH AND WARRIOR FEROCITY--

WHAT ARE YOU *DOING* TO HIM?!

SENSORY DEPRIVATION.

A SHATTERING EXPERIENCE FOR ANYONE.

EVEN THE TELEPATH *PSYLOCKE* COULD NOT DEFEND HERSELF AGAINST IT.

BUT FOR *WOLVERINE*-- WHOSE ESSENTIAL BEING IS GROUNDED IN THE DATA PROVIDED BY HIS PHYSICAL SENSES--

--INFINITELY, INCALCULABLY *WORSE.*

CAN YOU IMAGINE, DEAR *JUBILEE*...

...WHAT SUBLIME, TRANSCENDENT *HORROR* MUST HAVE TORN FROM HIM SUCH A *SCREAM?*

A PITY BOTH HE AND PSYLOCKE ARE "*INVISIBLE*" TO OUR MONITOR SYSTEMS, ELSE THEY WOULD HAVE TOLD US.

INSTEAD, WE MUST DEPEND ON WOLVERINE'S FORMER *FRIEND.*

YOU'RE REAL *SLIME*, YOU KNOW THAT?

AND YOU, CHILD, ARE *IMPERTINENT.*

BUT NOT FOR LONG.

SEE THERE?

THE SECOND STAGE HAS BEGUN.

"FIRST, CAME CORRUPTION FROM WITHOUT.

"NOW, FROM *WITHIN*.

"TWISTING AND TAINTING *ALL* THAT REPRESENTS THE *MAN*.

"GIVING FULL VENT-- PERHAPS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WOLVERINE'S ADULT LIFE-- TO THE *BEAST*.

"PRIMAL CLAY...

"...THAT I, THROUGH PSYLOCKE'S TELEPATHY, WILL SHAPE AND MOLD...

"... INTO THE IMAGE OF THE *HAND!*"

STOP IT *STOP IT* *STOP IT!*

WHY ARE YOU *DOING* THIS, WHAT DO YOU *WANT* FROM US?!

CONSIDER IT-- AN *ACT OF VENGEANCE.*

WOLVERINE SINGLE-HANDEDLY DECIMATED ONE OF THE *GREAT HOUSES* OF OUR ORDER. THAT IS A DEBT WHICH CANNOT BE LEFT UNPAID.

AND HOW BETTER THAN TO TAKE OUR DEADLIEST FOE...

...AND TURN THE HERO TO *OUR* USES...

...AS OUR MOST FEARSOME *ASSASSIN.*

YOU'RE *CRAZY!*

I AM AN *ARTIST,* LITTLE GIRL.

BUT NO LESS BRILLIANT-- OR *DEADLY*-- BECAUSE OF IT.

QUITE THE CONTRARY.

GAGKGHX!

YOUR PARDON, LORD--

--BUT PSYLOCKE IS TOO *POWERFUL* A PSI!

THE RESONANCES SHE'S RECEIVING FROM WOLVERINE-- AND BROAD-CASTING TO US--

--ARE BEYOND THE CAPACITY OF EVEN OUR STRONGEST PSYCHIC DAMPERS!

SOME OF OUR MORE SUSCEPTIBLE PERSONNEL...

...ARE BOUND TO BE AFFECTED--!

?!?

NOW AIN'T-- KOFF-- THAT A CRYIN'... KAFF-- SHAME!

KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL

FAR BE IT FROM ME, Y'KNOW...

...TO SPOIL THE FUN--

--OR LET SUCH A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY...

...GO TO WASTE!

ZZPAM!

WHASSAMATTA, DUDES...

...LIKE YOU KICKY KINKO KILLERS NEVER SEEN...

...A REAL LIVE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED, ALL-AMERICAN *MUTANT* FIREWORKS DISPLAY?

MY *LUCKY* DAY!

THE EXPLOSIONS ARE SHORTING OUT THE CONSOLES!

Y'KNOW, LIKE FOR AN ANCIENT GUILD'S MASTER ASSASSINS...

...YOU LUMPS AIN'T SO TOUGH.

HAD A HARDER TIME AGAINST THE HOLLYWOOD MALL RENT-A-COPS!

PARDON ME, SPORT.

GOTTA PULL A SHARP RIGHT!

?!?

SAFE!

GEEZ, I *LOVE* THESE "DEATH STAR" FLOORS!

ULTRA-GLEAM POLISH MAKES 'EM SO DARN *SLIPPERY!*

I MAKE IT OUTSIDE--

--DON'T SEE WHY NOT--

--CONTACT WOLVIE'S WAR BUDDY, *ROSE WU*...

...HOPE SHE'LL BE ABLE TO HELP!

HATE TO BOOM'N'BOOT IT, FELLAS--

--BUT A SMART GAL ALWAYS KNOWS...

GET HER, YOU CRETINS!

ZAPPA DAPPA DO!

...WHEN THE TIME'S COME TO *BEAT FEET!*

ALSO, I TRUST, TO REALIZE WHEN...

...SHE'S HOPE-LESSLY *OUT-MATCHED.*

WUGGH!

I AM THE *MANDARIN.*

MAKES *MY* DAY.

WHY DO YOU DISTURB THE TRANQUILITY OF MY HOUSE?

JUST DOIN'...

...WHAT COMES NATURALLY.

HAVE YOU NO MANNERS, GIRL?

NOPE.

ROCK-'N'-RUDE, THAT'S *JUBILEE*--

--'SPECIALLY WITH FOLKS WHO *TORTURE* MY FRIENDS!

SO CLEAR THE ROAD, JACK--

--BEFORE I CUT LOOSE MY *FOURTH OF JULY*

SPYEEP!

FZSZSZL

HOW *SAD* TO BEHOLD A DAUGHTER OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM...

...SO *SULLIED* BY THE MONGREL WAYS OF THE WEST.

BUT YOU ARE YOUNG, CHILD.

THERE MAY YET BE HOPE FOR YOUR REDEMPTION.

IN THE MEANWHILE, MY *MENTO-INTENSIFIER* RING...

...WILL GIVE ME DOMINANCE OVER YOUR PSYCHE...

...AND ENSURE YOUR PROPER BEHAVIOR.

A PITY THE SAME CANNOT BE SAID...

...FOR MY ERSTWHILE SERVITORS.

BY OUR *JONIN'S* COMMAND...

...THE GIRL IS *OURS!*

NINJA DOGS--

--YOU DARE PRESUME TO COMMAND, MUCH LESS THREATEN...

...THE LORD OF THE SACRED RINGS?!

IN HIS OWN HOUSE?!!

TEN BANDS IN ALL, ONE FOR EACH FINGER.

EACH WITH A DIFFERENT POWER.

CAPABLE, IN THE MANDARIN'S HANDS...

...OF WREAKING UNIMAGINABLE HAVOC.

HARDLY LESS SO, THAN THE MAN HIMSELF...

...WITH A MARTIAL ARTS PROWESS THAT IS SECOND TO NONE.

MATSUO TSURAYABA!

IS THIS, MASTER OF ASSASSINS, HOW THE HAND HONORS ITS PLEDGE OF FEALTY AND SERVICE?

A THOUSAND PARDONS, NOBLE LORD!

THESE OVER-ZEALOUS FOOLS EXCEEDED MY ORDERS TO RECAPTURE THE GIRL. THEY HAVE PAID THE PRICE.

I DO NOT GLADLY SUFFER ASSAULTS UPON MY PERSON.

IT WAS AN ERROR. IT WILL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN.

NOR TOLERATE THE FOOL RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM.

DREAD LORD AND MASTER...

...I MOST HUMBLY STAND REBUKED

MUIR ISLE

BANSHEE COMES IN AS FAST AS HE'S ABLE...

...SONIC SCREAM PITCHED SO HIGH IT CAN'T BE HEARD...

...AS HE SKIMS SEA AND SHORE AT BARELY THE HEIGHT OF A TALL MAN.

IT PROVES A WASTED EFFORT.

WHITE NOISE GENERATORS!

DAMPING OUT ME SCREAM!

KNOCKIN' ME OUT O' THE SKY!

STAY LOOSE AN' LIMBER, CASSIDY...

...SO YE'RE UP AN' MOVIN'...

...EVEN AS YE HIT!

FLIPPIN' BLAZES--

--TANGLE-WEBS!

GAGGED ME FIRST...

...SO I CAN'T USE ME SONICS!

THIS IS VERY EMBARRASSIN'.

CAN'T SEE WHY, SPORT.

A DOZEN ASSAULTS ON THE ISLAND IN THE PAST 24 HOURS...

...A DOZEN FAILURES.

DR. MacTAGGERT-- YOUR ISLAND'S ABOUT AS SECURE AS MY STATE-OF-THE-ART TECHNOLOGY WILL ALLOW.

YOU'VE DONE YOUR WORK WELL, FORGE. I'M GRATEFUL.

SOMETHING WRONG, SEAN?

YOU DON'T LOOK AT ALL COMFORTABLE.

CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL, PAL.

'S'NOT THAT.

IT'S THESE NEW UNIFORMS.

AREN'T THEY WONDERFUL, I JUST LOVE 'EM!

CALL ME AN OLD FOGEY, SHARON...

...BUT THEY DON'T FEEL QUITE... DIGNIFIED.

GOTTA MOVE WITH THE TIMES, SEAN. CUTTING EDGE THREADS FOR THE CUTTING EDGE TEAM.

I DUNNO, FORGE. SOMETHING FEELS...

...WRONG.

MUTANT X EXTREMELY DANGEROUS ACCESS FORB

MUTANT X EXTREMELY DANGEROUS ACCESS FORBIDDEN

EVERYONE SEEMS AFFECTED-- MOIRA MOST OF ALL-- SAVE ME AN' LORNA DANE.

AN' LORNA'S NOWHERE T' BE FOUND.

BOOM!

LET ME OUT!

NO CAN DO, SWEETS.

LEGION!

WHY AM I A PRISONER?!

SIMPLE.

THANKS TO YOU, I-- THAT IS, ME, THE BAD BOY JACK WAYNE IDENTITY OF LEGION'S MULTIPLE PERSONALITIES.

--GOT CONTROL OF ALL THE KID'S SELVES AND POWERS.

AN' THROUGH THEM, INFLUENCE OVER EVERY MIND ON THIS ROCK.

GONNA HAVE ME SOME FUN, HON...

...AN' THERE AIN'T A BLESSED THING YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME.

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, PUNK!

BOOM!

FACE FACTS, BABE. FIGHT'S OVER. YOU LOST! END OF STORY.

HONG KONG--

-- THE MANDARIN'S VILLA...

<MASTER--> *

<-- THE YOUNG LADY IS PRESENTED FOR YOUR APPROVAL.>

<SPLENDID, LI FONG.>

<AS EVER, FAITHFUL ONE, YOU HAVE SURPASSED MY EXPECTA-TIONS.>

<YOU ARE MUCH IMPROVED, YOUNG JUBILATION, IN APPEARANCE AND DEMEANOR SINCE LAST WE MET.>

*TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE. -- Bob.

NO SPEAKEE CHINESE--

--ONLY AMERICAN!

SPIRIT IS ADMIRABLE, CHILD...

...TO A POINT.

YOU ARE CHINESE.

WITH A HERITAGE AS NOBLE AS IT IS ANCIENT.

AND IT IS THE MANDARIN'S CHARGE TO ENSURE YOU REMAIN TRUE TO IT!

YOU--AND THOSE OF YOUR MUTANT BREED--SHALL FORM THE VANGUARD OF MY ARMY, WHICH WILL RESTORE THE MIDDLE KINGDOM TO ITS RIGHTFUL GLORY...

...AS PRE-EMINENT AMONG THE WORLD'S GREAT POWERS!

Oh, YEAH?

Sigh.

MEANWHILE, BACK DOWN IN THE CATACOMBS...

ALL SYSTEMS REGISTER NOMINAL FUNCTION.

FOR ALL THAT BRAT'S FLASH...

...SHE DIDN'T DO MUCH DAMAGE.

THANK HEAVEN FOR SMALL FAVORS.

"WHAT ABOUT PSYLOCKE AND WOLVERINE?

"HOW DO THEY FARE?!"

HI, LOVER. LONG TIME, NO SEE.

OR COULD YOU POSSIBLY...

... HAVE FORGOTTEN...

... WHAT WE MEANT TO EACH OTHER?

JEAN GREY.

MARIKO YASHIDA.

YUKIO.

ALL THE WOMEN WOLVERINE'S TRULY **LOVED.**

WRAPPED UP IN A SINGLE PERFECT PACKAGE.

EMBRACE ME, MY HEART--

--TAKE WHAT'S YOURS BY RIGHT--

--WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS **WANTED!**

DON'T MIND IF I **DO!**

SLAK

NO MORE GAMES, DARLIN'!

NO MORE MASQUES!

IF YOU'VE GOT THE GUTS...

...FACE ME AS YOUR-SELF!

WITH PLEASURE!

SHOK!

SEDUCTION WAS BUT ONE...

...PATHWAY TO YOUR SOUL!

KRAK!

BY FAR THE BETTER...

...IS CONQUEST!

WHUMF!

IN ITS WAY, MY PSYCHIC KNIFE--

--THE ULTIMATE FOCUS OF MY PSI-POWERS--

--IS AS DEADLY A WEAPON AS YOUR CLAWS!

WITH IT...

...I MAKE YOU FOREVER MINE!

YARRGH!

<BLESSED ANCESTORS--> <--SHE'S IN AGONY!>

<GET A MEDICAL SQUAD UP TO HER-- AT ONCE!>

TOO LATE, BUB!

WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?

POOR DARLING!

NICHOLAS, SHE DOESN'T LOOK AT ALL WELL.

SO LET'S MAKE HER WORSE.

HE'S CONSCIOUS!

HI THERE! I'M CAROL DANVERS, HE'S NICK FURY.

WE'RE SORT OF FIGMENTS OF WOLVIE'S IMAGINATION.

I CAN SEE YOU, HEAR YOU--

LIAR!

ONLY TO WOLVERINE. AND HE'S NUTS!

BUT THEN, SINCE YOUR KNIFE LOCKED YOU INTO HIS PSYCHOSIS--

--SO ARE YOU!

--HIT YOU!

THAT MAKES YOU REAL!

<WHO'S SHE FIGHTING?>

<NO ONE ELSE IS THERE!>

<SUMMON LORD MATSUO!>

<HE'S RETURNED TO HIS ISLAND!>

<("GET HIM BACK! WE NEED--!")>
HAGKHGRRGLE
SENSE DEPRIVATION TANK--
--USIN' IT AN' BETSY'S TELEPATHY...
SKRIKKT!
...TO TRY TO BRAIN-WASH ME!
<SOBA'S DOWN! HE'S SLASHING AT THE TANK!>
THAT ISN'T VERY HOSPITABLE.
KLWHOOM!
ZAKU!
DOWNRIGHT NASTY, AS A MATTER OF FACT.
<SOUND THE ALARM!>
<GENIN TO YOUR POSTS!>
<THE PRISONER IS ESCAPING!>
ANY OBJECTIONS, SHORTY...
...TO MY SHORTENING THE ODDS?
FREE COUNTRY.
BE MY GUEST.
<MADNESS!?>
<THERE'S NO GUN-FIRE!>
<BUT THE GENIN FALL, AS THOUGH SHOT!>

YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN, NICKY.

NOW IT'S *MY* TURN.

NO!

THE PREY IS *MINE!*

AND SO TOO, THE *HONOR*...

...OF THE *KILL!*

WORKS FOR ME, DARLIN'!

MY *APOLOGIES*, LORD MANDARIN, FOR THIS UNSEEMLY INTRUSION.

IS THERE SOME PROBLEM, PSYLOCKE?

NOT ANY LONGER.

WOLVERINE ATTEMPTED AN ESCAPE.

I REGRET HE WILL BE OF NO FURTHER USE...

...EITHER TO YOU, OR THE HAND.

SUCH IS THE WILL OF THE GODS.

AND NOT ENTIRELY UNEXPECTED.

DISPOSE OF THE REMAINS, IF YOU PLEASE.

NO.

NO!

NO!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

?

!

HOLY MOLEY!

WHERE'D *THAT* COME FROM?!

AN' LIKE-- DO I *EVER* WANT TO DO IT *AGAIN*?!!

NOT QUITE THE OPENING WE HAD PLANNED...

HUH?!?

...BUT THEM AS THEY SAY IS THE BREAKS!

AY-YAH! ONCE MORE, BENEATH MY ROOF...

...I CONFRONT THE BASEST OF *BETRAYALS*.

MATTER OF OPINION, CHUM.

I CONSIDER IT MORE, A THANKFUL REVERSION TO TRUE TYPE !

WHICH MEANS, I ASSUME...

...THAT THE HAND'S VAUNTED CONDITIONING HAS *FAILED*.

AND PSYLOCKE IS ONCE MORE X-MAN AND *HERO*.

COLD COMFORT, MY DEAR...

...ONCE MY *FLAME BLAST* HAS REDUCED YOU TO ASHES!

CAN'T FRY...

...WHAT YOU CAN'T HIT !

I HAVE *TEN* RINGS, WOMAN.

YOU CANNOT EVADE THEM ALL.

IMPACT BEAM--

--WHUNNGNH!

EVASION ISN'T NECESSARY.

ONLY SURVIVAL!

AWL *RIIIGHT!*

IT ISN'T THE *WEAPON* THAT MATTERS, MANDARIN...

...BUT THE ONE WHO *WIELDS* IT!

YOU PRESUME TO CONSIDER YOURSELF...

...A MATCH-- FOR *ME*?!

YOUR PSYCHIC KNIFE IS *DEADLY*, MENTAT...

...ONLY IF IT PHYSICALLY STRIKES ITS VICTIM!

KRASH!

YOU SWITCH SIDES, OR WHAT?

CAME... TO MY... SENSES, ACTUALLY.

LET THAT THEN...

...BE YOUR EPITAPH.

YOU BOTH HAVE COURAGE.

I RESPECT THAT.

THEREFORE, YOUR DEATHS...

...SHALL BE QUICK AND WITHOUT PAIN.

I TRULY REGRET THE SACRIFICE OF JUBILATION...

...BUT SUCH IS FATE-- *EH*?!?

MY ARM-- IT WILL NOT *MOVE*!

YOU FORGET, MANDARIN--

--I HAVE WORN YOUR RINGS...

...AND TOUCHED YOUR MIND--!

AND WOULD PIT YOUR *WILL*...

...AGAINST *MINE*?!

YOU ARE *MAGNIFICENT*, WOMAN! A *WORTHY* FOE.

BUT *DOOMED*.

WE'LL-- SEE!

GET AWAY, JUBILEE!

TAKE WOLVERINE WITH YOU, WHILE YOU HAVE THE CHANCE!

BUT--!

MOVE, GIRL! I'LL HOLD HIM AS LONG AS I'M ABLE!

THAT MOMENT, PSYLOCKE, HAS PASSED.

YOUR LIFE IS DONE.

SNIK!

TELL ME, BUB...

...YOU EVER DANCE WITH THE DEVIL BY THE PALE MOONLIGHT?

WHAT THE DEVIL DOES THAT MEAN?

BEATS ME.

HOW 'BOUT, DO YOU FEEL LUCKY?

YOU WERE SHAMMING, WOLVERINE, FEIGNING DEFEAT.

THAT'S A FACT.

EVEN IF YOU SLAY ME, WITH YOUR THIRD CLAW...

GOTTA ADMIT, I'M TEMPTED.

--WITH MY DYING THOUGHT...

...I'LL COMMAND MY RING TO *DISINTEGRATE* YOUR FRIEND.

THEN SHE'LL BE DEAD...

...BUT SO WILL YOU.

FAIR EXCHANGE.

NO

MORE BLOOD NEED BE SHED...

...PROVIDED WE CAN ARRIVE AT...

...AN ACCOMMODATION?

BETWEEN MEN OF *HONOR*, WHY NOT?

WHY NOT, INDEED? QUESTION IS...

... DO WE QUALIFY?

AND SO...

... AFTER TYING UP ALL APPROPRIATE LOOSE ENDS...

SO LIKE LEMME GET THIS STRAIGHT, OKAY?

WHEN BETSY ZAPPED INTO YOUR HEAD...

...THAT SOMEHOW LIKE MIRACULOUSLY SORTED OUT ALLA NUTSO STUFF IN HERS...

...AN' SHOCKED HER BACK TO NORMAL?

YUP.

BE REAL!

IT WORKED. YOU GONNA ARGUE WITH SUCCESS?

IT COULD BE A TRICK!

TRUST ME. I *KNOW*.

GIMME A *BREAK!* SHE'S A *TELEPATH*, SHE COULD BE PLAYING WITH YOUR HEAD!

TRIED THAT ONCE. LEARNED HER LESSON.

STUBBORN, BRICK-BRAINED MACHO *POOP*--

--I DON'T CARE *WHAT* YOU SAY...

...I'LL *NEVER* TRUST HER.

YOU TOOK A TERRIBLE GAMBLE, LOGAN...

...LETTING ME INTO YOUR HEAD.

NOT HARDLY, DARLIN' SAME SORT'A CALCULATED RISK AS WHEN I FACED DOWN THE MANDARIN.

MAN LIKE THAT HAS TOO MUCH PRIDE AN' ARROGANCE--HE'S TOO CONVINCED HE'S GOD'S GIFT-- TO THROW HIS LIFE AWAY. THAT WAS MY EDGE.

WITH YOU-- WELL, READIN' MINDS IS A LONG WAY FROM BEIN' ABLE TO COPE WITH WHAT YOU FIND.

AND I'M REALLY A VERY COMPLICATED KIND'A GUY.

DO TELL.

THE BRAKES ARE OFF, BETTS. ALL MY INNER GHOSTS AN' DEMONS ARE RUNNIN' FREE.

I DOUBT EVEN *CHARLEY*--OL' *PROF XAVIER* HIMSELF, BEST SKULL-SCANNER OF THE BREED-- COULD HANDLE THAT MESS.

FIGURED IT'D EITHER KNOCK YOU FOR A MAJOR LOOP...

...OR PUT THINGS TO RIGHT.

WHICH-EVER, IT'D WORK FOR ME.

I WAS SUCKED SO DEEPLY INTO YOUR *MADNESS*...

...I BELIEVED THE PHANTOMS OF YOUR MEMORY WERE REAL.

WHO'S TO SAY THEY'RE NOT?

WHEN THEY STRUCK ME, I FELT PAIN.

WHEN THEY FIRED, MY MIND STRUCK DOWN THOSE I THOUGHT HAD BEEN HIT, JUST TO KEEP THE HALLU-CINATION CONSISTENT.

I TOO BECAME MAD.

PERHAPS I STILL AM.

I SHOULD NOT BE HERE.

GOT THAT STRAIGHT.

WHERE ELSE? WHERE BETTER?

IT'S *MY* DOING THE X-MEN WERE CAST THROUGH THE *SIEGE PERILOUS*.

THEN HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE AMENDS.

BETSY, WE'RE A *TEAM*.

WHILE WE LIVE, XAVIER'S DREAM LIVES. IT'S THAT SIMPLE, THAT IMPORTANT.

SUPPOSE I'M NOT TRULY FREE?

SUPPOSE PART OF ME STILL OWES ALLEGIANCE TO THE HAND?

WOLVERINE, I'M NOT SURE I CAN TRUST MYSELF...

...HOW CAN YOU?!

I GOT NO CHOICE.

NEXT: *DREAM A LITTLE DREAM!*

that the Scarlet Witch is actually Magneto's daughter. She has a nervous breakdown because of everything that's happened to her over the last year, just in time for Magneto to come along and say, 'Hi, there, come back to me.' Which she does." John will also be featuring the **Blob, Pyro,** and **Avalanche,** all members of **Freedom Force,** in AVENGERS#312, the **U-Foes** in AVENGERS WEST COAST #53 and the **Mole Man** in #54. The Mandarin and the Wizard, two of the core members will themselves battle the Avengers in AVENGERS #313.

The entire Acts of Vengeance story is launched in AVENGERS SPOTLIGHT #26, with a breakout from the Vault, the maximum security prison for super-powered criminals, by such villains as the Wizard, the **Whirlwind,** and the **Molten Man.** That same week the masterminds behind the scheme send **Graviton** to deal with Spider-Man in AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #326.

Before Spider-Man is through with the Acts of Vengeance in his three titles, he will contend with the **Trapster, Titania,** Magneto, the **Brothers Grimm, Goliath, Sebastian Shaw** (formerly of the **Hellfire Club**), the adamantium robot, **Tess-One, Dragon Man,** and the **Sentinels**. As if poor Spider-Man did not have enough problems trying to keep from being killed by all of these menaces, he will also discover that he has developed mysterious new powers that are so enormous that it is difficult for him to control them. The secret behind these powers will emerge over the course of the Acts of Vengeance serial.

One of the masterminds behind the entire conspiracy, the Mandarin, will play a more direct role in X-MEN #256 and #257, as he transforms **Psylocke** into a pawn in his schemes for power. The **New Mutants,** meanwhile, clash with the literally explosive villain, **Nitro** in issues #83 through #85 of their magazine, and **X-Factor** contends once again with their archfoe, **Apocalypse,** in issue #49 of their series. In issue #19 of his own series, **Wolverine** will fight **Sub-Mariner's** savage adversary, **Tiger Shark.**

DAREDEVIL features members of the Royal Family of the **Inhumans** as guest stars during Acts of Vengeance, which is lucky for **Daredevil** since he will need all the help he can get to defeat his opponent, **Ultron,** a robot made of indestructible adamantium. Ultron shows up in DAREDEVIL #275 through #277.

In DOCTOR STRANGE Earth's sorcerer supreme contends with mystically powered menaces that, strange as it may seem, he has never battled in all his years as a Marvel character. Spider-Man's foe, the **Hobgoblin,** is up first, in issue #11 of **Dr. Strange**'s new series, complete with the demonic abilities he gained in Inferno. The **Enchantress** from THOR turns up next, in issue #12, followed by the warrior king from another dimension, **Arkon the Imperion,** in issue #13. Meanwhile Strange still has to contend with his public exposure of his life as a sorcerer by the book written by **Morgana Blessing,** and with the reappearance of his brother, **Victor,** who has become a vampire.

Mark Gruenwald will be tying the two series he writes, QUASAR and CAPTAIN AMERICA, directly in with what is going on in the AVENGERS titles. Although QUASAR only has issues that tie in directly with Acts, #5 and #6, they will be full of villains including **Venom, Klaw the Master of Sound,** the **Red Ghost,** the **Living Laser,** and in particular, **Thor**'s longtime foe, the **Absorbing Man. Captain America** will go up against **Iron Man**'s old-time enemy, the **Controller,** while also having to deal with his own eternal nemesis, the Red Skull; and the Skull's new henchman, **Crossbones,** both of whom will play major roles in the series over the next year.

Furthermore, CAP #365 through #367 will feature a back-up serial that actually stars a villain in the lead, namely, the **Cobra,** the current head of the **Serpent Society,** who is now out to prove himself in battle against his former partner, **Mister Hyde.** "Hyde really spooked him in the past after they severed their relationship," Mark points out. "Hyde has vowed to destroy him. The Cobra wants to go after Hyde and finally lay his fear of him aside."

The **Punisher** takes on a very different sort of villain for him when he clashes with Doctor Doom in issues #28 and #29 of his series. **Moon Knight** goes up against Captain America's anarchist foe, **Flag-Smasher,** and his subversive organization, **ULTIMATUM,** in issue #8 of his new book. The **Hulk** meets up with the **Grey Gargoyle** in issue #363. And Iron Man will face the **Wrecker** and a long-missing villain, **Chemistro,** the man who can turn one element into another.

The mighty Thor faces one of the most powerful of all **X-Men** villains,

the virtually unstoppable **Juggernaut,** in issues #411 and #412 of his magazine. In these issues writer **Tom DeFalco** and penciler **Ron Frenz** also introduce a brand-new team of teenage super heroes who help Thor out in this titanic battle. These are the **Young Warriors,** featuring a number of familiar characters from the past. There is the mutant, **Firestar,** who starred in her own limited series some years back, and the **Sub-Mariner**'s powerful cousin, **Namorita,** who recently showed up in the Atlantis Attacks annuals. Then there is **Richard Rider,** star of the old NOVA series, who now calls himself **Kid Nova,** and **Vance Astro,** the future **Guardian of the Galaxy,** now known as **Marvel Boy. Speedball the Masked Marvel** shows up as well, as does a brand new character with the ominous name of **Night Thrasher.**

Pay attention to the debut of the Young Warriors in THOR, because plans are already in the works for them to receive their own series in the near future.

Alpha Flight will be facing the **Scorpion, Nekra,** and the **Asp** in issue #79, while in CLOAK AND DAGGER #9 Doctor Doom, **Fenris,** and a brand new version of the **Jester** are scheduled to show up.

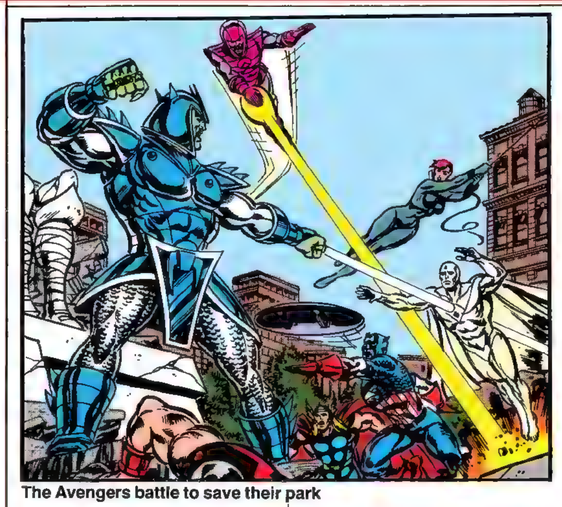
The proposed Super-Powers Registration Act, which would affect all super-powered characters, not just mutants, will be a major subject of the FANTASTIC FOUR Acts of Vengeance issues, #334 through #336. These will mark the debut of **Walter Simonson** as the FANTASTIC FOUR's new writer, and will be penciled by **Rich Buckler.** (Walter himself takes over the art with issue #337.)

Walter wanted to do something different with his Acts of Vengeance issues. "The writer's brief in the Acts of Vengeance stuff is you can't use the villains that go with your title. My feeling is that a lot of the really good, classic Marvel villains come from the FF. And, of course, those are the guys I can't use, because I'm writing the FF. So I decided to go in the opposite direction. I went through MARVEL UNIVERSE and I have taken out around fifteen of Marvel's most unlikely villains." So Walter will be pitting the FF against a huge assemblage of bad guys that include the **Armadillo,** the **Beetle,** the **Constrictor,** the **Eel, Hydro-Man, Madcap, Mad-Dog, Man-Ape,** Mr. Hyde, Nitro, **Orka,** the **Owl, Plantman,** the **Shocker, Stilt-Man,** the **Vanisher,** the **Water Wizard,** and **Whirlwind.** And along with all of these there will be a very formidable menace indeed, the **Super-Adaptoid,** who can duplicate any super-power.

The whole storyline comes to a conclusion with an all-out battle between the Avengers and the six masterminds in AVENGERS WEST COAST #55, in which Magneto finally makes his move against the Scarlet Witch. And by this time it will be clear who is the true mastermind behind Acts of Vengeance, who has been manipulating even the six core villains!

Mark Gruenwald notes that "In Acts of Vengeance not only are we getting all the major villains and a whole bunch of minor ones, but we're also seeing something that I think has built-in fan appeal: the old mix and match syndrome." Fans can see match-ups between heroes and villains that they might never have expected, that hold the potential for plenty of thrills and surprises. "There are possibilities for us to see things that we've never seen before," Mark says. "That in itself is exciting. It should be good."

–Peter Sanderson



The Avengers battle to save their park

Acts Of Marketing

At least one person benefitted from this year's breakout at the *Vault*, the prison for super-powered criminals. The resulting chaos—dubbed "Acts of Vengeance" by the national news media—caused dozens of deaths and uncounted injuries to bystanders during pitched battles between the criminals and their super-powered nemeses, as well as wreaking an estimated $800 million in property damage around the country.

But for *Edwin Durge* of the Hollywood area, Acts of Vengeance was little more than a short but sweet marketing opportunity.

Durge, a 54 year-old street-corner salesman, was quick to realize that a mass escape from the Vault would quickly become an event of national prominence. He avidly followed the story as it broke, searching for what people in his profession call an "angle."

He found it when he first heard that the national emergency was being referred to as "Acts of Vengeance."

"I have a friend who owns a print shop, you know, silk-screen and buttons and stuff," he explained. "So I managed to get a little loan—and it wasn't from no bank, mind you—and started printing up these buttons and shirts."

Each button, shirt and bumper sticker Durge printed said, simply, "I survived Acts of Vengeance."

The items sold like wildfire, and soon he was able to distribute them to almost all areas affected by the battles. "I was really cookin' there for a while," Durge said, shaking his head slightly. "Then, well . . . I guess irony can be pretty ironic sometimes."

As his sales were peaking, Durge ordered a much larger number of the novelty items. They were delivered to his warehouse in Hollywood, which was promptly destroyed during a battle between the Avenger, *Hawkeye*, and a flying, unusually-armed criminal called *Boomerang*. The loss of the items cost Durge his entire profits, to within a startling $6.

But Durge doesn't seem disheartened. "S'all right," he says, sitting back on his familiar street corner. "This dog had his day. But I'm gonna keep my eye on that Vault . . ."

In that regard, Durge will most assuredly not be alone. ■

Interview

Exclusive Interview With *The Wizard*

A candid conversation with the criminal who helped mastermind the Acts of Vengeance, a plot which threatened the lives of every super hero last fall.

Perhaps he's not one of the most threatening-looking super-criminals you'll ever have the misfortune of running across, but don't judge the Wizard by his appearance. In fact, the Wizard believes that the less dangerous he looks, the more danger he'll pose.

The Wizard began his criminal career in direct response to the advent of superhuman adventurers. Previously, he had been one of the most prominent celebrities of his day, known for his advanced scientific theories, his mastery of chess, and his "magic" escape routines. Because of his intellectual achievements, he became known in the media as the "Wizard," a name which he now prefers over his given name.

The Wizard was recently captured by the Avengers during the culmination of the Acts of Vengeance. He was incarcerated in the Vault, the maximum security prison for super-powered criminals located in the Colorado Rockies. Although the Wizard has no inherent super powers, federal authorities had limited success holding him for any length of time in conventional penitentiaries. Indeed, the Wizard escaped from the Vault shortly before the Acts of Vengeance began.

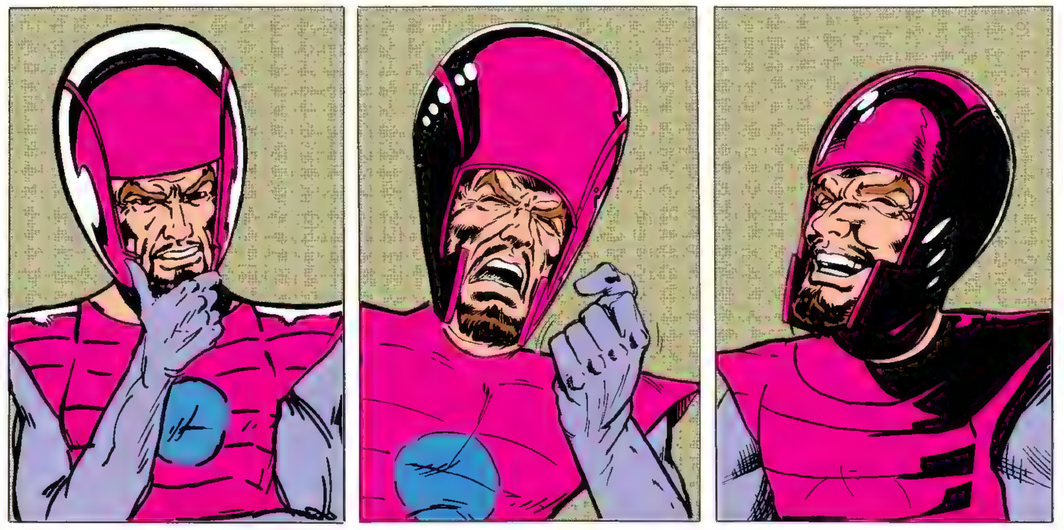
As the official chronicler for all activities involving superhumans, we were granted an exclusive interview with the imprisoned Wizard. To conduct the interview, we sent staff writer Glenn Herdling to the Vault. There he was thoroughly searched before meeting the criminal mastermind. Guardsman Prime *Frank Ensign* watched over them like a hawk throughout the conference.

MARVEL YEAR IN REVIEW: You escaped from this prison once before. Do you think you can do it again?
WIZARD: They have yet to build the prison that can hold me for any length of time. This time it may take a little longer, but you'll soon see...

MYIR: Isn't it true that someone helped you the last time?
WIZARD: It wasn't help I'd solicited, or needed. I wasn't in the cell five minutes when this fellow appeared out of nowhere and offered to release me in exchange for a favor. I chose to play along, and the next thing I knew, I was clothed in my Wizard garb, complete with all my weapons!

MYIR: What was the favor he asked?
WIZARD: He asked that I join (I believe the colloquial term is "team up with") a select group of superhumans in an effort to eliminate all of Earth's self-proclaimed super heroes.

MYIR: Who were these superhumans?
WIZARD: Latveria's deposed monarch *Victor Von Doom*, a man who proclaimed himself the Nazi Leader *Red Skull*, the mutant terrorist *Magneto*, and that Genghis Khan reject, *Mandarin*. Anyway, I, along with my colleagues, devised a simple method to destroy our long-time enemies. We sent other super-powered antagonists against these "heroes" who had never encountered them before. Since they did not already know how to defeat them, we assumed they'd be overwhelmed. The fellow who broke me out of this cage focused his attention on the AVENGERS. We later learned why when we discovered his identity—which I suspected all along, of course. The others just assumed he was some run-of-the-mill mutant with the power to warp dimensional

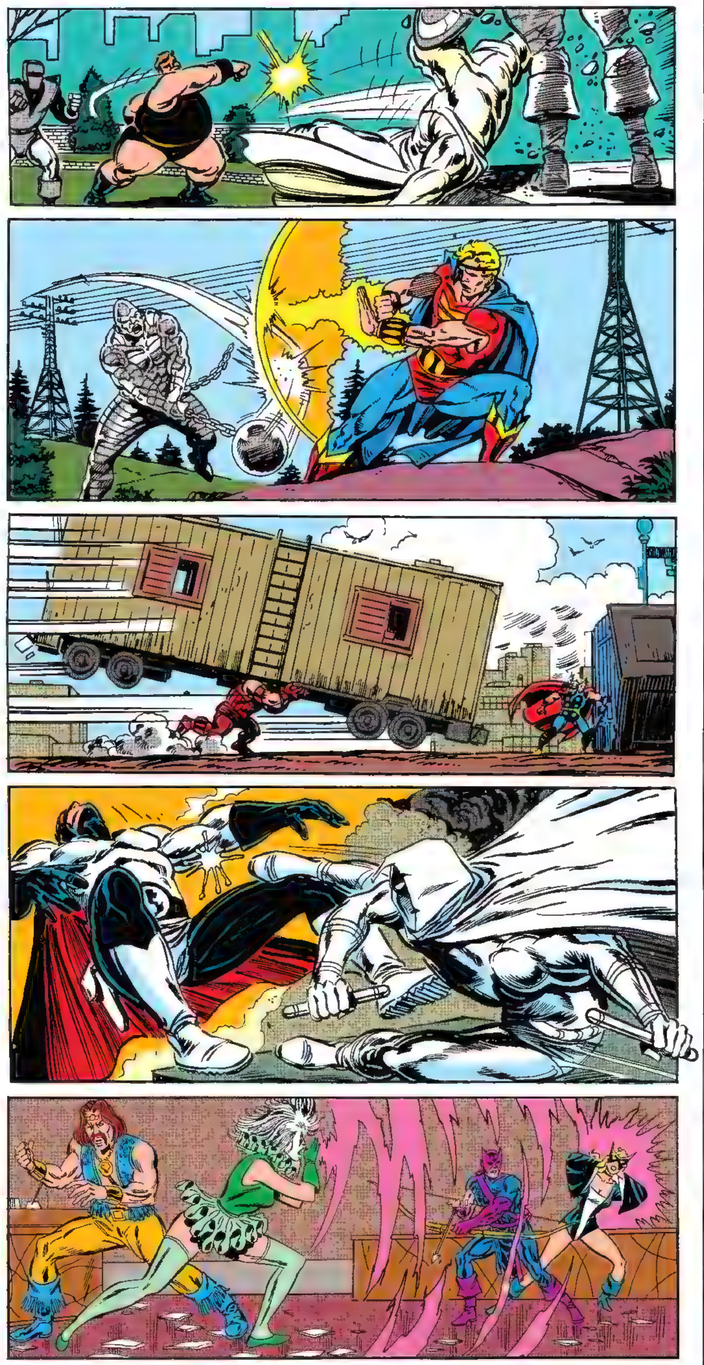


matrices–a feat which I mastered long ago–and that he had a vendetta against the Avengers. So this same man set up an extradimensional headquarters which we could all reach via portals from our various bases of operations. And that's where we manipulated our "Acts of Vengeance."

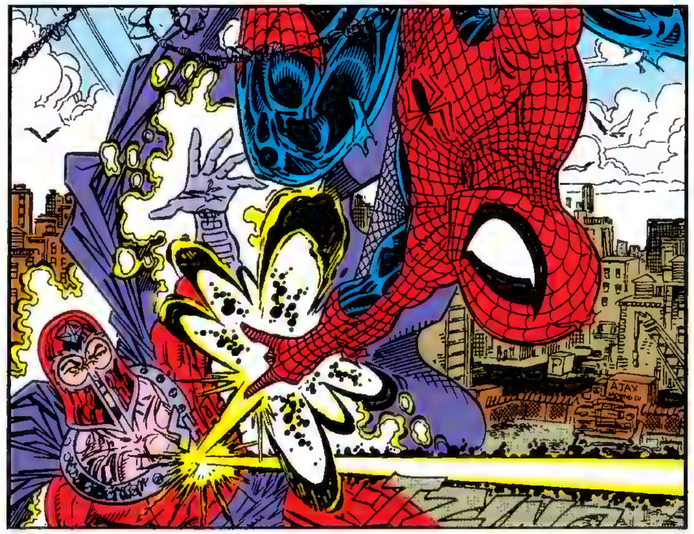
MYIR: What was your first objective in this scheme?
WIZARD: While many of the Avengers were away battling prisoners I had released from the Vault, we set upon the task of destroying Hydrobase. Doom's robots accomplished that deed within mere moments; the Avengers' former headquarters is now nothing but trash at the bottom of New York Harbor.

MYIR: Did any of the Core members have personal objectives?
WIZARD: Let me just clarify something here. Although it was a pleasure associating with gentlemen whose intellectual capacities almost equal my own, we were never what you might call a "team." The "Core" nomenclature was granted to us by your esteemed colleagues in the press. It's not as if we at all resembled the *Masters of Evil*. As it turned out, we were *all* in this scheme for personal gain, and none of us was foolish enough to trust the others. Magneto, for instance, used the plan to lure his daughter, the *Scarlet Witch*, away from the WEST COAST AVENGERS and into his service once again. Doom was trying to discover a way to tap into the mysterious power that *Spider-Man* had acquired–a wild card which none of us could have foreseen. The Mandarin played a more direct role by transforming a mutant telepath into a pawn in his schemes for power.

MYIR: Did you physically participate in any of these Acts of Vengeance yourself?
WIZARD: At one point, yes. After we lured the *Blob*, *Pyro*, and *Avalanche* (all members of the government-sponsored FREEDOM FORCE) into attacking the Avengers, the Mandarin and I confronted the group ourselves. I sacrificed myself for my partner by allowing them to capture me during that encounter. I was subsequently imprisoned, but I summoned a dimensional matrix of my own to grant me freedom. After the Acts of Vengeance were officially over, I attempted to escape these wretched walls with the help of *Klaw*, the master of sound. But



Various "Acts of Vengeance" were performed throughout the country.



Spider-Man repels the attacking Magneto, utilizing his new "cosmic" powers.

that armor-clad idiot, *Iron Man*, performed an Act of Vengeance of his own and stopped us.

MYIR: Were the Acts of Vengeance intended to be contained solely within the United States?
WIZARD: Yes, at first. But the idea was so appealing that it spread like wildfire. We received reports of unfamiliar foes staging contests with which we had nothing to do. On the island of Madripoor, for instance, *Tiger Shark* was witnessed attacking two super-powered opponents with whom he is not usually associated. In exchange, the twins from Madripoor called *Fenris* attacked *Cloak* and *Dagger* in New York. The INHUMANS came all the way from their home on the moon and helped *Daredevil* defeat the thirteenth incarnation of *Ultron*, a robot composed of indestructible adamantium. Oh, we also dispatched the *Scorpion*, *Nekra*, and the *Asp* to deal with ALPHA FLIGHT in Canada. I never did hear how that turned out.

MYIR: How did your fellow conspirators get along?
WIZARD: (*laughter*) Talk about poor draft choices! Our benefactor put a Nazi war criminal and a Jew whose family was killed in a concentration camp on the same team. You can imagine the sparks that flew when that one came to a head! As for the rest of us, well, my teammates were always trying to outdo one another. If they had used a little more teamwork, like I had in my old days with the FRIGHTFUL FOUR, this plan might have succeeded better than it did. Of course, conflicts erupted among the other players in our little game as well, with so many of them stepping on each other's toes and invading each other's territories. The *Shocker*, the *Rhino*, and *Hydro-Man* staged a free-for-all in the middle of Times Square while the *Cobra*, the SERPENT SOCIETY's current leader, tried to prove himself in battle against his former partner, *Mister Hyde*.

MYIR: So, this super-criminal team-up was a flop because the participants didn't cooperate with each other?
WIZARD: I would *not* call it a flop. Of course, none of the heroes were permanently defeated, but it certainly was fun watching them all trying to determine just what was going on. And just as there were rifts among our factions, the super-goodies also had some spectacular quarrels in their ranks. *Captain America* had to subdue his longtime ally, the *Sub-Mariner*, whom we had brainwashed. The cosmic *Quasar* fought the cosmic Spider-Man, and the results were, well, cosmic! And speaking of cosmic, I understand Spider-Man actually punched the *Hulk* into orbit!

MYIR: In your opinion, then, the plan wasn't a failure?
WIZARD: Not at all. We cleverly coincided the Acts of Vengeance with the government hearings for the Super Powers Registration Act. With all the property damage the Acts were causing, the super heroes were certain to receive a lot of bad press nationwide. In fact, we tried to restrain the FANTASTIC FOUR from testifying during those hearings by sending a barrage of second-rate superhumans against them, but they seemed to handle them with apparent ease. Not surprising since they've dealt with me on innumerable occasions in the past, and I'm no second-rater. Unfortunately, Congress didn't pass the Super Powers Registration Act. That would have made the whole operation worthwhile.

MYIR: You still haven't mentioned the identity of the real perpetrator behind these Acts.
WIZARD: I guess it's no secret anymore. It was the same man who broke me out of the Vault, none other than *Loki*, *Thor*'s brother, or half brother, rather. It's no wonder that a so-called god needed *me* to head up his entire scheme. It seems that Loki was the initial force behind the formation of the Avengers, and he has been ruing that day ever since. Each of my colleagues thought he was some subservient fool, when he was actually manipulating them all right from the start. I, however, had surmised his true identity. What a laugh he must have had. God of mischief, indeed! He received his just deserts, though, when the Avengers followed me from my prison cell to the Core headquarters through one of his dimensional matrices. That was where we met our ultimate defeat, and Loki received his brother's swift hand of justice.

MYIR: You almost sound relieved.
WIZARD: As I told you right from the beginning, I hate super heroes with a passion, no matter which side of the law they're on. Gods are included in that lot. They diminish the achievements of normal human beings. I used to be a popular celebrity until the advent of the "super hero." No one really cares about inventors or chessmasters anymore. They want to see a man whose body alights in flame.

MYIR: You see yourself as a missionary for the common man?
WIZARD: Well, of course. That's why I wanted to do this interview–to spread my word, so to speak. If you can get my message across, I'll grant you another interview as soon as I break out of this cage. By my calculations, that should be within about three weeks. **–Glenn Herdling/ New York**

WOULD YOU BELIEVE A SPIDER COULD FLY?

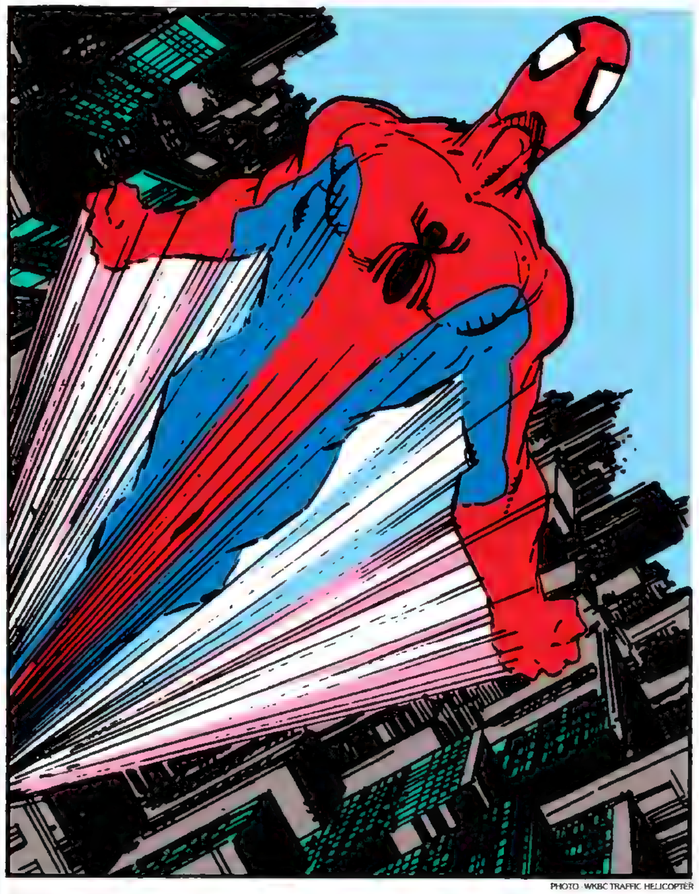


PHOTO: WABC TRAFFIC HELICOPTER

What's red & blue and able to leap tall buildings in a single bound? Guess again.

"It's not fair, I tell you! It's not fair!" protested a voice beneath layers of a concrete substance known as Adhesive X. "We were the perfect match—my paste versus Spider-Man's webs! The Wizard never told me he could make giant fists with his web or shoot rays from his fingertips." The local boys in blue chiseled furiously to liberate the petrified form of the criminal known as Trapster, ignoring his ranting.

The Trapster's words were sound. During a period this fall when known felons were mysteriously attacking super heroes not previously associated with them, a number of the world's underworld figures experienced Spider-Man's strange new powers.

"I had vanquished the wall-crawler by utilizing my ability to manipulate gravity," boasted Graviton. "I levitated the establishment which publishes your celebrated tripe [the *Daily Bugle* Building], then I lowered the entire structure on the helpless web-slinger.

"Imagine my surprise when I confronted him days later—*flying*, no less!" he continued. "Never being one to allow business to remain unfinished, I decided to polish off the webbed menace once and for all. But this time, when I increased the pull of gravity beneath him, he just shrugged off the effects and blasted me with an energy beam the likes of which I have never encountered in all my years as a physicist."

Spider-Man demonstrated the first signs of his new powers outside the physics lab of Empire State University, where *Dr. Maxwell Lubisch*, professor of quantum physics, was conducting an experiment to discover extradimensional energy sources. Lubisch's experiment had caused a power feedback which overloaded the university's electrical system. Spider-Man grabbed a live power line which had been severed due to the experiment. Witnesses swear the masked adventurer felt no ill effects from the lethal charge of electricity he received.

Immediately following his second encounter with Graviton, Spider-Man learned the true nature of his extradimensional powers. A giant, six-armed, three-faced robot attacked the Amity Point Nuclear Power Plant on Long Island. As Spider-Man flew to intercept it, Dr. Lubisch, who had been kidnapped by an unknown party, was forced to use his portable energy projector upon the masked hero.

"This ugly man broke into my lab and bullied me into devising a portable energy projector derived from the same technology which he assumed had given Spider-Man his extra powers," Lubisch explained. "But when I turned the beam upon the web-slinger, it didn't remove his powers as the man had hoped it would. Rather, it enhanced them even further, and also garbed him in a very bizarre looking costume."

At this point, Spider-Man seemed to have become fully aware of his predicament, and he met the robot head-on in an explosive battle. After defeating the mysterious construct, witnesses observed Spider-Man dressed in his familiar red and blue costume. He has not exhibited any of his enhanced powers since that incident, and it is assumed that the powers imparted to the webbed hero withdrew when the crisis had abated.

Extensive research reveals that the costume Spider-Man wore during this battle belongs to an alleged extradimensional entity known as Captain Universe. Dr. Lubisch revealed that his energy experiments had presumably altered the Enigma Force, which comprises Captain Universe, as it sought to possess Spider-Man, leaving him sans costume or awareness of his purpose.

Monty Walsh, a former cat burglar who was once a recipient of the Captain Universe powers, told reporters that the Enigma Force increases its candidate's strength level by a factor of 50. "So, let's see: Spider-Man can lift, what, ten tons?" he calculated. "That means—whew! Good ol' Spidey was probably the strongest hero this world has ever seen!"

This reporter would like to believe that Spider-Man is much happier without the extra burden and extra responsibility his new powers conveyed. **—Glenn Herdling/New York.**

PHOTO—WABC TRAFFIC HELICOPTER

"Look! Up in the sky! It's— Spider-Man?!"

Among the other known menaces to confront this super Spider-Man were the *Brothers Grimm*, *Dragon Man*, the Adamantium laced robot *Tess-One*, powerhouses such as *Titania*, *Goliath*, and even *Magneto* himself. Unsubstantiated rumors also report that a battle was staged between Spider-Man and a gray behemoth at the ruins of Roosevelt Island. The only eyewitnesses were two boys named *Stan Queen* and *Steve Wilson*, and our own ace photographer, Peter Parker.

"It was totally rad," Steve exclaimed. "Like, Spider-Man knocked the dude right into orbit!" Their account cannot be verified.

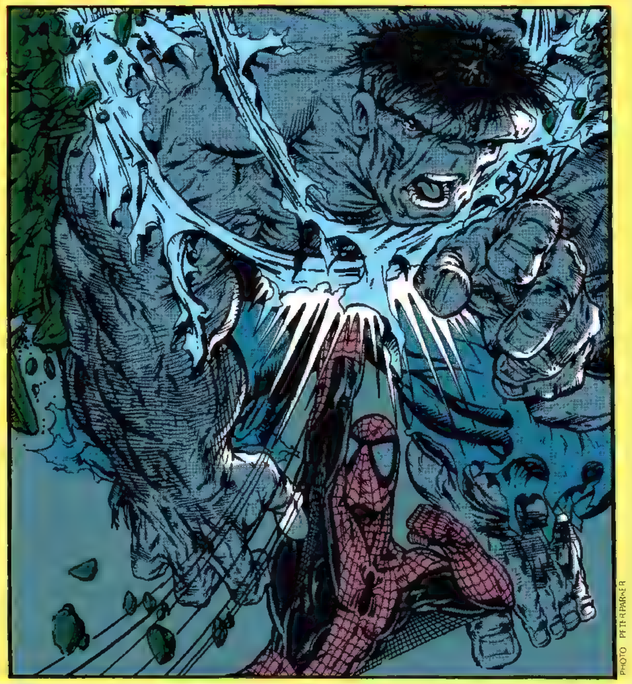
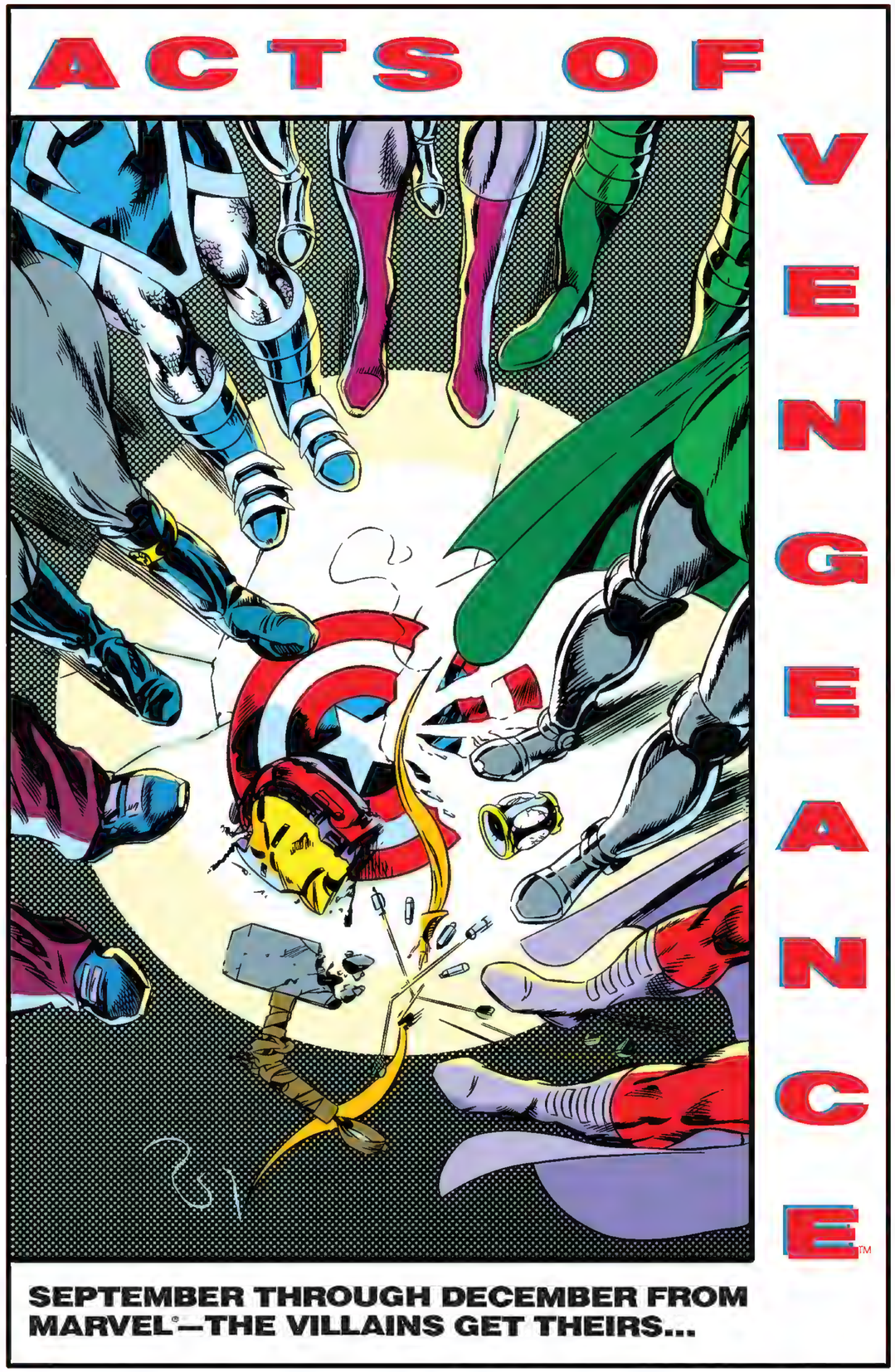


PHOTO: PETER PARKER

Although this scene was photographed late at night, it seems to reveal that the Incredible Hulk is still alive. Impossible? Not as impossible as Spider-Man apparently defeating the gray giant.



ACTS OF VENGEANCE house ad by John Byrne

UNCANNY X-MEN #257, page 8 art by Jim Lee & Josef Rubinstein
Courtesy of HeritageAuctions.com

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MONTH

SCHEDULE

ARTIST TODD McFARLANE

TODD McFARLANE

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #328 cover art by Todd McFarlane
Courtesy of HeritageAuctions.com

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN 328 (12)

I GOT NOTHING AGAINST SPIDER-MAN, BUT FOR THE KIND OF DOUGH SHAW'S OFFERING, I'D EVEN SKRAG MYSELF!

HE SAID THE AVENGERS AND THE OTHER TOUGH GUYS WOULD BE BUSY WITH THEIR OWN PROBLEMS, THAT THE BEST WAY TO DRAW THE WEBSLINGER OUT WOULD BE TO CAUSE A COMMOTION!

I'M GONNA LIKE THIS JOB!

TODD McFARLANE

SPLAP

ERNIE! D-DID I JUST SEE--

NO! AN' NEITHER DID I!

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AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #328, page 12 art by Todd McFarlane
Courtesy of HeritageAuctions.com

SPIDER-MAN: THE COSMIC ADVENTURES TPB (1993) cover by Ron Lim & Keith Williams

ACTS OF VENGEANCE OMNIBUS HC & *ACTS OF VENGEANCE CROSSOVERS OMNIBUS HC*
cover process by Alan Davis & Mark Farmer

ACTS OF VENGEANCE OMNIBUS HC & ACTS OF VENGEANCE CROSSOVERS OMNIBUS HC
connecting covers by Alan Davis, Mark Farmer & Javier Rodríguez

ACTS OF VENGEANCE OMNIBUS HC variant by John Byrne & Thomas Mason

ACTS OF VENGEANCE CROSSOVERS OMNIBUS HC variant by John Byrne & Chris Sotomayor

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN EPIC COLLECTION: COSMIC ADVENTURES TPB cover by Sal Buscema & Matt Milla

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN EPIC COLLECTION: COSMIC ADVENTURES TPB back cover by Todd McFarlane & Matt Milla

ESSENTIAL X-FACTOR VOL. 3 TPB cover by Rob Liefeld, Todd McFarlane & Chris Sotomayor

LOKI'S VILLAINOUS MACHINATIONS PIT SPIDER-MAN AND THE X-MEN AGAINST UNFAMILIAR FOES!

Spidey has his hands full with powerful sparring partners like Graviton, Magneto and the terrifying Tri-Sentinel – but when a cosmic upgrade boosts his powers, the ruthless Doctor Doom puts the web-slinger in his crosshairs! Meanwhile, the X-Men take on the Mandarin – and Psylocke is transformed! Teeth meet claws when Wolverine battles Tiger Shark! Nitro and the Vulture target the New Mutants' Rusty and Skids! And it's tyrant vs. trickster when Apocalypse faces Loki! Plus: Alpha Flight tackles an unholy alliance of super villains – including Nekra, the Scorpion and the Owl!

Collecting *Amazing Spider-Man (1963) #326-329*, *Spectacular Spider-Man (1976) #158-160*, *Web of Spider-Man (1985) #59-61* and *#64-65*, *Wolverine (1988) #19-20*, *Alpha Flight (1983) #79-80*, *New Mutants (1983) #86*, *Uncanny X-Men (1981) #256-258*, and material from *X-Factor (1986) #50* – written by David Michelinie, Gerry Conway, Archie Goodwin, James D. Hudnall, Louise Simonson and Chris Claremont; and illustrated by Colleen Doran, Erik Larsen, Todd McFarlane, Sal Buscema, Alex Saviuk, John Byrne, John Calimee, Rob Liefeld, Jim Lee and Terry Shoemaker.

MARVEL